

"Just-Us"

How she and I turned adversity into a love story that neither of us thought existed...

HAPPY BIRTHDAY HUSBAND

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

March 7, 2013

Let's see here... 1 year and 4 months has passed since our last post. So much has taken place since then, I literally don't even know where to begin?!

I guess I'll start with a recap?

December 14th, 2009, Mike was sentenced to 15 years in prison. That is one day after my birthday which means we never had an opportunity to celebrate my birthday, Christmas, our anniversary, Valentines, his birthday, Easter, Halloween or any of the other fun holidays in between. We missed the seasons changing together, family functions, promotions, good days, bad days, sad days...

The list goes on, but we survived! Mike and I were apart for 2 years and 5 months. For 2 years and 5 months our only form of touching was holding hands during a 4 hour supervised visit surrounded by other inmates and their families. Our relationship was based on trust and communication and we made it! I would give anything to get our time back, but I can't say that I would change our experience. It has grown the both of us individually and as a couple beyond what either of us could ever pray for.

He was released to a half way house in May of 2012, so since then we've established a home, vehicle and temporary life in Denver and I've continued traveling to see him on the weekends every 2-3 weeks. He has managed to not only find a job, but a career where he is currently working on his third promotion and months away from making more money than I do! Umm... I've been with the same company for 10 years! Something is slightly wrong with this picture 😊 Words CANNOT express how truly proud I am of this man I married! He is living proof that if you want to succeed... You a just will.

He organized the most AMAZING birthday weekend for me, our Christmas and New Year's was perfect and our anniversary was so special however, all of that deserves it's own title and post, so to be continued...

So here we are, March 6th, 2013, 3 days before his birthday and I'm waiting at the airport terminal. I'm sitting here thinking about where we've been and where we're headed. We closed on the sale of our home this week, we celebrate his birthday this weekend, he see's parole next week, we close on our home in 3 weeks and he'll be home shortly after. Every second of our journey over the past 3 years has been a blessing!

Happy Birthday Weekend Husband!!! I love you beyond words and I cannot wait to see you!

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Week of Oct. 17 – Oct 23

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) – [1 Comment](#)

November 15, 2011

Sixteen to Twenty-two Things I Liked,

Found Interesting or Thought were Cool this Week

1. The Geico "Guinea Pig" commercial. "It took me 8 months to teach the chubby one to say row" 😊
2. The country song "One More Drinkin Song"
3. Erica Spindler novels
4. Columbian Ground Coffee with French vanilla cappuccino mix
5. Angelicas boobs 😊
6. Hyundai Sonatas... Who would have though that a Hyundai could be so nice?
7. The Progressive commercial. *singing "It was the best day, the best day. It was the best day because of you"
8. The fact that I am possibly out of here in 180 days.
9. Angelica's new haircut.
10. Survivor. I hope Makayla kicks ass on Redemption Island.
11. The smell of Guess "Seductive Homme" cologne.
12. The Luminox F-35 Lightning II watch.
13. The Fall of the Qadhafi Regime in Libya and the subsequent video of his demise.
14. The Seiko Loutura Chronograph watch.

15. Body weight workouts. I.E. pull ups, push ups, dips

16. Prison volley ball. Hitting people in the face with balls is fun! (I wonder if Angelica likes to get hit in the face with balls...) *snicker

17. Watching any game that the Clemson Tigers football team is involved in. Can you say 65-45 final score.

18. Cutting down big trees.

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Arrogance, Conceit and Contentment

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

August 22, 2011

Anyone who knows me well knows that contentment is something I have rarely felt in my life.

This is how my life has always been... I want something; I do what it takes to get that something. Then when I get that something, I end up wanting something else, or something more. This personality trait is partially why I ended up in prison.

I was successful. Like, really successful. But when you are never content then how do you ever measure success? So instead of basking in my success I tried to take my business to new heights. Never mind that I should have been intelligent enough to read the signs of a huge economic downturn. Never mind that my business model was one of the main causes of the housing meltdown. I was so arrogant that I thought I couldn't fail. I thought I was untouchable. I kept thinking "it will all be ok." It wasn't. And then, when it all went wrong I treated everyone involved like shit. I was so conceited. I told them things like "take me to court!" and "sue me!" So... they did both. This is the reason why you rarely, if ever, hear or (or have heard) me complain about the outcome. I got what I asked for. Do I think I deserved a 10 year sentence? No. But, the victims, judge and D.A did, partially because of my arrogance and conceit.

So, that all led me to where I am right now... for the first time in my life I am content. And being in prison has no negative effect on my contentness (I don't know if contentness is a word or not). Sure, I want out but prison is rapidly coming to an end. And honestly, now that I can see the light at the end of the tunnel, I wouldn't go back and change this. I needed something bad to happen for a reality check. And out of something bad has grown some things that are great.

First, my relationship with my parents has become the most sincere and honest it has ever been. I have spoken to them more in the last 2 years than I have in the last 10. They are awesome and I hope they know how much I love them and how thankful I am for their support through all the thick and thin of my life.

Second, my relationship with Angelica. My wife is a stud. She has never wavered in her support of me, ever. I always try to tell her how amazing she is but I don't know if she really understands how I feel about her. So let me try it this way.

She is...

- The most beautiful person I have ever seen (seriously, not just saying that. Her eyes are a beautiful chocolate brown and they sparkle like diamonds when she laughs. Her hair is perfect. Like really perfect. At all times. Her smile is perfect in an imperfect way. Her skin is soft and the most beautiful color.)
- Funny. (Like really funny. We laugh so much something's that it hurts.)
- Sexy and sensual. (Umm, her mom reads this so I won't go into too much detail.) But, she's f*!king hot as sh!t. 'Nough said (Hopefully her mom can't decode those words)
- Sill. (I love this about her. Ask her to sing something on the spot something! Or better yet, do an impersonation)
- Intelligent. (She has taught me so much about life, spirituality and different approaches to business)
- Strong. (If she has an opinion, she voices it. Not in a threatening way. She challenges me in the best possible ways.)
- Loyal. (I sincerely believe that she would ever say a bad word about me not condone anyone else saying one either.)
- Faithful and trust worthy. (She is the first girl I have ever had absolute and complete trust in.)
- Compassionate. (She goes to a retirement home to cut a client's mother's hair and she ends up wanting to rescue all the old people.)
- Responsible. (She can't add for shit but she budgets her money well. J)
- Honest. (In all facets of life. She is honest with me, her peers, her family, her employees and herself.)
- Unique. (See all the things above. You just don't find all of these qualities in one girl. But lucky me, I did!)
- Cool. (Like, look at her. She's just cool. The way she looks, dresses, dances, talks, laughs, walks. She's just cool. Have you seen her hair? Cool, huh?)
- Absolutely, 100%, without any questions, the perfect girl for me.

God, I hope none of this goes to her head. Especially the "Cool" part. She will probably like that one the most. 😊 The word love doesn't do justice to how I feel about her. I wish there was something above love. But there isn't. My love for her is completely true and absolute. And it grows every day. For the first time in my life I want for nothing else. She is it.

Lastly, I have a plan. A distinct plan to get out of here. Get back to Houston, get my "victims: paid back, get off parole and get on with life. About a week ago I scripted the next 4 years of my life out on paper. We shall see how close I came when I get there in 2015. So here it is...

-1/2 way house in Colorado by 03-2012

-1/2 way "non res" in CO by 06-2012

-Back in Houston by 04-2013

-\$164,087.00 paid back by 10-2015

-Rest of Angelica's and my life 10-2015 until forever

4 year plan + Beginning of Forever

Forever = Angelica

Angelica = Contentment

[Comment](#)

"Mistreatment of Three Legged Cats"

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

July 20, 2011

Why, hello there! I believe the last time I wrote was about 8 months ago. I think it was about Thanksgiving, or maybe it was my dissertation on the mistreatment of three legged cats. I can't remember... either way it was almost 8 months ago. A lot has changed since then; here is a brief overview to get re acquainted. I will do my best to go in chronological order, that way you can all keep up. Y'all tucked in? Heere we go...

-Nothing really happened from Thanksgiving till Christmas

-AY (now AL) flew in for Christmas and we bought each other presents from the vending machine. In hindsight I probably could have put some effort into it and made her an origami bird from toilet paper or something. I think she got Reese's. I got her Skittles. We so love one another.

-New Year's Eve was low key. I spend it alone. But on the bright side, I at least could talk to AY (not yet AL) on the phone. 12 months prior I had a 15 year sentence and had no clue how I was going to survive prison. So, umm, this one was awesome by comparison.

-Jan. 18th the "Job Board" at CMC (Canon Minimum Centers) denied me for Fire Crew. I was sad... L

- Jan 25th I got called to the property room at 5:30am and was informed that I was moving facilities. The following is the actual conversation between me and the property sergeant.

Me – "I'm moving?"

Him – "Yeah, to Four Mile for Fire Crew"

Me – "Shut the Fuck Up!" (I literally yelled)

Him – "You can stay her if you want"

Me – "I'll go pack my stuff"

Cut to me running like Charlie di when he got the golden ticket in Charlie and the Chocolate Factory. "Run Mike! Don't stop for anyone till you get home!" So I did... Literally. I ran to my cell and packed my stuff. Then I called AY (yep, still AY). I'm sure I was probably out of breath and sounded like a little kid but I managed to tell her that I was moving to Four Mile (FMCC) for Fire Crew. I don't know this for a fact, but I am sure she cried. (She always cries when she is happy) So, I moved to FMCC. This is a "Minimum Restricted" facility so I am back behind fences, but Fire Crew is worth it.

-Jan 28th Ran the 1 ½ miles Qualifying Run in 10:21. I needed to beat 12 minutes. Did it easily. (I'm in pretty good shape now. 181lbs. 207lbs before prison)

-Feb 1st Interviewed with the Fire Crew Bosses. Found out that Jack Laughlin (important DOC guy and head of Fire Crew/CCI) got me approved by the Warden and overrode the job board decision from Jan 18th. (The job board turned me down because of the length of my sentence)

-Feb 4th AY became AL. And ML became the Happiest, Proudest person in the world because AY became AL. I am lucky to have her and Thank God every night for bringing her to me.

-March 7th Started certification class to become a Wildland Firefighter.

-March 9th I turned 37. Funny, I took me 37 years to have cut abs and obliques. Thanks CDOC for my Prison Body!!

-March 17th Finished 3 mile pack test in 41 minutes. (Needed to carry 45lbs pack and hike 3 miles in less than 45 minutes) I was now "Red Carded" as a certified Wildland Firefighter.

-March 21st Went on my first Fire in Golden, Colorado. We spent the first 8 hours of this fire sitting in a "Safety Zone" surrounded 360 degrees by 200 foot flames. It was Awesome!! That fire took 4 days to put out and then we went to a quick one day fire in Parker, Colorado.

-April 2nd Went on my 3rd fire in Ft. Collins, Colorado. Started as a 25 acre fire when we got there. Blew up to 3 miles wide that night and we got to sit there and watch. Absolutely Amazing.

-April 5th I was made a "Sawyer" (I get to cut trees down with a chainsaw.) And we were on the Ft. Collins Fire for 13 days total. It burned 3,300 acres total and destroyed homes. Heart wrenching seeing the people come back to their destroyed homes.

-May 8th went to 4th fire in Elkhart, Kansas. 36,000 acre fire. Spend 4 days there.

-May 27th 5th fire in Trinidad. 10 acre fire when we got there at 7pm 220 acres by 6am. 600 acres by 11am we had to retreat to a safety zone at 1:30pm. As the fire was burning about 1,000 acres every 30 minutes. Fire was 4,900 acres by 5pm. Spent 7 days there.

-June 3rd 6th fire. La Junta, Colorado 6,000 acre fire. We spent 3 days there.

-June 9th 7th fire. Trinidad. 38,000 acre fire. Got to work with helicopters. Spent 5 days there.

-June 19th 8th fire. High Park Ranch, CO. 76 acre fire. Boring. One day only.

-June 24th AL flew into MD for my parent's 50th anniversary. That night my mom had a mild stroke. Umm, yeah... that sucked. She is ok, but I gotta say that pretty much scared the hell out of me and if my parents could just be invincible I would greatly appreciate it. Thanks.

-July 3rd 9th fire. Wetmore, CO. Plane Crash Fire. 174 Acres. 4 days.

-July 10th amazing visit with AL!! Haven't seen her since May 22nd! Pop Tarts are delicious! So, umm, that brings you about up to speed as to what has been going on for the last 8 months. I love Fire Fighting but I hate prison. Thankfully, this is all quickly coming to an end. I should be putting in for the ½ way house in January and hopefully out of here by March and if all goes well back in Houston by the beginning of 2013. I can't wait to be home! I miss and love you all and I can't wait to see you all again.

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Never Forget

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

June 13, 2011

I can remember what it felt like when you first left Houston. I can remember what I felt when I as traveling to your sentencing, how I felt when I arrived and sped through the falling snow to get to you in time. I remember what it felt like when you walked into that courtroom chained at the foot, connected to strangers while wearing the emblematic black and white stripes. I recall the feelings and thoughts that went through my mind pondering which of the people sitting in that court room were affiliated in this situation. I remember listening to you and others stand up and speak to the judge as well as those dreadful words that sent revulsion to the pit of my stomach. I remember the look on your

face when you turned to look at me and you silently uttered "I just got fucked." I remember being so confused and anxious to be able to see you and talk with you about what just happened. I remember you walking past me while chained to the others and waiting until you were able to sit across from me with the 'glass between us'. Looking back I see our emotions on our bodies and faces; it's as if we were two innocent children being taken advantage of and no one could help. Nothing else mattered at that moment. Just me, you and the what if's of our future...

I remember last spring, we were discussing whether or not we would ever forget how all of this really felt? We've experienced so many different sentiments and each day of this debacle has made us stronger and change into the human beings we are today. I remember Baby... Just as I remember what your touch feels like, what your voice sounds like, your smell and your warmth when we cuddle. I remember exactly how you make me feel and how you feel about me and how I feel about you. I remember our focus and our goal and how your absence is helping us get there faster. I remember it all...

Thank You Baby, for being strong, dedicated and brave; for without you this would all be impossible.

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God Be With Us Together and Apart

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

May 30, 2011

Time seems to be flying by these days... Both of our lives are so busy and although it is difficult to be away from each other, not being able to speak to each other or even know that the other is safe; it is nice to have a constant schedule to help time pass by. When we first got engaged we bought a ring that says "God Be With Us Together and Apart". He's really keeping us Together even though we are Apart. It's not always easy, but we have a balance that makes this work...

I Love You Baby - Have Fun & Be Safe!

[Comment](#)

"God Be With Us Together and Apart"

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I Love You Baby - Have Fun & Be Safe!

[Comment](#)

"Go To Your Room & Hide Under Your Blankets!"

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

March 25, 2011

Alright... So it was probably last February when Mike discovered the SWIFT program and we started communicating with the director with the hopes of getting Mike accepted ASAP.

Just a little re-cap, SWIFT is a firefighting program within Colorado DOC. Everyone accepted in the program has to get certified to become a hotshot crew member which allows them to fight wildfires. All crew members earn the max "good time" available, so obviously we wanted him to be accepted because it assures our future and how quickly Mike can come home.

Well, the time is here. Mike called around 10pm on Sunday which is the norm, but this time he says "I'm going to keep this vague, but I won't be able to call you tomorrow." We have learned to keep certain things brief and vague since conversation are recorded and we don't want anyone to assume he is sharing details so that I can meet him while he is out. When they go on fires, they can travel several hours away from the facility and their rarely monitored by their crew directors so clearly this creates an opportunity for stupidity if you're stupid. Anyhow, I haven't heard from him since Sunday night. Thank goodness for google and the news reports because that's been our way of communicating this week. To my knowledge, his is in Golden, Colorado fighting the wildfire that has been burning since the weekend. Fortunately it sounds as though it will be 100% contained by this weekend. HOWEVER... according to Colorado Weather officials, this is going to be a busy fire season. March is actually 2 months early for this caliber of action AND this isn't the only fire currently burning.

When the crews are out, they can potentially be gone for 16 days! This means no phone calls or communication for up to 16 days! After 16 days, they have to come back to the facility, but if their help is still needed it is possible they will only be back "home" for 1-2 days and then they will travel back to where they are needed. Kinda crazy, right?! Right! So, I watch the news, I talk with his sister every night and I pray. I pray he is having fun, staying safe and I pray that there is a body of water somewhere close to him because LORD knows that he is miserable if he cannot shower. They are camping people! Mike considered a room at the Motel 6 equal to camping, remember?

Sigh... So, since he has been gone from Texas we look forward to our conversations and visits and from time to time he shares heated conversations, disagreements at lunch or on the courts or fields and my response is always "Can't you just go to your room and hide under your covers?!" Of course we laugh and he knows that I just want him to be safe and I know he is way too ambitious to sit on the sidelines.

Baby, if you were able to call me right now I'd say to you...

Take a few pictures with your shirt off and some of your fire attire so you can make me a sexy Fireman Calendar! Then go your tent and hide under the covers!!!

[Comment](#)

"3 Down 1 To Go"

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [3 Comments](#)

February 4, 2011

Do you ever look back at your life and wonder how you manage to survive the trials and tribulations? I guess as long as we never forget and learn from every experience in our lives, we succeed. For almost an entire year we have focused on 4 steps:

Reconsideration

Transferring to a Minimum

Getting Accepted to SWIFT

Halfway House

Today we are on step 3 of 4. I don't think either of us realized how stressed we were through this last year until we finally heard news that assures we will make it to step 4 as soon as we'd hoped. I guess HE *really doesn't* give you more than you can handle? J

When I met Mike, one of the first things I felt was comfort. He used to ask me millions of questions because he wanted to know everything about me, but one he would ask pretty much every time was "why do you like me, why me?" and I would always reply, "you just make me feel safe and comfortable..." To this day, he still gives me that feeling and the fact that he has managed to get through the life of prison and separation from his family and friends and still maintain being Mike, confirms my feelings of safety and comfort. I am marrying a man that I can trust, rely on and whom I know will survive anything in life. He is ABSOLUTELY AMAZING to me!

TE AMO PAPPI

We're almost there...

[Comment](#)

"Thanksgiving By Definition" 11/25/10

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [3 Comments](#)

December 22, 2010

Thanks (v) – Express Gratitude

Giving (v2) – Communicate

So, apparently Thanksgiving, by definition, is redundant being as you are expressing your gratitude as well as communicating your thanks. Since express and communicate are synonyms then that makes the word Thanksgiving redundant by definition. Make sense? Good, I thought so. And you thought I wouldn't learn anything in prison. Pshhh! Did you see all of those big words I used in that paragraph?

Anyway, I'm not writing this to give you a language lesson. I am writing this to maybe help some people put their lives into perspective. To maybe show some people that, although things might seem terrible, there is always something to give thanks for. I am not writing this to paint myself as a martyr or to say "Look how messed up my last year has been" because I am sure that, even though my last year has been pretty messed up, there are plenty of people out there who have had a worse year than me. I am writing this to express my gratitude (I.E. give thanks) for all of the good things that have happened in the last year and to thank all of the people who have stuck by me and helped me through this.

Like New Years is a time for saying "Out with the old in with the new". Thanksgiving is a time to reflect on the last year and give thanks for all of the good that has occurred. It is also a time for... singing!! Everybody join in!!

"Over the river and through the woods to grandmothers house we go

The horses know the way

To carry the sleigh

Through the wind and whistling snowww – oh!"

Hmm, I may have made up part of that last line. But wasn't that fun?!?

So, this time last year Angelica and I were on a plane to Baltimore to visit my parents. This was the first time she met my family and I could tell she was nervous. But, in typical Angelica fashion she handled it perfectly. Many people would say that this Thanksgiving would be way worse for me than last being as I am in prison, but it isn't. While last Thanksgiving was great, there was still unknown things that were to occur (I.E. sentencing). This year is different. There is no uncertainty. Sentencing has long since passed and I know exactly what my worst case scenario is to have this done and behind me. I basically have about 16 more months to do before I am in the ½ way house. If I get accepted into the SWIFT Firefighting Program that number goes down to 12-14 months. Then once I am in the

½ way house for 4 months I become a “non-res” client. This means I have my own place here in Colorado and I am on supervised probation. I will basically have a normal life for the most part but I will still be here in Colorado. Once I do the ½ way/non res thing for about 8 months I will see the parole board and I will request an “interstate compact transfer” back to Houston and get back to real life. So, a year ago there was no light at the end of the tunnel. Now I can see the end. I know what 12 months feels like because I just did it. And, believe me, it flew by. I can do another 14-16 months no problem.

In many ways this whole situation sucks. But in all honesty prison is far more punishment for the people not in prison than it is for the person in prison. My days are structured, I don't really have any responsibility, except to not beat anyone up. On the other hand, my family and specially Angelica have to worry about paying their own bills as well as putting money on my account. Angelica has to work and then worry about flying in to visit. So the worst part about prison for me is being helpless. I have had to learn to rely on so many people. That sucks for me. So, the number one thing that I am thankful for is Angelica and my family for supporting me through all of this. This whole year in prison has made my relationship with those people much stronger and much different. I have a new found respect for my family. My parents aren't rich. They are retired, but somehow my parents manage to put money on my account every week. My sister is the sole reason why I got transferred to a minimum security facility. Without her I would still be at a medium. The difference is night and day. I had no life at BCCF. I was fat, lazy and bored. At this facility I have a job, I work out every day, I eat healthy. I can sit next to AY at visits and just relax, like I said night and day. My brother has suffered, what seems like a lifetime of addiction. This year he finally had enough of it and got help. I realize how hard this was for him and I am so thankful that he finally came to his senses. Angelica is amazing. She has been perfect through this. I can't really describe how much I appreciate her. I didn't believe in soul mates until her. Many people say that their companion is perfect, but she truly is for me. She gets me. She appreciates me. She lets me be me and she loves me how I need to be loved. We have learned so much about each other that we never would have learned without this happening. We have an uncanny ability to know just what the other needs at any given time. If I am down she is the strong one. If she is down then I am the strong one. We have just dealt with it and we are better for having this happen.

The next thing I am thankful for is Angelica's family. I can only imagine what the hell was going through her parents mind when they heard that their daughter's, then boyfriend, was going to prison. And, better yet, their daughter is going to stay with him. Just what every parent wants to hear... “Mom, Dad my boyfriend just got sentenced to 15 years in prison.” But, instead of them reacting, they asked questions. They gathered information and took a look at our relationship. They then offered their full support along with her brother and sister. Their loyalty means more to me than they will ever know and once this is over with I will spend every day of the rest of our lives proving to them that their loyalty will never be forgotten. If they needed the shirt off my back I would give it to them. Hell, I would give them the skin off my back if they needed it. Not really sure why they would need the skin off my back but... umm, hey, whatever. Also, in hindsight, I don't think my shirt would be useful either. Her dad is almost two times bigger than me. Maybe he could wear it as spandex? Anyway, you get the point. Right? I owe them.

Next on the "thank you list" are my friends, both out of prison and in prison. Traci, Linda, George, Bethany, Drew, Shane, KRies, Lisa, Jesse P., Jesse L. and the rest of the 3C crowd. Thank you for understanding all of this. Thank you for getting to know Angelica and supporting her. Traci deserves a special thanks for being there for whatever we have needed (even though she is horrible at answering my phone calls.) Another special thank you to Linda, who I am looking forward to working with when this is over. We will make that money Chica! As weird as this may sound, I have made some great friends in here. These people would literally die for me. So, for all of my "prison friends" thanks for making me laugh and thanks for the positive support you all provide. I hope every single one of you gets out of here and never comes back. Just like me, none of you deserved prison. It just kinda happened.

Last... I want to thank this experience. Prison has made me a better person. It has made me realize what a jerk I was at times. It has shown me what is important. I look back on all of the people that I treated crappy in my life and it makes me sick. I will never look down on anyone again. As long as they are a good person, what does it matter how they dress or what they do for a living. About 2 months ago my mom told me that she thought I used to think I was kind of snotty. She was right, but not anymore. Consider me humbled. I have had to make my way for the last year in a world where I don't fit in. That teaches you a lot.

So, Happy Thanksgiving to everyone. And thank you so much for being awesome. I am truly blessed to have everyone of you in my life and I cannot wait to get this over with and get back home.

[Comment](#)

"I Wonder if She Knows..." 11/9/10

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [11 Comments](#)

November 23, 2010

Sometimes, right before I fall asleep at night, I just lay in the dark and think. I think about my life prior to prison. I think about my friends that I left and I wonder if they think of me. I wonder about what my life will be like after this is done. But most of all I wonder...

- What she really thinks about all this
- If she realizes how amazing she is
- If she knows how cute I think it is that she can't do on demand impersonations without laughing
- If she knows how much I appreciate her and all the sacrifices she has made for me
- Does she know that every single night I kiss eight of her pictures goodnight
- If she understands that I couldn't have gotten through this without her

- If she knows that I truly think she is one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen
- Does she know that I will always protect her, listen to her ideas, respect her opinions and support her ambitions
- If she knows how much I love her smile and her laugh. I will do anything stupid to make her laugh
- Does she know how much I love her

I wonder if she knows...

[Comment](#)

"Taste the Rainbow..." -AY

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

November 9, 2010

"To see a rainbow in your dream represents hope, success and good fortune in the form of money, prestige, or fame. The rainbow is also seen as a bridge between your earthly, grounded self and the higher, spiritual self. It refers to joy and happiness in your relationship."

Rainbows have a spiritual meaning and although I have had faith my entire life, it has definitely grown strength over the last 11 months. In my travels to Colorado, I have seen several rainbows shining in the sky. When you know of a deeper meaning behind... anything, there is so much emotion that follows. Considering the very positive and encouraging meaning behind a rainbow, I'm sure you can understand when I say a few tears always fall down my cheeks when I witness such a beautiful sight.

I remember telling Mike about one of the rainbows I saw because it revealed itself in the most picture perfect position just behind the mountains. He said there are rainbows in Colorado almost daily! That just made me think of how lucky we are to have each other and although we can't be together right now, there is something great in store for us.

So every few weeks I fly out to see him and we get to spend 4 hours together and sometimes I get to see him 2 days in a row! As we've mentioned before, the visits are quite laid back so we can actually enjoy each other and our time together. We sit at the picnic tables and eat, play cards, lounge on the benches and cuddle, lie in the grass and stare at the sky and sometimes we'll sit inside and just talk. He'll go to the snack machines and bring me back a surprise like, chocolate flavored coffee or skittles! Skittles are one of my favorite candies and he knows I love the red ones and the purple ones, so the last time he bought them, he opened the pack and separated all the red ones and purple one just for me! It was one of the sweetest things because we never discussed it, he just did it because he knew it would make me happy. J

He amazes me every day with his strength and ability to love me the way I want to be loved even with such distance between us. He knows when I am down and he knows just what to do or say to make it better. Some days are harder than others and I remember I was getting sad that day because I didn't want to leave him, but when picked out my favorite colors of the rainbow it made the pain go away. Reason #1,435,658 why I LOVE HIM!

Now that's true love...

[Comment](#)

"Mundanity?? And Various Ramblings" -ML

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

October 9, 2010

I am officially bored with prison. Well, I'm at least bored with where I am now. I apparently have a short attention span being as; I hated it when I first got here, then I really liked it and was happy after being here for a month and now that I am into my third month here, I am bored and ready for change again. It is amazing how mundane life is in prison. Don't get me wrong. My life in prison could be way worse than it is/has been. But the bottom line is my days are very reminiscent of the movie "Groundhog Day". Monday thru Friday I wake up at 7AM and go to work around 7:15. I get off work at 2PM and go to my "house" to change for my workout. I workout from 2:30 until 3:45 every day except for Fridays. After my workout I go back to my living unit to take a quick shower before we get counted at 4PM. After we are counted I then take a nap for an hour or so. After napping I usually meet up with some of my "friends" and play volleyball or softball or horseshoes. Around 7PM I go back to my house and take a shower and get settled in to watch TV. Around 7:30 I fix something to eat for my dinner and then at 8PM we get counted again. Count clears around 8:45 and that is when I call Angelica. This is by far the highlight of my day. We usually talk anywhere from 40 minutes to an hour and most of this time is spent laughing and just generally being stupid. We are both kinda silly and it is amazing to me how much our personalities are in line with each other in this regard. It is also amazing how much different our personalities are in other aspects. The most different aspect of our personalities is how we deal with things on a business level. She has recently been promoted to a director type position and has been adjusting to life as a boss of bosses. This feeling is different than just being a director of one area. Now she is the director of a whole region with smaller bosses working under her. She quickly found out that she constantly has a target on her back and people fear her much more in this position than the position that she was in before. This has seemingly been a tough adjustment for her because, honestly everyone always loves Angelica. Really, how can you not?? She is beautiful, funny, loving, compassionate, loyal, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful (did I mention that she is beautiful??) and just generally a good person. But the problem with being the boss of bosses is that people automatically fear you and think you are out to get them. Angelica has chosen to take the "kill them with kindness" tact. I am more of the "fire them all and start over new" person. So, we have had some interesting discussions on this topic, but the bottom line is that Angelica is doing awesome at her new position and I think that some of my aggressive personality has rubbed off on her and some of her compassionate personality has rubbed off on me. I deal with people differently now than I ever have

before. This transformation started with Jesse Peyton and Amber Lynn making me see that I was a huge asshole. They both called me out on it and I appreciate them doing that. They were both strong enough to see through my bullshit and call me on it. I know what you all are thinking... Jesse Peyton, one of the biggest assholes I know, thought I acted like an ass. I gotta tell ya, that cut me deep. :) Around last June is when I began to not be so damn abrasive and jerkish. I calmed down and just let myself be myself and let people choose whether or not they wanted to be around me. It is no strange thing that was when Drew and I started talking and then I started forging bonds with K Reis, Bethany, K Denneman, and everyone else in our group. I miss all my friends like crazy and I cannot stress enough to all of you who read this how much all you mean to me. I feel terrible for all of this happening as I feel like I have disappointed the people whose opinion of me means so much. All I can do at this point is to try and get home as quickly as possible and begin to repair/recultivate relationships.

But anyway, I have about 19 more months of this if everything goes according to plan. So far it has and hopefully things will continue on this path. My family, Angelica and my friends who keep in touch with me have made this experience bearable. I stay positive every day and just basically counting down the days until I am able to get back to my life. So, that is it for now. I am about to get off of work and go play volleyball. Today is my one off day on my workout schedule. Jesse Peyton will be happy to know that I can now compete in the abs contest with Drew and Evan. No more "flabs" for me!!! Peace out and I love you all!!!!

[Comment](#)

"Stand By Me" -AY

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [5 Comments](#)

October 6, 2010

Not so long ago I remember being afraid. Afraid of ideas, things or possibilities. I remember thinking I would never stray too far from Houston because this is where my family is. I remember being scared to fly, scared to die and scared of all the what if's in life. Although I still have fears and the what if's consume me from time to time (rarely). I think my life has changed so dramatically and my experience alongside the man I love has altered my opinions on what fear really is.

"When the night has come
And the land is dark
And the moon is the only light we'll see
No I won't be afraid, no I won't be afraid
Just as long as you stand, stand by me"

I could literally stand in the middle of nowhere, in the middle of the night and the only light shining is from the moon... As long as I'm with him, I'll be just fine.

"If the sky that we look upon
Should tumble and fall
And the mountains should crumble to the sea
I won't cry, I won't cry, no I won't shed a tear
Just as long as you stand, stand by me"

If the world was coming to an end or we were about to experience something tragic or life threatening... As long as I'm with him, I won't be afraid.

"Whenever you're in trouble won't you stand by me, oh now now stand by me
Oh stand by me, stand by me, stand by me"

And even when one of us is in "trouble" (or prison) 😊 ... As long as we're together, we'll survive!

All of you know we are engaged. Few of you know we will officially be married in November 2010 :) And when he finally comes home and we plan our wedding and I get to walk down the aisle and we exchange our vows and we celebrate with all our closest friends and family. We will dance our first dance to "Stand By Me" and now you know why... I LOVE YOU BABY!

[Comment](#)

"Don't You... Forget About Me."

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [3 Comments](#)

September 30, 2010

One year ago this weekend a group of us set out on a trip to South Padre Island in Texas. The purpose of the trip was to play in a volleyball tournament. But, little did we know that the volleyball tournament would become a miniscule part of an amazing weekend.

You see the title of the blog above. I used this title because; in so many ways that weekend reminds me of the movie "The Breakfast Club". And it is also seemed appropriate because I don't want any of those people to forget about me as much as I don't want to forget about them. When this trip was planned, we all kinda knew each other (just like the movie), but not really. I mean, we hung out at volleyball, but none of us really knew what to expect and I am positive that on one was prepared for the amount of fun we ended up having...

The planning for the trip started out about 2 weeks prior. Innocently I was searching for something to do for Labor Day and I happened upon a volleyball tournament (offering cash prize) being held in South Padre. I immediately reached out to Drew to see if he would like to play. In typical Drew fashion he basically told me in the nicest way that he couldn't play with me in a tournament. J But

after a little convincing I had him on board. Next IM was to KReis. I knew she would be in because, well, that is just how she is. At that point in our lives if I had a plan to go somewhere she would be in (i.e. Mardi Gras 2009). Next thing was a FB post to see who might be interested in going. I figured we would maybe get like 4 responses or something like that being as it was Labor Day weekend. But, to my surprise there were almost 20 people wanting to go! I knew that this number would dwindle but I was still kinda shocked. I mean, I know I am awesome and all that, but, jeez... J Anyway, after a week or so of IM's and convincing people to go (Bethany actually decided to go via coin toss. Heads she stays home and tails, she goes. It came up tails. YAY!!!) we finally settled on who was going. After much deliberation it was finally decided that Drew, Myself, KReis, Amanda Hugandkiss, Evan, Bethany, Jesse Lewis, Delyce and Liz would be going. KReis immediately set out on the task of finding a place for us to stay and by the next morning she had procured us a house located just a few blocks off of the beach and minutes from where we would be playing volleyball!

After lodging was secured the next decision was to be who was riding with whom. KReis and Amanda could leave before all of us so KReis would drive them down. Jesse L. and Delyce could not leave until later so they would ride together. That left Drew, Me, Evan, Liz and Bethany in my truck. So, all plans were finally made and all that was left to do was to wait for the weekend to come.

The easiest way for me to write about this weekend will be in list form of the best events in chronological order. Those of us that went on the trip will remember all of these events fondly and those who weren't on the trip can ask us about any of them...

- We all actually left on time and didn't get lost going down there. If anyone has ever been on a trip with a bunch of people then you know how rare this is.
- Drew and my debate in the truck ride down about religion and other topics.
- Evan putting his leg behind his head in the truck for no apparent reason.
- Evan attempting to dance in the truck
- The first night in South Padre trying to find food and EVERYTHING being closed. I will always remember Evan standing at the door of Denny's and the look of disappointment on Evans face when he realized that Denny's was closed. Classic Evan Darr...
- Amanda leading us on the biggest goose chase of our lives looking for some restaurant that she "swore" was there 10 years ago and that she "swore" she knew "exactly" where it was. We drove around for almost an hour... J
- The Saturday portion of the volleyball tournament. Drew hitting "Gunther" (or whatever his name was) in the head. Evan and Jesse L. blowing their chance to play against Drew and me in the finals. Drew and I winning. Then playing Evan and Jesse after the tournament and Jesse L. tripping over the rope and falling, literally, flat on his face... Effing Hilarious!!!
- Saturday night dancing at a club that doesn't accept debit cards for anything. WTF??? Ummm, Evan is the worst dancer in the world. But I still tried to teach him.
- Saturday coed! Bethany and I sucking but still having a great time. Drew and Liz winning.

- Amanda moving the umbrella from shading all of us so that it shades only her. Typical Amanda behavior... J
- Dinner on Sunday night and the 8.5 lb lobster that Drew and I bought with our winnings!
- Me talking on the phone with Angelica for almost 3 hours trying to get her home when she was almost 500 miles away from me. This was when she and I were going through our thing and she decided to try to drink me away. Didn't work baby, did it?? J That conversation could arguable be the point at which I realized that Angelica was the one for me. It just took me another month or so to fully realize it. I thank her every day for sticking around.
- Cleaning up on Monday morning to leave and the group picture of which I still have never seen a copy of and if someone has it could they please send it to me???
- The ride home was arguabley one of the best road trips ever. It all started with a Mexican radio station and some DJ playing old school hop hop. Dancing and singing occurred. Even Evan was dancing and singing (even though I am sure that he didn't know the words to any of the songs). Then the highlight of the trip occurred... We ran into a pretty decent traffic jam at an intersection in a small town. But traffic was moving at about 5 miles per hour. Drew was hungry or thirsty or something. For those of you who don't know Drew, he is always hungry or thirsty. But I didn't want to stop. So Drew decided that he was going to hop out and go buy us stuff and he would just catch up to us up the road a bit as the traffic moved. This was going to involve him running a bit but I think he took it was a challenge since I told him that there was no way he could go into the store, buy all of us what we wanted and still catch up to us. So, Drew hopped out of the truck and ran, literally ran, into the store while we continued on our way. About 45 seconds had passed and the girls said that they had to use the restroom anyway and for me to just pull over. So I immediately get an idea to stop at the next gas station and pull around to the side of the building so Drew couldn't see us when he came out. Thus it would lead to him to believe that we were further up the road than he thought we would be and would force him to sprint with his hands full of drinks and his pockets full of food. Furthermore, Bethany had a camera with a video camera in it and I was going to videotape all of this happening. Needless to say, my plan worked flawlessly and I wish Bethany would have posted the video. Because it shows Drew running out of the store with his hands and pockets full of stuff. He is seriously truckin'. He is looking ahead to see where we are and it dawns on him that he doesn't see the truck anywhere. Meanwhile I am videotaping this and laughing so hard that I am making the camera bounce up and down. I am literally laughing so hard that I am crying. Once it dawns on him that he doesn't see the truck ahead he kinda slows from a sprint to a jog and looks around. He is now right in front of my truck and it takes him a second or two to realize that he is looking at my truck. I am not sure what look crossed his face but I think it was disappointment at the fact that he didn't get a chance to chase down the truck. But that look on the video is priceless and I honestly have never laughed so hard in my life.

I am leaving out a lot of stuff that happened and I think everyone involved in this trip reads this blog so, by all means, post your favorite memory of this trip. I am now 9 months into this thing and I miss home (Angelica is home) and my friends more than any of you know...

[Comment](#)

"Movin On Up!" -ML

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

September 14, 2010

It has been awhile since I last wrote. So I feel and update is in order. Let's see... Where to begin... Ummmm, I think I will start with a quick update on how Angelica and I are handling this... BETTER THAN EVER!!! She is amazing and we are solid. This situation makes us stronger every day and honestly we both are just kinda ready for this to be done so we can get on with our lives. I have never met a person like her and she continues to amaze me every single day of our life together. She makes me a better person and I only hope that one day I can do the same for her.

Anyway, a lot has changed in our lives over the last 45 days. I have been moved from a Level III (Medium) facility to a Level I (Minimum) facility and Angelica has, yet again, been promoted (yeah, I know, didn't she just get promoted like 2 months ago???). My baby is a rock star, and she is now the Houston Regional Salon Director for Toni& Guy. I unfortunately don't get a snazzy new title like she did, I am still DOC Inmate #148512, but I get a lot more freedom and there is a lot less stress here. When I was at my old place I didn't have to work so I just lay around all day and played sports when they told me that I was allowed to go outside. At my new "home" I have to have a job and the job that I have been assigned is Tool Clerk for Maintenance Operations. (I am currently making a whopping \$.63 per day!!! Whoot!!! Maybe in a month I can buy a washcloth or something!!!) Not that I am complaining being as I was only making \$.13 per day at my old "home", but then again I wasn't doing anything there. Hmmm... I think I am getting the raw end of the deal here. Bu, I digress... My move was kind of tough being as I have to get adjusted to a whole new place and all new people. Believe it or not, I actually made some pretty good friends when I was at Bent County. But, I have been a Skyline now for almost a month and I am finally getting settled in. The people here are actually worse than at Bent County. Most of these people have short sentences or are on their way out of prison so they either don't know about respect or they don't care because they are leaving. I count myself fortunate for being exposed to a Level III facility because it pretty much taught me the ins and outs of how to exist in a real prison setting. Where I am now isn't really prison. We don't have fences and, honestly, if any of us wanted to leave then we could just walk away. Not that you would get very far, but still the carrot is constantly dangled in front of you. I basically say that they give you just enough freedom here to see if you will be stupid or not. I, mum, will not be being stupid. J Angelica has come to visit me once already and is due to come in again on August 8th. Visitation is 100 times better here than at Bent County!! We can almost make out!!! We get to go outside and walk around a small yard that has grass and picnic tables with umbrellas. We can actually go to the vending machines together. It basically makes it so that we both feel much more at ease and it is kind of like we are just hanging out. (We still haven't figured out how to have sex under a picnic table yet, but the wheels are constantly turning. Seriously, at this point I would only need like 24 seconds). Some other differences are that I am allowed to come and go outside as I please and I have key to my cell and also a window that I can open whenever I want. The food here is exponentially better so I actually go to the cafeteria more often.

All in all it has been a good move for me. I basically spend most of my time alone, thinking of my Angelica and my friends. I wonder how everyone is doing and how much things will be different when I am finally back home. In truth it doesn't matter whether the move was good for me or not. The bottom line is that I have to progress through this system. If I am not progressing and I just grow stagnant then there is no way that they will let me out on my first opportunity. So, progression it is. I have been "down" a little less than 8 months and I have about 18 more to go... *sigh*

[Comment](#)

"Everything Happens for a Reason" -AY

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [1 Comment](#)

August 30, 2010

It's easy to sit back and complain or wonder about the things that happen in our lives. You grow curious about the people you meet and the relationships you do or don't have with them as time passes by. When you wake up each morning you sometimes think about how tired you are or replay the dreams you had that night or jump out of bed frantic because you're late for work or school. Each day we wake up we have a choice and we have freedom to make decision about how we want our day to be.

This is called FREEDOM to LIVE!

This is where I begin to tell you how AMAZING my future husband is and how much he inspires me and makes me proud to be his future wife.

Everyday that passes he amazes me with his positive attitude and ambition to rise above the stupidity surrounding him and maintain being Mike as we all know him, instead of allowing this temporary situation to alter who he is.

He is still silly, witty, smartass, (I can make up words too) eager, positive, ambitious, caring and loving. He remains to be the man I fell in love with and each day he reveals another reason why I love him so much!

We talk several times a day and sometimes I vent about my day or the events or situation happening around me and on the other end of the phone as he sits in prison he says "Baby... this is gonna be kinda harsh, so are you ready? Suck it up!..."

Ironic considering he is there and I am here. Just another example of how amazing he is! 😊

So for some reason we both have a really hard time keeping secrets from each other. I would book a flight and plan to surprise him, but within less than 24 hours I already spoiled the surprise! I won't take all the credit though... He can't keep a surprise either! I remember on Valentine's Day, we were short on phone time and it was towards the end of our week, so that means we only talk twice in a day instead of 3 or 4 times. But for some reason he kept calling and asking silly questions and trying to make small talk until finally he asks "Has anything arrived for you yet?" I was so confused until I remembered it was Valentine's Day and I realized he was

sending me flowers. So much for a surprise! LOL About 15 minutes later... Clear Lake Flowers walks through the door.

Classic Mike and Angelica Surprise 😊

Every morning I wake up and he is literally the first image I see and my first thought is of him. I prepare for my day, we have our morning conversation, proceed with our work, have our afternoon chat, we head to the gym/yard where we work out and then our evening call is the best! We fall asleep with the passing of another day and eager to start the next because this is our life, and although we can't physically be together yet, we intend to LIVE through it! We have an amazing future ahead of us and we will live life to the fullest because although we can't be together we still have the freedom to choose to LIVE!

I feel so fortunate to have wonderful family and friends in my life. They all know who they are and their support means the world to me. But most of all... I am fortunate to have found Mike. He is my heart and soul and I hope he knows how much he means to me, how much I love him, and oh how I adore him and admire him. So when I sit back and wonder the why's... I have Mike and our love as my answer and we have FREEDOM to LIVE 😊

[Comment](#)

"Are You Happy Now?" -ML

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

August 16, 2010

It is 10:44p.m. on a Monday night. I have just been "locked down" for the night. 30 minutes ago I said goodnight to Angelica, just like I do every night. Tonight, however, is a bit different than the last 180 nights. Tonight is an anniversary for me. 180 nights ago I spent my first night in DRDC. Wow, how my life/attitude has changed since then. That first night I was scared of what the future held. Now, as I lay in my bed, I am excited about the future. That first night I had no idea how this would impact Angelica and me. Now I know it has made us more solid than either of us could imagine. Then, I had no plan or idea where I would end up. Now, I have complete clarity as to what my future holds.

Excitement is an emotion that I have rarely felt since being in prison. As a matter of fact, the most excitement I have ever felt was the day Angelica told me about her newest promotion. Excitement is a feeling I have right now. Today was my reclass and I will be moving to a minimum security facility soon. This is large. Huge! Monumental! Big! It means more freedom and less idiots. It means 250 total inmates instead of 1400 at BCCF. It means visitation outside with Angelica. It means the world to me and I can't wait and I am finally excited for me.

So, you saw the title of the blog above. One of the most difficult parts of all of this is that I have never gotten to say my piece. I was never afforded the opportunity to tell my side of this. I took a pleas bargain. Part of taking a pleas bargain means that you will never get to tell your side. It means saying you are guilty even if you don't think you are. I never got to tell how I lost everything. I never got to

tell about my life prior to this. I never got to describe the sleepless nights when it all started to go bad. I never got to tell why I made the decision I did. I never got to explain how I never meant for this to happen. I basically had to sit through one of my victims saying that they felt sorry for Katie (my ex wife). I sat there and took it. Never rolled my eyes. Just sat there. And when it was my time to speak all I did was apologize. When I was sentenced I took it like a man. Now that it is all over with I have some questions for Katie, the victims, the D.A. and the judge... Are you happy no? Are you happy that I am in prison? Are you happy when you get your monthly check of \$47.00? Are you happy that I was terrified of prison for exactly one week back in December? Do you think putting me in prison was a victory? Do you think I am getting "corrected"? Do you wonder how my day to day life is? I'm quite certain that you think my life is terrible, and that you "won" by putting me here. I've got news for you. It isn't, and you didn't. My life isn't terrible and it gets better every single day. And if you think you "won" then let me shed some light on my day to day life...

I roll out of bed at the crack of noon. I take a shower in a private shower. I then go up to my cell and fix my tuna fish sandwich, or maybe some chicken salad or some roast beef and rice. I then climb up on my bed and watch my own personal T.V. (that is fully equipped with free Dish Network) and crack open a Mountain Dew and pour it over a nice cup of ice. After eating, I go to the phone and call Angelica. I get to talk to her about 3 times per day. (I also get to visit her one weekend out of the month. Just so you know this as made our relationship stronger than we could have ever imagined. Maybe I will thank you in our wedding vows. Oh, my relationship with my family is stronger also. So... umm, thanks) After the phone call I then go outside and play basketball or volleyball for the next 3 hours. Once that is done I go back inside, take another shower and get ready to make dinner. My favorite is the chicken burritos that my roommate and I make. After dinner I settle in to watch T.V. until 9:30p.m. when I call Angelica (free Dish Network is awesome) and speak to her until 10:15p.m. I then go take a nice hot shower until 10:30p.m. when we get locked down for the night. After lockdown I usually eat a bowl of cereal and watch TV. until 2 or 3a.m.

My life is terrible isn't it? Want to know the best part of all of it? The state pays me \$4.83 per month to do what I just described. An even better part is that you tax dollars pay for my TV., my water, my electricity, my food, my clothes and my laundry. You didn't win. But neither did I. No one won in this scenario. I am wasting tax payer money and time in here and you are getting now money paid back to you. You may be asking yourself "What, you don't have to work?" the answer is "No I don't". I also don't have any psychological, physical, educational or medical issues. (I know this because your tax dollars pay for all my health needs also) Since I have no issues, I don't have to do anything. No work, no classes, nothing. That's right; the "correctional facility" has determined that I don't need to be "corrected". Ironical huh?

So I ask you again... "Are you happy now?"

[Comment](#)

"Texas+Colorado=Love" -AY

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

August 7, 2010

Visitation

Dress Code "Colorful Nun Attire"

A 610 am flight.

Three hour drive passing tumble weed, land, cows OH! and Wal-Mart all the way to a town smaller than my car.

Standing at a gate and waiting for security to buzz you in.

You're only allowed 1 clear bag with one car key, quarters and your ID.

Sign in and take off your shoes and belts to walk through a metal detector. Oh wait! Put your arms across your chest and walk sideways because your bra makes the detector go BEEP...

Walk through another door where you are "frisked" down by a female officer. I think she likes that part of her job?

Head to another gate and wait to be buzzed in.

Walk through another door and wait to be assigned a table.

Once you're assigned to a table you can get in line for drinks and snacks as well as cards, Scrabble, pencil and paper for entertainment.

Out comes Mike headed to our table where we get to kiss and hug 😊

The most eventful people watching ever!

Mullets . No Teeth, Crazy Conversations, Crying Babies & Children and Piles of Food on everyone's table.

3 hours later the guards scream "Restroom Break!" And all the visitors rush to the door to use 1 of 2 facilities.

6.5 hours later the guards scream "Visitation is over!" and then we get to hug and kiss goodbye :) but I always cry on my way out 😞

A 5 minutes drive to what Mike would call "camp grounds" is the hotel I stay at where I lay in a bed thinking about how close he is and if only they would let us cuddle for a little while...

Another 6.5 hour visitation with the Love of My Life 😊

Then back on the road to Denver to catch my flight back to Houston...

[Comment](#)

"I am Beyond Irritated..." -ML

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

July 30, 2010

Tonight I was mean to Angelica because she was asleep when I called. In the six months that I have been "down" this has never happened. It proves to me that all of this is finally wearing on me. I have tried so hard to; "roll with the punches", "take it all in stride" and "look to the future" during all of this, but it is hard sometimes. I loved my life. I miss my life. Tomorrow there is a volleyball tournament at Third Coast that I would be playing in with Josi. Instead, I am stuck in here. Instead of hanging out with my favorite people at 3C playing v-ball I will spend my Saturday listening to idiots try to tell everyone how great they are at everything. I will spend my Saturday just like I spent my Friday, and I spent my Friday just like I spent my Thursday, etc., etc., etc. This place is mundane. If my punishment is to be bored, then by all means, mission accomplished.

I am getting re-classed on June 21st and then I am supposed to be moved to a minimum security prison. I need this to happen, like now. Immediately. I need a new place, a new challenge, a change of scenery.

I was mean to Angelica tonight because I was excited to talk to her about her possible career path change. I wanted some intelligent conversation and some stimulation. She was too tired to provide that tonight. I understand why she is tired. She busts her ass at work. I hope she knows I am sorry and I am just having a hard time at the moment. Please get me out of this facility and on to a new chapter...

[Comment](#)

"Go Shorty, It's Ya Birthday" -ML

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

July 28, 2010

The visit with Angelica was amazing, but I think we were both in need of closure so we could begin to plan our future. That closure was represented by a March 8th court date. What was at stake? The difference of 5 years in actual sentence time, which equates to almost 3 years of real time. In my mind I knew that our relationship could survive if I could get my sentence reduced to at least 10 years. But if it remained at 15 years I honestly wasn't sure that we could survive it no matter how much we adored each other. So, needless to say, we were both anxious to get this done.

DOC has "court move" days on Tuesdays. So, on March 2nd I got the call to pack up my stuff to go to Summit County where I would stay in the county jail until court on the 8th. Now that I have been in "prison", county jail was nothing but a nuisance to me. Kind of funny how I had changed since December when I was so scared to go to county jail. The biggest worry I had now was that I would be bored without my T.V. That's Right! I have my own T.V. in prison with free Dish Network! Your tax dollars are so well spent. Anyway, I was informed that morning that Arapahoe County would be picking me up along with about 10 more inmates. I reported to intake which is where we are processed in and out of the facility. It is here where we get searched and shackled up in wrist and ankle shackles. After getting shackled up I proceed out the door and noticeably missing is a bus. All I see is a van. A really small van. I ask the guard "Are we traveling in that?" He replies with a curt "Yes" as we are being loaded into the back of a windowless cargo van. Life sucks.

Up to this point I thought hell was traveling in a bus. Umm... Not anymore! A windowless cargo van with 10 other inmates is my new official hell. It was during the 4 hour van ride that I found out I would be spending the night at the Arapahoe County Jail. Up to this point all I have heard about is how dirty Arapahoe County Jail is and how bad it sucks. Needless to say, I wasn't happy.

We arrived at Arapahoe County at about 3:30pm. Nauseous doesn't begin to describe what I was. I still am not sure how I didn't throw up. The Arapahoe County Sheriffs unloaded us and took us in to intake for processing. We were strip searched and finger printed. Then they told us to take off our DOC issued boots and put them in a property bin. This left us in our socks, in a dirty, disgusting jail. Next they told us to line up and then they walked us to a room to grab a "mattress" and a blanket. After that we were instructed to go to a small holding cell where we would be spending the night sleeping on the floor.

I won't spend a ton of time describing the events of that night but I can summarize it like this... terrible food, fart contest, complaining, stupid stories, no phone calls and no sleep. That night is arguably the worst night I have had during all of this, and to make matters worse I couldn't talk to Angelica.

The next morning I was called to intake around 7:30am. I was given my boots back and was told that I was being taken to Jefferson County where Summit County would pick me up later. At that point all I really cared about was the fact that I didn't have a tooth brush and that I really wanted to take a shower. I didn't get either thing I wanted. Instead I got shackled up again and loaded on a Jeffco bus. We left around 9am and arrived at Jeffco around 10am. Summit County picked me up around noonish.

The ride to Summit County takes about 2 hours, but on a bright note I was riding in the back of a police cruiser. After arriving at the jail I got settled in, took a shower, got some food, called Angelica and took a nap. I awoke to find that a guy I had made friends with before going to DRDC was back for a sentence reconsideration also. His name is Cory and we went to DRDC within a week of each other. It was pretty amazing after going through the whole DOC process separately we ended up back in Summit County at the same time. We spend the next few hours catching up and sharing "war" stories. After that I called Angelica and then went to sleep for the night. The next six days were spent playing cards, reading books and trying not to stress about the 8th.

I woke up on the 8th around noon. I wasn't due in court until 4:00pm. Those 4 hours went by so slowly I thought I would go crazy. Honestly, all I wanted by then was closure. I just wanted it all to be done. 3:00pm came and they called me to booking to visit with my attorney. Over the next 45 minutes we went over the "strategy" that we would employ in order to get as much time off as possible. I told him that if we were able to get 5 years off then I would be content. Anything more off than 5 years then I would dance in happy circles. Possibly even skip. Not sure if I could skip in shackles or not but I would try. The visit ended and the guards shackled me up for court. The walk to court took about 5 minutes and I remember a feeling of calm coming over me. I thought about Angelica and our future and for some reason I just knew that all of it would work out.

4:00pm came. They called my case. I went and stood next to Dan (my attorney) and, once again, had to listen to a judge, D.A., victims and my attorney bargain for my life. Long story short... the victims are still very bitter. My attorney was great. The judge almost lowered my sentence to 8 years. But in the end, I ended up with 10 years. Contentment ensued!

After court I was informed that I was leaving immediately to go the Jeffco where I would spend the night before going back to BCCF. On one hand that is great because I would be back "home" for my B-Day on the 9th. But on the other hand I wasn't going to be able to call Angelica until I got to Jeffco. So, I had Cory call her for me and then after a few hours I was able to call her.

My birthday present was the best ever. 3 years of my life back and closure for Angelica and me... Finally.

[Comment](#)

"It's Hard to Send Flowers From Prison" -ML

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

June 16, 2010

Up to this point Angelica and I had been existing by talking on the phone. It had been almost 60 days since we had any physical contact. This had to change! So, with Valentine's Day coming up, Angelica planned a trip to come visit me. The plan was for her to fly in and visit me on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Awesome! Three days of Angelica! Just what I needed at the time! (Actually I will take three days of Angelica anytime, anywhere) With the tickets having been purchased, hotel rooms booked and rental cars reserved we started the countdown to V-Day.

Here is a little known fact about Angelica and me... We touch all the time. Literally. If we are in the car, we touch. When we sleep, we touch. When we eat dinner, we touch. When we dance, well we touch and we are awesome! So to go almost 60 days was killing us. Thankfully, the visits here allow contact. I said "contact", people! Not conjugal! Jeez, get you mind out of the gutter! (Side note... Angelica actually researched conjugal visits on the internet. She's so dirty!) Anyway, "contact" visits allow us to hug and kiss hello and goodbye, and also to hold hands while sitting across the table

from one another. All of this occurs under the security of four guards and about 20 cameras. There are about 50-60 other people in the room with you also. So privacy is non-existent here. But, at this point, anything was better than nothing.

Her visitation week arrived and I think both of us were actually a bit nervous. Why nervous? Well, our relationship had evolved since I left. Don't get me wrong. Our relationship was solid before, but now we had gone through so much together and had so many conversations about how we are both in this and how committed we actually were to getting through this together. So many tears had been shed. So many words spoken and so many fears overcome that it was inevitable that nervousness (I know, not a word) would ensue. Logistically, our relationship wasn't even remotely the same as it was 60 days prior. It was exponentially deeper, more permanent and ultimately more secure. And the nervousness (yep, used it again) was a good feeling.

It was on Tuesday of V-Day week that I woke up and realized that I needed to send flowers to her work. I had to! My P.I.M.P. status would have been dramatically decreased if my baby didn't have flowers for V-Day! So, I called my sister. If you ever need a problem solved or something done, call her. (She should actually get a job as a personal asst.) She immediately found a place to order and talked me into waiting until Angelica got back on Feb 16th to have the flowers delivered instead of having them delivered on Thursday before she left. This way, Angelica could enjoy them since she would be home. After much deliberation I decided that her getting them after V-Day wouldn't adversely affect my pimp status so I agreed and it was done.

Thursday was Angelica's travel day and I could tell she was nervous. She doesn't like flying, But, like the stud she is, she got on the plane and arrived safely. She then drove for 3 hours and finally arrived in lovely Las Animas, Colorado.

Now, I don't know how she felt that night, but it was absolutely killing me knowing that she was sleeping in a bed, alone, less than 2 miles from me and I couldn't be with her.

Friday morning came and I anxiously waited for them to call me from visitation. I was so nervous! Would she still think I was cute? (My hair was super long) What was it going to be like to kiss her? How would she react to being around all types of inmates? What kind of food would we eat? Is she a good scrabble player? (O.k. those last two weren't actual thoughts at that time. But they make complete sense now) they finally called me and I made my way from my building to the main building where my baby was at.

I walked in and didn't see her at first but then I found her and ... oh. My. Effing. God. So pretty. We kissed, but we were both way too nervous to really kiss. We didn't want to get in trouble! (Now we make out like all the other white trash people in here do. When in prison, do as prisoners do)

The weekend was spent; talking, holding hands, playing scrabble, eating junk food, drinking pop, making fun of other inmates, shedding some tears and just enjoying being around each other again. Sunday came and it was time for her to go now, that sucked. I didn't want to let her go. I wanted her to go back to my cell with me. I just didn't want her to leave! But, alas, she had to. So we kissed and hugged goodbye. I knew she was sad and probably crying and I felt terrible for that. I wanted to be there to hold her and make her laugh. But I couldn't. Instead I had to walk back down a sidewalk lined with razor wire back to my current home. Alone. And lonely.

What made all of this so hard is that we still didn't know what the final outcome of my sentence reconsideration would be. So, once again we had to go our separate ways not knowing what our ultimate penance would be in all of this. Not knowing whether we would be apart for 3 years or 5 years. Knowing that we would always be in love. But not knowing how that love could possibly endure being apart for 5 years if nothing changed with my sentence.

March 8th was less than a month away...

[Comment](#)

"You Have a Pre-Paid Call From..." -AY

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

June 8, 2010

Life is full of surprises right? I'm not sure if this was a surprise or a test or a pop quiz? I mean... Not only were we in this incredibly INSANE situation, we weren't able to speak to each other either. Nothing lasts forever though. Thank GOD 😊

I believe Mike received phone privileges on a Wednesday. Unfortunately he hadn't quite received my letter telling him NOT to add my name with my Colorado number, therefore he wasn't able to call me for a few more days. Until then his sister and I would schedule time to talk to Mike. He would call her, then she would call me and he would proceed to ask me questions, then I would proceed to ask him questions, then his sister would chime in and ask her questions. This was the first threesome I had and oddly enough... still no phone sex.

You know that game where you're sitting in a circle with a group of people and the first person whispers something in the second person's ear and then the whisper makes its way around the whole circle? Well the idea is to see how different the story is by the time it reaches the last person. I wonder if this pertained to our conversations? I mean his whole family likes to tell the "readers digest" version, which is perfectly fine with me, it's just a thought that crossed my mind because according to Mike my stories are too detailed. Little known fact... most of the women in my family are very detailed when telling stories. Another little known fact... I'm probably the least detailed when telling my stories, but according to Mike I need to tell the "Readers Digest" version 😊

I can remember the day he was finally able to call me. It was a Thursday and I had just finished with a client. I was booked all afternoon, but luckily when he called I had a 1.5hr gap on my books. The phone rang and somehow I knew it was him! I walked outside, answered the phone, and listened to the automated chick give her speech (she's been pissing us off ever since) and then... I heard his voice! He says "Why hello there." *sigh* It was magical!!! I walked down to some of the couches that are in the mall hallway (umm... I work in the mall) and we spoke for 40min. It was FABULOUS! We had so much to talk about and for those 40min I think we both forgot about the situation that was among us.

It had been way too long since we spoke and waaaay toooo long since we'd seen each other. So... since Valentines Day was just around the corner and my Valentine was in Colorado... guess where I was headed??? That's right! Shopping so I could look cute for my Baby 😊

Ok, so in hind site I think this was a pop quiz. We survived the holidays apart and the several weeks without phone. Next is the test! Visitation and the beginning of our new life...

[Comment](#)

"I'm Lookin For A Lifeline..."

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

June 2, 2010

As all of you have probably noticed, it has been almost 3 weeks since my last update. Sometimes inspiration is hard to come by in this place and no matter how hard I try to stay positive, it isn't allways successful. But, I'm better now and ready to pick up were I left off.

When last you heard from me I had spent NYE alone and had not spoken to Angelica (or anyone) for almost two weeks. I spent my first weekend at my new home getting adjusted and learning the ropes. And believe me there are alot of ropes to learn. On Sautrday I played basketball for the first time, and this is where I proved myself. Sports have always been my salvation. My way of fitting in and bieng accepted. This time was no different. Even though I was known as "Whiteboy", I could already tell that sports would get me through this.

The weekend passed uneventfully and Monday came. I immediately went to see my case manager to get my phone list. He infomred me that he had it and he gave me my copy only for me to discover that Angelica's phone number was not approved due to the fact that I used a Colorado phone number for her that we had got when I was in county. Apparently the phone number area code and address need to match up. One more setback, but at least I was able to call my family. After getting my phone list I immediatley go to the phones an call my sister. She proceeds to call Angelica on her cell phone and put both of us on speaker phone so we can talk to each other that way. Not sure if anyone has ever tried this but it isn't easy. But at this point anything was better than nothing. We spoke for a bit and then had to go because calls can only last for 20 minutes at a time in here. I filled out another phone list and turned it in. My case manager told me it would take about 7 days for it to be approved.

The next week was filled with adjustments. I learned the basic guidelines of how prison works and I basically spent it observing and soaking it all in. I am a people watcher by nature and this place is a people wachers heaven. I had relatively little issues excpet for the Aryan idiots trying to give me attitude for talking to black guys. Apparently I am a "Race Trader". Funny, I don't remember ever pledging allegiance to narrow minded caucasians. The attitude lasted for about 4 days until they realized that I am not worth trying to convert. After that I had no issues.

Even though I had not got my list back I still tried Angelica's number daily... And finally, after 5 days, it went through!! She picked up and did the whole "I Accept" thing and all I could of to say was "Why, hello there." God, I'm stupid! Hearing her voice after all that time was amazing and I remember us acting like little kids all talking over each other and so excited that we couldn't stop talking or giggling.

Since that day Angelica has been my lifeline. She picks me up when I am down, makes me smile every time we speak and keeps me motivated to get this done and behind me. She fills me in on what is going on in her and my friends lives. And, honestly, we have learned more about each other than either of us ever thought possible. I can instantly tell what her mood is by just hearing her voice. We talk about everything. We have covered ground that most couples will never cover and I will forever be thankful for that.

Now that we had finally gotten to talk, and were able to talk daily, we started planning for the immediate future. First thing was my sentence reconsideration.

My new attorney was back in the office on January 7th after being gone for the holidays. I had a court date set up for January 22nd and the first thing he did was get that moved to March 8th (the day before my birthday). He then reached out to the D.A. and began laying the groundwork for the reconsideration. During all of this my parents re-financed their house in order to get some cash to pay for my new attorney and to be able to offer the "victims" a "significant" amount of money in exchange for a reduced sentence.

Dan (my new attorney) reached out to the D.A. and offered up \$65,000 cash in exchange for a non-prison or a reduced prison sentence. The D.A. informed him that if the victims were agreeable to this proposal then she would be agreeable to it also. In short... the victims were rude, dismissive and obviously not going to go for anything. Our final offer was \$65,000 cash to be split amongst them in exchange for a 4 year prison sentence. I also offered to agree to a total of \$200,000 of restitution. This amount of restitution was almost \$40,000 more than what the D.A. was seeking. Also, keep in mind that Katie only received a 5 day sentence in exchange for \$85,000. Well, I had already paid them \$20,000 back in October of 2008 so we felt that made my offer equal to Katie's in a monetary sense. As I stated before, they said no deal. Actually, all they said was "See you in court."

With that being said, all we had left to deal with was to try and get the judge and D.A. to take as much off of the sentence as possible. So, I agreed to a restitution amount of \$169,845 in exchange for the D.A. to not object to a seven year reduction in sentence taking me down to an 8 year sentence. Only thing we could do now was wait til March 8th and see what the judge's final decision would be.

By this time the stress of not seeing Angelica for almost 60 days, and the weight of what the final amount of years I faced, was beginning to wear on us. So we decided to plan a visit for Valentines Day weekend. What Fun!! Our first Valentines Day was going to be spent in prison...

[Comment](#)

"We Interrupt This Program..." -AY

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

May 19, 2010

First, I would like to say Thank You to all of our readers. Our blog started at the end of March and we currently have over 1,000 views! This blog was Mike's idea. He thought it would be something fun for us to do together. It's a great feeling when we get comments and more views each day. We've learned so much about how different our experiences have been and some of the updates have been incredibly emotional. All in all... it IS something fun for us to do together and it's keeping us strong.

When a relationship is based on nothing BUT communication, all you have is writing and talking it can easily become very difficult to keep the relationship strong. Ask yourself these questions... If you were in a relationship and all you could do is talk and write to one another, see each other every 3-4 weeks, hold hands for several hours out of a weekend and only hug and kiss hello and goodbye... Would your relationship last? Are you strong enough to continue building a relationship with that person? Are you creative enough to keep it interesting for the other person? If you make it through 6 months and your feelings have only grown stronger, does it make sense to leave? We answer YES to all the question EXCEPT for the last one. :)

To you as a reader, this blog is entertainment. To Mike and I this is a life. He is not dead and I am not crazy. We are two people that are very much in love with one another and regardless of what we are going through right now, we still have our future. We are both still living our lives even though we have to live separate for a little while.

What's a little time apart when you have a lifetime of happiness with someone you are in love with?

[Comment](#)

"Memoirs of Angelica" -AY

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

May 13, 2010

This update has been a struggle for me because so much has taken place at this point, but SO much more was still undecided and up in the air. The unknown is one of the hardest concepts to manage when you just don't know. When you are in a relationship and you just don't know if it's going to work out, you just don't know if you can trust a person or you don't know if you will get accepted into college or be able to have a child... The list goes on, but when you don't know all you can do is your best to control your feelings, so I guess that's what I did? So far Mike was back in Colorado, sentenced, missed all the holidays and unable to call me or anybody else for that matter.. The unknown was what the "new" lawyer was able to do for Mike, could we minimize his sentence, where would he be transferred to, when would we be able to talk again, was he ok, was he safe, was he sick, was he being taken care of, when would he be home???

This is what I remember... I remember thinking of him constantly, looking at every website on DOC, calling every person that could possibly help me get information, checking emails daily to keep in contact with his family and his lawyer. I was making sure my phone was charged and on and in a place where regardless of where I was or what I was doing, if he was able to call, I would be sure to get it. I remember sleepless nights on my parents couch because I didn't want to be alone and sleeping in the spare bedroom seemed too quiet and too far even though my parents would be just down the hall. I remember sleeping with the TV on because the silence allowed my thoughts to run wild. I slept in his t-shirts every night, prayed every night and every morning. I can remember the nights I WAS able to sleep I would completely crash and forget how I fell asleep. I remember completely understanding the meaning of exhaustion because every ounce of my body and mind was consumed with worry for Mike and his well being along with his future and our future. I remember feeling the need to avoid alcohol because I knew I would break down and I feared I would not be able to bounce back. I can remember having a conversation with someone and not really knowing what we were talking about or playing games with my family and forgetting it was my turn or staring at the TV and not know what I was watching.

However, I DON'T remember ever doubting our relationship. So is this what LOVE really is???

[Comment](#)

"I Need Dramamine... A Phone... Or A Pair Of Bolt Cutters" -ML

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [1 Comment](#)

May 5, 2010

As stated in an earlier blog, I get motion sick. I hate busses for this reason. Therefore, four-hour bus rides suck for me. Surprisingly, when planning my trip to Y.O.S., the CDOC didn't take my motion sickness into account when deciding the mode of transportation, because when I was led out the door that morning there was a bus waiting. And not just any bus. A modified greyhound bus with cages over the windows and "Colorado Dept of Corrections" written down both sides in big lettering. You all know what these prison busses look like. You've seen them on the highway and I'm sure you made some sarcastic comment to the other person in your car or to yourself probably something like "Boy, that would suck". Or maybe if you have kids who are misbehaving "Keep messing around and I will have that bus pull over and put you on it". Or maybe you went with the old standby toward one of your friends "They must be coming for you." Well, just know this. 95% of the idiots on that bus don't get sarcasm and the 5% that do are thinking these thoughts...

- "I wonder where they are taking me"

- "God, I wish the guy next to me would...

- have showered."

- stop saying the word homie over and over."

- stop blaming everyone else for his parole violation."

- realize that we have nothing in common and I have absolutely nothing to say to him because I haven't yet learned how to have entire conversations using words that are 3 syllables or less."

-"I need to pee"

-"Hey, look! McDonalds! A Big Mac and coke would be so good right now."

-"How did I get here? On a prison bus? Really? Aren't I too pretty to be on a prison bus?"

(Ok, that last thought probably only went through my mind.)

Anyway, so the bus ride to Y.O.S. was pretty much a nausea filled, otherwise non-eventful ride. We arrive at Y.O.S. (Which is in Pueblo. Which is south of Denver.) and are told very little actually. CDOC has decided that the best way to go about dealing with their inmates is to offer as little information as possible. They don't tell us how long we will be staying nor do they tell us where we are ultimately going. Now, I was thinking that maybe my phone list was approved by now... Oh, wait, I haven't told you how the phone system works in DOC. First, you fill out a phone list when you get to DRDC. The phone list has to include the name of the person, their relationship to you, their address and their phone number. Unbeknownst (Is that a word?) to me, the area code of the number has to match up to the zip code/area code of the person. Umm... I used Angelica's Colorado number that she got for the time I was in the county jail but we will cross that bridge in a bit. Second, you submit your phone list at DRDC to your case manager and it supposedly takes 7-10 days to approve. Well, it had been 9 days at that time and being as that fit into their 7-10 day timeline I thought that maybe the fine people at Y.O.S. could help me out. Well, that was a pipe dream. All they could tell me was that it had been approved but they couldn't (or wouldn't. Still not sure which) give me the PIN number I needed to make calls. Now, for those of you who know me know that the phone, and talking on the phone, is paramount in my life. Not to mention that I had not heard Angelica's voice in almost 2 weeks. Needless to say, I wasn't really happy. (On that note I am going to hop up on my soap box real quick to make yet another point about how our prison/justice system is so screwed up. In the infinite wisdom of the DOC they decided to take away all means of communications with an offenders support system. So basically at a time when you are most stressed, scared, lonely and confused the system doesn't allow you to call your family. But yet they talk about how they care about your well-being...)

After spending two hours getting processed in at Y.O.S. we were finally taken to our cells. I have to say that Y.O.S. wasn't really that bad and much better than DRDC. It was clean, I had a cell to myself and we weren't locked down 23 hours anymore. The only bad thing was not knowing how long I would be there and also not knowing where they would ultimately take me.

New Years Eve morning came and I woke up to a page on my intercom telling me to gather my stuff because I was being moved. Wow! Only 10 hours spent there and on to the next place. But, wait... Damn It! Another bus ride *sigh*. I spent the next couple hours writing Angelica and stressing out about her going out for New Years Eve and her meeting some guy who isn't nearly as great as me but

with her being lonely and it being NYE and all, she ends up kissing him and then this douche bag guy takes advantage of my baby in her weakened state and in an effort to forget about me she ends up going home with D.B. and hooking up with him and the next morning she then realizes that there are plenty of fish in the sea who aren't in prison (Not that fish can be in prison or maybe they can. Maybe there is a fish prison made from an old shipwreck and the offending fish need to go to fish court and face a D.A. who is an eel and a judge who is a shark answer to trumped-up charges of theft for stealing food from another fish and when the offending fish can't afford an attorney the court appoints one and that attorney is a turtle who doesn't really care about what happens because he gets paid feither way. So the fish is found guilty and put in prison... I think I got off track somewhere. Hold on. Yep, sure did.) and that for her New Years resolution she resolves to forget about me and move on with her life. As you can tell, my imagination was running wild. I finish writing Angelica, drop the letter in the mail, pack up my stuff and head to intake to, once again, have shackles put on me and board a bus.

One of the more interesting things about prison is how much the people who have been here before think they know. With that being said the next hour or so on the bus was filled with speculation as to where we were headed and how cool or uncool the possible places are. After about two hours and two stops to drop people off at various prisons it is determined that we are headed to Bent County Correctional Facility and then this white trash inmate starts talking about how cool Bent is and how his "lady" is going to come visit him and how his "lady" does this and his "lady" does that. He honestly didn't shut up for the next 2 hours and he must have said the phrase "my lady" 5,123 times on that ride. (Funny thing is that I see him at visitation sometimes and his "lady" is fat and ugly.) It is after listening to him for an hour or so that I find out that Bent County is a medium level facility and I try to recall my conversation with my classification chick at DRDC. I distinctly remember her saying the following words in a very cheerful voice. "Oh, Good! You are at a point level that will put you at a minimum security facility so that will be great for you!" So now I am thinking to myself "umm... why am I on a bus to a medium level facility and if I would be "great" at a minimum, what will I be at a medium?" Then I start to kinda freak out. but I keep it on the down low because I don't want my pending anxiety attack to affect my burgeoning street cred.

The bus makes two more stops and then we finally arrive at Bent. Quick synopsis on where I am. Middle of nowhere in the southeastern corner of Colorado. No grass, no trees. Just dirt, kill fences and razor wire. Pretty uninspiring. We get off of the bus and go to intake. We are strip searched and begin filling out paperwork. Even though I was positive Angelica would forget all about me at the stroke of midnight I still listed her as my emergency contact. After paperwork is filled out I am then handed a bag that has a couple of blankets, a sheet, a towel and a pillow case. I am also handed a bar of non-used soap, a really small tooth-brush and a small tube of clear tooth paste. Clear tooth paste?? WTF?? I am then told to go to the medical for a quick physical and a mental evaluation. So I go. Get evaluated. Once again get asked "Why are you even here?" finish up and head back to intake. I am then told that I am assigned to cell house 8. Unit P. Cell 120. Top bunk.

I wish I could put the next 15 minutes of my life into words that would adequately describe the amount of anxiety I was feeling as I walked from intake to my new home. But I don't think I can. I will instead just put my observations down and you all can decide yourself how I felt.

Cell House 8 is in a separate building from where intake was. As I walked out the door the first thing I saw was people working out in the "yard". Immediately I realized that I was really in prison. Like really, really. I also realized that none of these people looked like me, talked like me or acted like I would. I looked at the fence with razor wire that bordered the sidewalk I was on. This fence was all that stood between me and freedom. If only I had a set of bolt cutters. I would be gone. I would walk to Houston. Get Angelica. Move to Brazil and never be heard from again. Alas, no bolt cutters. So, I continued on my walk to cell house 8. This walk is about 100 yards but it felt like 100 miles. I was being asked questions that I had no answers to. "Did any Paisas come in with you?" (A Paisa is a Latin gang. I know this now.) My answer "What is a Paisa?" Next question "Are you affiliated?" My answer "With what?" I was in sensory overload at this point. I love to people watch and this place was the mecca of people watching. I finally arrived at cell house 8 and then proceeded to shut the door behind me. I would later find out that closing the door is a major faux pas. Oops. My bad.

As I walk into my pod (p) I am greeted by stares. I pretty much said nothing to anyone and walked straight to my cell. I open the door and meet Todd, my new "celly". Todd looks like a member of ZZ Top but is pretty chill. He gives me the low down on how things operate and tells me that he doesn't like to share his T.V. He is nice enough to loan me lotion, shampoo, soap, tooth paste and Q-Tips. I debated on taking these things because I didn't want to owe anybody anything in here. But, he didn't seem like the "raping" type so I took it. I then went to take a shower. I really concentrated on not dropping the soap even though our showers are segregated. To put it bluntly I was paranoid. I then went back to my cell and prepared to go to "chow". I compare my first "chow" experience to the bus scene in Forrest Gump. "You can't sit here..." In short, "chow" sucked and I vowed to beg for money so I could buy my own food so I wouldn't have to go to "chow" ever again.

By the time all of this was done I was exhausted. It was about 7pm and all I could think about was Angelica. What was she doing? Was she safe? Did she miss me? Did she love me? Midnight Texas time came and I wished her a Happy New Year and then did it all again when midnight came Denver time. I told her I loved her and I eventually drifted off to sleep.

The next morning I woke up and went to try to get my phone list. But, since it was New Years Day no one was in that could help me and no one would be until Monday.

Didn't they know how badly I needed to hear Angelica's voice ???!

[Comment](#)

"One Holiday Down 2 To Go" -AY

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

April 23, 2010

Yes my Birthday is a holiday people! So I'm back in Houston and the man I was in love with was stuck in Denver and there was absolutely nothing anybody could do about it. Not mommy or daddy and the only person that could make it feel better was Mike.

I woke up on December 15th and had to prepare for a day at work. I honestly don't know how I functioned at all much less conducted myself in a professional setting. I can't even begin to describe the horrible feeling in the pit of my stomach. I didn't want to be alone, so while preparing for my day I also packed a suitcase for Maggie and I to stay at my parents for a while. I was doing everything possible to keep my sanity, so first step was to surround myself with the people closest to me and who are understanding and supportive. Mom and Dad to the rescue! I also received a call from the new lawyer that morning. He immediately stated that he walked in at the end of Mike's sentencing and agreed that the sentence was inappropriate and the fact that Mike's attorney and the judge were arguing seemed to have an effect on the additional 5 years the judge added and that too seemed inappropriate. It was such a relief to hear that someone in the legal system agreed with us and the fact that he personally returned my phone call immediately gave us hope. I shared the information with Mike and his family and by the end of the week the new lawyer was on the case.

Our relationship was on a phone diet. All we could do is talk on the phone at this point, so we looked forward to every phone call. I purchased a Colorado number to save money and the jail he was at actually had a decent phone system therefore things were pretty smooth until Sunday. I got a call from Mike Sunday morning, which was the norm, and I was expecting a phone call from him that afternoon. 5 o'clock rolled around and still no phone call, so of course I'm pretty much panicked at this point. It's real easy for your mind to wonder when you're in unfamiliar territory. Finally I receive a call but it's not Mike, it's Mike's secretary Cory (Mike's first "friend") informing me that my generous boyfriend has been put on lock down because he was sharing food. So I ask if Mike is ok and asked Cory to tell Mike I Love him. A few hours later I received another call from secretary Cory. Mike wanted to know if I was ok and also wanted me to know how much he misses me and loves me. Aww... he always knows just what to say and when to say it even if someone has to do it for him 😊 Unfortunately he was locked down for the rest of the night and I wasn't going to be able to speak to him until the next day. So we thought...

I received a phone call first thing in the morning and I was stoked to finally hear Mike's voice again BUT it was secretary Cory informing me that Mike was sent to DRDC. What??? Why??? It's too early!!! When will we be able to talk??? Is he ok???

So here we are, the week of Christmas and the only form of communicating with each other has been taken away from us. I didn't know if he was ok. I didn't get to tell him I love him and I didn't know when I would be able to speak to him again. Christmas Eve passes and now it's Christmas Day. That's pretty much how things seemed. One day down and one day closer, only the uncertainty of what each day would bring was heart wrenching. I drove to my place to check the mail on the evening of Christmas and Merry Christmas Angelica!!! I got the first letter from him and it made me laugh and cry. It was so nice to have communication with him, but I still didn't know if he was ok because the letter was written before he was sent to DRDC. His lawyer was able to visit the early part of the following week and he immediately called to let us know that Mike wanted to assure us that he was ok and that DRDC was not as bad as he heard it would be. He was in a cell by himself and it could be a couple more weeks before he is able to call us again. Wow! A couple of weeks? *sigh*

During this time I became very familiar with every website that had anything to do with Colorado DOC. I knew all the rules about phone lists, mailing information, where he might be transferred to, history on the facilities, wrote down every phone number and contact we might need, learned all the

rules for visitation, googled anything that explained his sentence, googled reconsideration of sentencing, looked at flights to Denver and wrote Mike everyday. In most circumstances the unknown is torture. But the unknown of the life of someone you love, the future you were hoping for, the safety for someone you love and the fear that the person you are in love with may get lost in this terrible situation is a undescrivable feeling. A million scenarios ran through my head. I tried so hard to focus on what kept me strong for him and myself. I had to be his rock and I prayed everyday and night that he wasn't losing his strength through all this. He is an amazing man, but I had no idea what he was going through or having to deal with.

Happy New Year's Eve! I worked until 6pm that day and I had options to celebrate with friends and family , but I accidentally stayed home all night. I'll just say it was an interesting way to end an interesting year and the only thing I would have changed about that night is to have Mike home with me. What will 2010 bring???

[Comment](#)

"Nine Days of Loneliness..." -ML

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

April 23, 2010

December 21st, 2009. The day I got the call over the intercom in my cell to pack up my stuff in order to be taken into custody at DRDC. The call came at 4:30am and woke me from a sound sleep. I have never even come close to an anxiety attack in my life until this morning. I was absolutely terrified and I needed to talk to Angelica. But I couldn't. I got locked down the prior day for giving another inmate two tortillas chips off of my tray, so therefore, no phone privileges. So, I was on my own. Scared. Nervous. Lonely. About to be taken to prison. As if jail wasn't bad enough. Prison just had to be horrible. Didn't it???

The bus ride to DRDC was horrible. For those of you who don't know me, I get motion sick. So riding in a bus is pretty much a slow form of death. Add anxiety to nausea and you have the answer to what my personal hell would be. Up to this point I had been told that DRDC was going to be terrible. I was told that I would be housed with murderers, rapists, etc because no one had been classified yet (classified=reviewing your past and present to see if you are violent/non violent, psychotic/sane, smart/dumb, sociopathic/adjusted). Needless to say I was freaked out on the drive there. I mean, I am too pretty! My imagination as going wild with images of getting shanked or something. I honestly had no idea what to expect.

So, we arrive at DRDC and instantly I notice the coiled up razor wire and the fact that the fences are electrified. I am informed by another passenger that these are called "kill fences". Ok, so escape probably wasn't going to happen. But then I thought that maybe I could convince another guy to try to escape with me and I could throw him on the "kill fence" in order to short it out and then climb to freedom over his electrocuted carcass. But then I couldn't figure out how to get past the razor wire at the top of the fence with out using another guy to throw over the wire and, once again, climb over his

carcass to freedom. I know I am awesome and all but I didn't think I could manage to find two people willing to sacrifice themselves for me. I could have easily found one person, but my master plan required two. Therefore, I resigned myself to the fact that I was stuck.

The bus pulled up to the door marked "intake" and I was herded off and through the door. I say herded because I felt like a cow being lined up and let to slaughter. Once inside I am told to go to a window to give all of my personal information and after that I am put in a holding cell with three other guys. I quickly find out a few things. First, two of them are murderers and the third is a drug dealer. Second, I am really not going to have phone access for almost two weeks! WHAT?? I need to talk to Angelica, like now! (I had heard a rumor about this whole phone thing but refused to believe it) Third, I was about to be "processed in" meaning; strip searches, finger prints, psych/medical evaluations, hair cuts, pictures and I will even get to watch a video on prison rape. (Quick video synopsis... If you find candy on your pillow it isn't because the maid service left it there) We sat in the holding cell for about 30 minutes or so. Then we were escorted to the next holding cell. Sat there for about 30 mins and then were taken to "dress out". Let the fun begin!

Up to this point in my life I had never been strip searched before. Notice I said "up to this point"? I can no longer claim that now. So, I get strip searched and then handed a bar of soap. I go to the next room and take a cold shower. I dry off with a very small towel and put my used soap in a bucket marked "used soap". I instantly think to myself "I wonder if they re-use used soap. And, if so, did I just use re-used soap?" After the shower I proceed to the next room where I am to find a white t-shirt, a pair of boxers and socks labeled with my name and DOC # (my DOC # is 148512 and is now a larger part of my life than my social security #). I get dressed and move to the haircut/shave portion of this adventure. (sidenote – I don't typically wear underwear and now I am forced to wear boxers. I wonder if I will wear boxers when this is over. Doubtful.) Luckily my hair is already short enough and I was clean-shaven enough to not have to have any thing done to me so I go to the "clothes fitting" portion of this. The girl asks me what size I would like, I say "2XL" and she says "no, you get an XL". Umm, why ask me then. I am fitted for my greens (greens are the uniform of choice in DOC. Consists of a green shirt and pants made of a khaki type material. Is khaki a color or a material? I'm not sure) and then handed an orange jumpsuit as temporary clothing while my greens are being labeled with my name and DOC #. Next step is the interview. This is where they ask me about my past and begin the classification process. This is also where the first DOC person asks me "How the hell are you here?" because my crime and past doesn't dictate the punishment. After the interview I then get to go watch the rape video. It is a horribly produced bunch of re-enactments of possible scenarios that could happen. All in all, more comical than informative. Next I go to the psych review portion and get to listen to the next DOC person tell me how I don't belong there. After psych I go to medical and I get blood drawn. After giving seven vials of blood I then make my way to finger printing and photos. All of this took about two hours.

Having been questioned, poked, prodded and yelled at for two straight hours all I really wanted to do is go to sleep. They gather ten of us together and give us laundry bags with blankets, towels and sheets. Then they herd us out the door and we head to a door marked unit #1. It is here that I find out that I will be locked in a cell alone for 23 hours a day. I will be let out only for "food" and to shower. I am assigned a cell and proceed to walk up the stairs to see what it feels like to be locked up for long periods of time. I walk into my cell and I am instantly repulsed. I look around and notice snot on the wall and piss on the floor. I then went into psycho Mike cleaning mode. I use one of my towels and a

bar of soap and proceed to clean my entire cell. Having cleaned up I finally settle in and fall asleep only to be woken up 15 minutes later for standing count. I quickly learn that sleep in DRDC is going to be hard to come by.

The second day was taken up by IQ tests, reading tests and math tests. Interestingly lacking is a social skills test. In all honesty though it wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. I had no issues up to this point with anyone and pretty much just read books and wrote.

The third day I was called to go see classification. This is where I will be told which level of facility I would ultimately end up at. I sat down across a desk from a woman who proceeded to tell me how she has been working for DOC for 10 years and she has never seen a sentence as harsh as mine for as little of a crime and as clean of a past. She was now the third DOC employee to tell me this. Somehow it wasn't making me feel better about my situation. Anyway, she told me that I would be sent to a "minimum restricted" level facility. I then went back to my cell and spent X-mas Eve alone. In a cell. Alone.

Day four was X-mas Day and for the first time in 35 years I was not able to talk to my family or friends. To put it bluntly, I was trippin out. Letters written to Angelica show this. I hadn't spoken to her and had no idea if she was ok. No idea if she still wanted to be with me. No idea if she knew how to find where I was. Basically no idea about anything.

Day five came and I got a visit from my new attorney. He told me the plan for trying to get the judge to reconsider his 15 year sentence and he told me to be patient. Easier said than done.

The next 5 days were spent basically stressing out about Angelica and whether she still was going to stick with me through this and whether she was ok. On December 29th I got the notice that I was being moved the next day to my permanent facility and I also got... letters from Angelica!!! I couldn't wait to read them and I was instantly put at ease. For those of you reading this that don't know her, I strongly suggest getting to know her. You will find one of the most amazing, supportive, caring, loving, beautiful people you will ever meet.

The next day dawned with me about to make the next bus ride in my DOC journey. I was about to embark on a 4 hour bus ride to a holding transfer facility called Y.O.S. to await placement at my permanent facility.

Having received letters from Angelica and knowing she had received letters I sent her, I felt reassured that we were in this together regardless of what the ultimate outcome would be. But, I really needed to hear her voice. Badly...

[Comment](#)

"Reminiscing" -ML

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [2 Comments](#)

April 21, 2010

Today is April 14th, 2010. It is exactly 120 days since I was sentenced to 15 years in prison. A lot has gone down in the last 120 days...

- My sentenced got reduced to 10 years from 15 years which means about 3.5 years in real time.
- I asked Angelica to marry me by spelling it out in Scrabble tiles. She said yes. Thankfully 😊
- I have adjusted to my new life the best I can.
- I have become an honorary member of the Crips!

Wow, 4 months has passed so quickly. But, I miss these things so much...

- Sitting in the big chairs at TC with Drew & Josi
- Sharing Dr Peppers with Drew at V-Ball
- Meeting Kreis for lunch & drinks. Kreis, do you remember me getting drunk at Cyclones and then playing V-Ball?
- Tiffany Chew's hugs. She has a way of jumping up and wrapping her legs around you so it is like a full body hug.
- Anything involving Bethany. If she's involved I'm in.
- Angelica. Everything about her. Brunches. Lunches. Naps. Late dinners. Frozen mojitos. Everything. She is my soul.
- Conversations with Traci D.
- Calling Traci to ask her for the weather report
- Late night IHop or Denny's meals with Drew
- Trying to "one up" Jesse Peyton
- Facebook!
- Galveston V-Ball tournaments
- Wednesday V-Ball at Randy's house
- Hermann Park
- Co Ed 2's with Amber Lynn
- Poetry by Shel
- Evan and his Evanness

- Jesse Lewis. Just him in general.
- My parents vaca home in West VA.
- Jesse's Memorial tournaments
- Souper Salad!
- Maggie. The best nap dog in the world.
- Playing V-Ball with Josi
- Shane Sigg. This dude is crazy. Double butt slap thrust!!

Some of my fondest H-Town memories...

- Meeting KReis
- South Padre trip (otherwise known as Best Trip Ever)
- Meeting Angelica
- Meeting all of my TC people
- First conversation with Drew in Galveston
- Drew drinking himself into a coma at Cyclone's
- Playing with Travis in the KOB tournament
- Drunk V-Ball with Amber Lynn
- Hungover V-Ball with Drew
- Hungover V-Ball with Bethany
- 2 hour milkshakes at Denny's
- Frozen Mojitos at The Flat
- Blur

Too many memories to keep going. Just know that I love you all and can't wait to see you all again. Thanks for giving me great memories!!

[Comment](#)

"Glass Between Us" -AY

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [2 Comments](#)

April 20, 2010

Goodbye November... Hello December... We arrived back in Houston and had to immediately prepare for Mike's departure back to Colorado. Although there was so much unknown about what would take place, we were expecting him to come back home around early spring at the latest. It was stressful and exhausting. We literally arrived in Houston, packed and prepared for Colorado and I was back to work all with in 24 hours.

December 4th arrives and he calls, I can tell he is extremely stressed and nervous. We prepared a few last-minute things and then he was in a taxi on his way to the courthouse. He began to send me text messages while in the cab and didn't stop until he had to turn off the phone. What an emotional morning for both of us. I still have the last 11 text messages he sent me 😊

This county jail part was an experience for both of us... Talking to each other was no longer cheap and the phone system companies don't care to make anything easy. In fact, I think they create the most difficult way to run an operation to assure frustration and stress for all parties involved. But, we were able to talk and that was the most important thing.

At this point my birthday was about 8 days away and since Mike couldn't be here, his friend Kristin planned a birthday dinner with a little celebrating afterward. My favorite day of the year was coming up, my birthday, and I didn't feel excited, for once my gifts weren't important, the celebration wasn't important and my birthday wish was a wish you never dream of having... Does that make sense? LOL I celebrated with friends on the 12th, with my family on the 13th (which was my actual birthday) and I had a flight booked to see Mike on the 14th. I was so excited to be able to see him and thought of it as a little birthday time with my baby. Although I was really going to be there to support him during his sentencing, it was the first opportunity I had to see him again! Regardless of the circumstances... I was stoked! So, I was on the 610am flight to Denver, I get my rental car and the attendant tells me it would be best to upgrade to a 4x4 because it has been snowing up in the mountains. Thank God I agreed! Court was at 10am and I was on my way in time to get Mike his clothes before court and MAYBE get to see him before he goes in UNTIL... I get up to the mountains and it's SNOWING. Ok... I'm from Houston Texas Y'all 😊 I don't drive in Houston snow much less Denver snow! It was crazy! And to top it off Mike never called. I knew it had to be because the phone systems sucked, but of course not hearing from him added to my stress. There were cars on the side of the roads, everyone was driving like 15 mph through most of the drive up there and all I could do was look at the clock then back at the road... It was terrible, BUT I made it.

Once I arrived to the courthouse, I tried to get Mike his clothes, but they tell me he has already been taken to court and that he wouldn't have been able to change anyway. (BTW you're only allowed to wear civilian clothes if you're on trial, 1 of many lessons I have learned) So, I head over to the courtroom with a white trash bag in my hand. (that's what they put his clothes in when they gave them back to me) I looked in the window of the courtroom and it took me a moment to find him, but when I did my heart melted. He was in black and white stripes! And shackled to other people sitting next to him! It was such a terrible sight and frightening as well because when you see something like that it makes you feel helpless. I found a seat in the back of the courtroom away from all the other people because I knew the victims were there, but I did not know what they looked like and I didn't

want to be anywhere near them. About 20 minutes passed while other hearing were taking place. Umm... that was interesting also! There was a lady being sentenced for identity theft, but she didn't speak english. She was crying and the translator was repeating everything she was saying... she was saying that she did not intend to hurt anyone and that she was only trying to provide for her family and protect her family. Yes! This is when the tears start to fall from my face. Right or wrong, it was hard to watch and hear.

It was now time for Mike's sentencing and he had to walk in hand and ankle shackles across my way. Yes! This was heart wrenching to say the least. The judge begins speaking, he then allows the victims to speak and... Wait! I'm just going to say I'm glad I was smart enough to know the victims were somewhere in the group of people on the other side of the court room and I'm even more thankful that I was smart enough to sit far away from any of them. So they speak and then it's Mike's turn... once again he has to walk with hand and ankle shackles up to the podium and he reads his apologies and explains his plan to make everything right. Shortly after the judge begins sentencing and when he says the words "10 years to DOC" I honestly thought he sentenced Mike to probation. I didn't realize what DOC meant. Then Mike's lawyer stands up and argues with the judge and then the judge states something about a 5 year sentence running concurrent. He might as well have been speaking spanish because I had no idea what just happened. I was looking at Mike and he finally turns around with the most distant blank look on his face. I was SO confused. Really and truly CONFUSED!

Court was adjourned and I walked over to visitation. I was checking in at the desk and the door behind me opens... It was Mike shackled to 4 other people who were lined up behind him and an officer guiding them through the next door. For about 30 seconds Mike and I were standing right next to each other and all I wanted to do was hug him and kiss him and hold his hand, but I was scared to even speak to him because I didn't want to get him in trouble. He quietly said "I just got F***ed" and at that moment I realized that DOC meant he was sentenced to prison.

I was instructed to sit at one of 3 chairs that was placed behind a window and I waited for about 2 minutes for Mike to sit on the other side. I don't have a clue what was going on in my head at that moment. I was sick to my stomach and I was speechless and I was trying not to lose it or break down crying. He sits down and we pick up the phones to speak to each other... I told him that I didn't understand what just happened and he says he didn't either. He proceeds to tell me that his life is over and that he has lost everything and everyone that means anything to him and that he was so sorry for making me come there and that he was so in love with me and is so sad that he has lost me, but that he does not expect for me to wait for him. I told him to stop talking that way, I'm not going anywhere and that this wasn't over. We were going to figure out a way to change this! I had no idea how, but I knew deep in my hear that this wasn't over. I told him to call me as soon as he was able and replied with a why? and I got a little angry because no matter what just happened... I couldn't imagine never hearing from him again or not having him in my life! I put my hand up on the window and he did the same allowing our hands to match against the glass. This was honest to God one of the saddest moments in my life.

It was time to leave and that was SO hard to do. I pretty much lost it when I got in the car and I don't really remember the drive back to Denver. It was snowing, I was talking with Kristin, then my mom and then Mike's sister and finally Mike was able to get through to my phone. I can't even begin to describe the feelings that were going through my entire body when we were able to talk again.

Literally indescribable. I arrive at the airport a few hours early and I get another call from Mike... he gives me a lawyers name and tells me about the sentencing that took place right after his that was a worse case and the guy got off with WAY less. I realized at this moment that Mike was back on board and that it was time to get strong and figure out what we need to do to make something change... I realized at that moment how strong Mike is and how much I feed off of his emotion. I wiped the tears long enough to google the lawyer, make some phone calls and hop back on the plane.

It was so strange arriving back in Houston. I've been here all my life, but it felt so empty knowing that Mike would not be back home for a while. As I walked off the plane and walked through the airport and sat in my car and drove down the road and on to the highway and passed his truck in the parking garage and parked my car and walked back in to my apartment and then saw all of his things in my closet and on my couch... I felt such sadness. It wasn't that long ago that he walked through the airport with me and sat next to me in my car and held my hand while driving. It wasn't that long ago that he was parking his truck in the parking garage after volleyball and I would pull up so he could ride up to the fourth floor with me in my car. It wasn't that long ago that he had unlocked the front door to let us in to our home and wore his clothes that were hanging in my closet and stood in my bathroom to prepare for his day and layed next to me in our bed. This was the first of many hard nights...

[Comment](#)

"Scintillating, Stupendous, Spectacular, Sentencing" - ML

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

April 19, 2010

So... Umm... That blog title makes no sense, but I love alliteration so deal with it.

With our Thanksgiving trip coming quickly to an end, the weight of the unknown sentence about to happen was almost unbearable. Angelica and I arrived back in Houston on December 1st and I left for Colorado the next day to remand myself to county jail on the 4th and wait for sentencing on the 14th. The morning of the 4th, which was a Friday, was arguably one of the most intense mornings of my life. On the way to turn myself into the police I talked to Angelica on the phone. I honestly have no idea what we even talked about that morning. I just know that we both weren't very happy. Once I arrived at the county jail I had to hang up with her and, with one press of an elevator button, leave my beloved life behind. I won't go into much detail about county jail because it really doesn't play that big of a part in all of this. Let's just say that it is full of idiots, there is really bad food and I became real good at spades.

The next ten days were spent negotiating an ever complicated plea deal and trying to decipher what might be the outcome of the sentencing hearing. By all accounts, the general train of thought that my attorney was thinking was that I would end up with no more than a one year DOC sentence or, at most

a ComCor (1/2 way house) sentence. And he still left the possibility of county jail and probation as an option as well. With these reassurances from him being stated, I felt that it would be great to have Angelica at my hearing so we could visit afterward and basically start planning the future. Little did both of us know that the outcome of the hearing would cast doubt, confusion and irrevocable change on our future and basically make planning anything impossible.

I woke up on the 14th with a feeling of unease. I was certain that our justice system wouldn't let me down and that the judge would see that none of this was intended and that he would give me a fair sentence that would punish me for my bad judgement, but still allow me to get back to work and pay back the victims. I was unable to call Angelica that morning because the phone system sucked so I wasn't sure if she had made it into town or not. So, I ate breakfast and waited for the guards to come get me for court.

Around 9:40am they called for me. I went from my cell to the booking area. At the booking area I was put in hand cuffs and ankle shackles. I was then walked, slowly (because it is hard to walk in shackles) to court. I wish I could describe the feelings that I had while making this walk but it is kinda hard to remember. I know I was scared. I know I was nervous. I know I had to pee real bad. But, other than that, it is pretty much a blur. A really slow motion type blur. Like in the Matrix when Keanu Reeves is dodging bullets. But not nearly that cool. I arrived at the courtroom and took a seat so my attorney could come talk to me. As soon as I talked to him I knew I was screwed. The pre sentencing report prepared by the probation department was asking for a 10 year DOC sentence or a 10 year ComCor sentence. The ComCor part was the only potential bright spot in all of it and it stated that I was already accepted to two 1/2 way houses. My attorney thought that, most likely, I was going to get a ComCor sentence. I finished talking to him and then made eye contact with Angelica. It had been 16 days since we had seen each other and I can say, without hesitation, that I had never seen a more beautiful girl than that moment I saw her. I was instantly calm (she has a way of doing this to me) and prepared to hear my fate.

The hearing began with my attorney making a statement and then it was my turn to talk. I had prepared a statement the prior evening in which I expressed my remorse and basically laid out a plan to get the money paid back quickly as long as I was not put in prison. As I finished I felt pretty good about where I stood, but then the victims were permitted to make statements. To put it bluntly they tore me to shreds. They basically made me out to be the devil incarnate and made it quite clear that they wanted me to pay back the money but also spend a lot of time in prison. They finished their speeches and the judge began to speak. He started in about how these kind of circumstances are becoming prevalent due to the economy and how he thought, at first glance, that this was a civil matter. He went on to say that he didn't think I intended for this to happen and that he thinks things just spiraled out of control. (Sidenote – in order to commit a crime there has to be intent. See the sentence prior to this for the definition of irony.) He then started in on what is an appropriate sentence and what isn't. He stated that county jail and probation was out of the question and then went on to state that the failure rate of ComCor is 70%-80% and that he felt that wasn't an adequate punishment. Then he started in on how he felt that these types of "crimes" were becoming far too common and that he felt an example of punishment needed to be set for "the community of Breckenridge and communities like it around the country". Umm... I knew I was screwed at this point. The next words out of his mouth were that he thought a 10 year DOC sentence made a good example and that was the sentence he was imposing. It was at this moment that my attorney basically lost his mind. Literally.

He stood up and began to argue with the judge and then they started yelling at one another. Next thing I know, the judge tacked on a 5 year consecutive DOC sentence to bring the grand total to 15 years in DOC.

All I can remember from that moment is thinking in my head "what just happened?". I looked back at Angelica and could tell that she was in the same boat as me. I was then escorted out of the courtroom and taken to visitation to see Angelica. On the walk to visitation I was trying to grasp what had just happened and how it was going to effect my life.

Visitation was hell. Imagine this. Your entire life has just been taken from you, and the person you have finally decided is perfect for you is there, but you are separated by glass. You can't hug, kiss or interact with them any other way than by a headset. It was hell. All I wanted was to hug her. All I needed was to hug her and I couldn't. The first words I said to her were "well, that was fun". Sarcasm has always been a way of deflecting pain for me. It didn't work. I proceeded to tell Angelica that our life together was over and that I couldn't possibly expect her to be there when this was finally done and that I loved her and was sorry this happened. In typical Angelica fashion she put me at ease and we began formulating a plan to hire a new attorney and try to have the judge reconsider his sentence.

This visit was when I realized how strong she is. She was there for me and vowed not to leave me. This loyalty is one of the rarest things in a human being and I thank God everyday to have found a person who possesses this quality. Visitation ended and I am certain that we both had no idea how this whole thing was going to end up. Angelica left to fly back home and I went back to my cell to break the news to my family.

I am sure that no one ever thinks that they are going to go to prison. But, me? Prison? Really? Aren't I too pretty to go to prison? Aren't I too intelligent? Apparently not, because the next stop for me was the Denver Reception and Diagnostics Center (DRDC). Our next challenge... How to communicate without talking...

[Comment](#)

"There's a First For Everything" -AY

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

April 14, 2010

The holidays were among us and holidays for me typically means Work Work Work and Family Time! Through the months of November and December I actually work MORE hours because let's face it... everyone wants to look extra special for all the fabulous events that take place, therefore I am extra busy. In my line of work we are in high demand this time of year, so taking time off is pretty much out of the question, but as titled above... there's a first time for everything.

Mike and I had discussed flying to the east coast to visit his family for Thanksgiving. Before I could get excited I had to confirm the time off and due to the fact that I have an amazing boss and a wonderful team to continue my responsibilities while I'm gone, my request was approved! YAY!!! So for the first

time in 7 years I got to have time off during the holidays 😊

Ok Wait!

Little known fact about Angelica (as Mike would say) :) Umm... I HATE TO FLY! So of course I'm excited AND nervous because clearly we will be getting on a plane a few times in order to get from point A to point B to point C and back. (We had a layover)

Anyway, flights are booked and "Introuction to Lynch Family 101" begins. Let's see... he googled his families home and vacation home, briefed me on what to call his dad, what to call his mom and what to call his brother. (Dad is Dick, Mom is Betty and brother is Richie) I'm briefed on his sister and her family... names and ages. Then he reminds me over and over that once we get to West Virgina we will pretty much relax, watch tv, read and maybe ride four wheelers. Honestly I think he felt the need to repeat himself because he wasn't sure if I would enjoy myself without city life, dinner, drinks and dancing. If that's what he thought... he was wrong. 😊

So, the night before Thanksgiving we are packing... well, I'm packing and stressing because I have to fit 5 days of clothes in a freakin carry on *sigh* and he is facebooking and blogging while his clothes are in the wash. Then I start asking him questions like "does your family dress up for Thanksgiving dinner?" and replying to my own question with "great that means I have to pack another outfit!" He thought this was quite hilarious and felt the need to add my frantic state to his facebook wall. LOL Let me just say this in my defense... I don't consider myself to be a prima donna, but I like to look nice regardless of where I am and what I'm doing and I pay attention to detail and HELLO!!! I was meeting his family for the first time... Let me also mention that I managed to fit everything I needed in 2 carry on's 😊

Off we go from Houston to Chicago to Maryland! I had never been to the east coast, so this was going to be quite an adventure for me. I hate flying, but I will admit that flying with him his the best way to fly, he makes everything just right 😊 We arrive in Maryland and his dad AKA Dick is there to take us home for family time and turkey dinner. I sat in the back seat and listened to the two of them pick up from what seemed to be right where they left off. Although Mike had mentioned to me how much he loved his dad and that his dad was as the top of his favorite people list, I could instantly tell they had quite a connection. We finally arrive to his parents house, which happens to be the house Mike grew up in, and I met his mother who was as sweet as I imagined and as Mike described, I met his sister and her family and his grandmother and a little later his brother arrived with his wife and their daughter Desi. Desi turned 5 while we visited, so we got to celebrate her birthday with her. She is absolutely ADORABLE! and when they introduced me to her she put her arms in the air for me to pick her up, so I do and in her cute little chipmunk voice she says "Hi An Gel Cila" LOL that's how she pronounced my name. It was hilarious 😊 A little time had passed and it was time for dinner and then we loaded up the truck and headed to West Virgina...

We arrived in WV in the middle of the night so I wasn't able to capture the true beauty of the vacation home or the land that it sat on, but I woke up on morning #1 and felt like I was in a Foldgers commercial! It was about 7am, snowing outside and the smell of fresh coffee brewing awakened me and I rolled over and snuggled up to Mike and enjoyed the entire experience of doing absolutely nothing with an amazng man that I was completly in love with and his wonderful family. We spent time reading and playing turkey tracks and four wheeling and checking out the coal mines and beaver

dams and even drove into some very small towns to eat lunch and ride a winter rollercoaster. This was the first time I was away from my family on Thanksgiving and although I missed them terribly, it was a Thanksgiving I will never forget 😊

Upon us was my birthday, Christmas and New Year's all of which would be a totally different kind of unforgettable...

[Comment](#)

"I Give Thanks for Angelica" -ML

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

April 8, 2010

The "meeting of the parents" is a big deal in any relationship, but with what we had looming on the horizon I felt it was very important for Angelica to meet my family. With Thanksgiving coming up I thought that it would be the perfect opportunity for us to fly back east and spend the holidays with my family. Tickets were booked and the plan was to fly in on Thanksgiving Day, have dinner with my family, and then travel out to my parents vacation home in West Virginia for the weekend. I could tell that Angelica was a little nervous, but honestly, she had no leg to stand on in this regard being as I met her entire family on Halloween dressed up as a Hooters Girl! Yep, full on wig, make up, short shorts and all. And, not just the immediate family was there. It was a crowded party with uncles, aunts, cousins, etc. So, as I said, she had no leg to stand on.

In the weeks leading up to Thanksgiving Angelica and I had finally got a chance to settle into a some what "normal" relationship. I moved out of my place and decided to move in with Angelica for the time being since my future was up in the air and we were honestly, just enjoying being around each other. Needless to say, I was really looking forward to my family meeting her.

The morning of our trip started super early with a 6:00am flight out of IAH en route to a connection at Chicago. We arrived in Baltimore around 1:30pm and my dad was there to pick us up. I hadn't seen my parents in a year but time doesn't really matter when it comes to my dad. He is one of my favorite people in the world and I value every time I get to see him. My entire family is generally amazing and I knew that Angelica would fit in seamlessly, and she did.

We arrived at my parents house and got ready to have dinner. My family can be a bit, umm, over bearing, but Angelica handled it all in stride. After dinner we got ready for the 220 mile drive to West Virginia. My parents vacation home is one of my favorite places and I couldn't wait to spend the next 4 days with Angelica there. We got to W. Virginia and the forecast called for snow! Little known fact... it always snows or is foggy at least some of my trip in W. Virginia. It didn't matter about the weather. I had all of my favorite people in one place and I was happy. Angelica and I went 4-wheeling, saw a coal mine, ate lunch in a little town and saw some creepy windmills. Oh! and the smallest church in the country.

This trip was great and I certainly was not looking forward to what was coming up on the 14th of December. But, after seeing how Angelica was around my family, I was more sure than ever that she was the girl I had been looking for all along. Now, the only uncertainty was what our future held in store for us...

[Comment](#)

"To Bloom or Not to Bloom. That Was MY Question" -AY

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

April 7, 2010

So dirt sucks! Ask my mother... LOL She was pretty much amazing this month and Mike always asked "so what does your mom think? What does she think we should do?..." I guess you could say this was the beginning of their relationship too. 😊

Focus seemed impossible, but I stayed busy working, exercising and hanging out with family. It was hard to be around my friends because that typically meant dancing, drinking and partying and I avoided alcohol, didn't feel like dancing and didn't feel like there was much reason to party.

Thursday: Work was terrible! I left work early and Mike and I exchanged messages agreeing to discontinue communication.

Friday: Around 2am I receive a text from him and I don't reply... 10min later I receive another text and I don't reply... 30min later he messages again stating "now I'm kinda freaked out, can you at least let me know you're ok?" so I give in and reply "I'm ok." and he responds "well this is a new approach..." and then he calls. He asks me if I really want to stop talking to him and I tell him of course not, but I also don't want to continue this way. Then he comes up with the bright idea of going back to "dating" again which means we can see other people, that way there is no pressure and we're still talking because at this point we both agree that not talking wasn't working out too well.

I remember telling him that I wasn't too sure how this was going to work out, if it would work out at all or if it would just make things worse. At the end of the conversation we agreed that we are dating again. So I wake up, get ready for work and received some messages from him throughout the day. It was amazing how much better I functioned just being able to have conversation with him.

Saturday: So Mike and I hadn't seen each other in about 2 weeks and he stopped by to get my key and give me his shirt. Although we talked about wanting each others things back, we never did the exchange until today. I remember being so excited to see him so I ran down 4 flights of stairs so I could get there a little quicker. He climbed out of his truck covered in sand of course because he had just left volleyball and we HUGGED! *sigh* It was wonderful!!! We briefly discuss what our plans are for the night, which we both had plans with groups of friends, then he leaves and shortly after texts and tells me that he didn't realize how much he missed me until he saw me. I told him that it made me extremely happy to seem him also and that I was shirtless and full of sand... he said "welcome to my world" LOL Damn him... he didn't give me his shirt that was supposed to be returned to me and I

was covered in sand from our hug. So I actually made plans on this night! It was a girlfriends birthday and I was hosting a pre-party at my place in midtown. We hung out at my place for a little while then went down to Cyclone Anaya's. Around:30pm I start receiving text messages from him asking where we decided to go and I assured him we weren't going to Pandora. (that's where he was) We exchanged a few messages then he tells me to come to Pandora because he wanted to see me. I was a little uneasy about this, but it was the original plan for the birthday party and the only reason we weren't going was to avoid an awkward moment for Mike and I. Well... we end up at Pandora and he meets me at the door, his BF Kristin whom I had never met comes up to meet me immediately and then off to the table we go where I am introduced to all of his friends. It was an amazing night of awesome dancing! BTW we love to dance!!! After Pandora we went to Hollywood to grab a late night snack and then back to my place.

He continued staying at my place over the next several days and by that following Thursday he came over after volleyball. I was laying in bed and he climbs on top of me and we just lay together peacefully... one of my favorite things we do together. Then he says "will you be my girlfriend?" and I giggled and said "I need you to write it on a note so I can check yes or no. I would check yes." 😊

So we got through the dirt!!! Let the blooming begin...

[Comment](#)

"To Plea, or No to Plea. That is the Question" -ML

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [2 Comments](#)

April 6, 2010

Conflict comes in all shapes and sizes. As of September 2009 my simple life of volleyball, girls, food and facebook ceased to exist. As you read earlier, Angelica and I were going through some "stuff". Add the legal issues to that, and my life was super stressful and full of conflicting emotions.

Before I was involved in our justice system I had always thought that things were pretty "cut and dry". If you committed a crime you paid the price and if you didn't commit a crime you had no price to pay. All of seems simple, right? Well, I am here to tell you it isn't. If you go out, buy a gun and plan to kill someone, the penalty is greater than if you used that same gun to accidentally kill someone. On the flip side... if you break into someones house and steal a T.V. you are charged with F3 theft. But if you start a business and things go terribly wrong and money comes up missing, you are still charged with an F3 and penalized the same as if you intentionally set out to take the money. Apparently, there are varying degrees of murder or assault, but not theft.

Anyway, the time had come for some big decisions in two facets of my life. The first being whether to take a plea bargain or go to trial. The second was what to do about the fact that I couldn't stop thinking about Angelica, I missed her terribly and I was scared to death that I just let the most amazing person I have ever met give me my cookie dough back. August and the first part of September had

come and gone and I had no idea what I was going to do with either of these dilemmas. Funny thing happened on the way to decision-ville though. Developments back in Colorado forced my hand, and one night at Pandora (a nightclub) made me realize where my happiness had gone.

Back in Colorado I came to see that accepting a plea bargain was going to be my only choice. My ex-wife, bless her heart, basically said she had no knowledge of the monetary side of the business. Umm... she was in charge of accounting. Funny thing though, the district attorney (who surprisingly is a woman) believed that Katie's culpability in all this was minimal, and that I was the "mastermind" in all of this. During negotiations I had asked the DA for an amount of money that the victims were claiming was missing. She could never come up with an amount. But, our negotiations involved me paying a "significant" amount of money at sentencing in exchange for some type of reduced sentence. (If I went to trial and lost I was facing 22-40 years in prison so I needed to do a plea) The gist of what they were offering me was for me to pay a "significant" amount of money at sentencing in exchange for a recommendation of a non prison sentence. Then after the sentencing they wanted to have a restitution hearing to determine how much actual money was due to the victims. Now, you must be asking yourself the same question I was... How can I write a check at sentencing for an undetermined amount to pay off an undetermined total? It made no sense to me. In the meantime Katie had negotiated the mother of all plea bargains in exchange for rolling over on me. She paid \$85,000.00 at sentencing in exchange for a 5 day county jail sentence and 2 years probation. Add to that plea bargain the fact that she got off of paying the rest of her half of the final total amount due. Constitutional Law states that co-defendants are to be held "joint and severally" in the repayment of criminal debt. The DA just decided that she would re-write the law and let Katie off the hook. It gets better though. In our divorce settlement Katie got a judge to buy off on having me pay her back \$60,000.00 of the \$85,000.00 along with her criminal attorney's fees. Our justice system is a theoretical mess. Back to my negotiations... I basically told the DA that I could not come up with the money and I signed an "open sentencing" plea bargain that stated that I would plead guilty to an F3 theft and an F4 conspiracy to commit theft. (same charges as Katie by the way) Sentencing would be left up to the judge. He had options ranging from probation and county jail time all the way up to 18 years in the Dept. of Corrections. Judging by Katie's deal I was anticipating a 6-12 month jail sentence or at the worst a community corrections (halfway house) sentence. A lengthy DOC sentence never even crossed my mind. Maybe it should have... sentencing was set for December 14th, 2009.

When Angelica and I were last read about, she had left my house and I was not happy. Over the next few weeks she and I did our best to try to not talk. It didn't work out real great but we tried. Flash forward to the first week in October. I was going out dancing and Angelica was also going out dancing. We spoke and I told her that I was going to Pandora and she told me that she might be going there as well. At that time I didn't think that would be a great idea for both of us to be at Pandora because of the current state of our relationship. So, we went our separate ways... temporarily. I met up with my friends at Star Pizza and for some reason I felt like something was missing. It wasn't anything I could put my finger on but I definitely wasn't feeling real great. We left Star and headed to Pandora. I was there with almost 15 of my friends and all I could think about was what Angelica was doing. So, I texted her. She told me that she was about to leave her place in midtown to head out to Washington St. somewhere. I asked her to come see me at Pandora. She kinda balked at the idea at first but after some convincing (i.e. begging) by me she relented. I was instantly happy. I can remember that night very vividly. I remember; seeing her outside, holding her hand, our second first kiss, my friends pulling me aside to tell me that they have never seen me so happy, thinking that she

left then finding her and I mostly remember realizing that she made me feel exactly how I had always wanted to feel about someone. We danced the entire night then went back to her place and crashed together. I woke up the next day and knew she was the perfect person for me. About a week or so later I was at Third Coast and I had an epiphany... I left 3C around midnight, got food and went to Angelica's place. When I arrived at her place she was laying on her stomach in bed. I laid on top of her and asked "Will you be my girlfriend?" Not sure if that is romantic or high school but that was all I could come up with!!! Thankfully, she said yes and life was suddenly great again.

But greatness can only last so long. December 14th was just around the corner...

[Comment](#)

"Every Flower Has to Get Through a Little Dirt" -AY

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [2 Comments](#)

April 4, 2010

It began with a phone call and it lead us to the Worst Month Ever, but I wouldn't change it for the world... This is the REAL beginning of Mike&Angelica's relationship!

Ok... so everybody has been through a drama in a relationship at some point in their life. Whether it's with a boyfriend, girlfriend or even a family member. It's a part of life that molds us into the people we are supposed to be. In my life I have been let down by all of the above, therefore I am quite particular when it comes to choosing friends or even acquaintances. Great relationships are hard to come by because to make it GREAT you have to trust. From the moment I met Mike I felt comfortable and I truly believe that is what made this month so difficult for me. Well, that and the fact that I was falling in love with him. The naive side of me believes that finding this in a person should just be easy, but realistically it is quite the opposite. I was beside myself when we put a hold on the progression of our relationship. I finally found someone who saw me for the me I wanted others to see and appreciate. Someone who always knew what to say, when to say it, when to text, when to call, what to order, when to hold my hand and when to give me space. He was doing everything just right, so the possibility of losing that person was the saddest thing ever in the history of the world.

The lack of sleep, interference with my responsibilities and constant ill feeling in the pit of my stomach grew to be more than I could handle. I tried so hard to avoid calls or avoid calling, but it was impossible... if it wasn't me it was him. I decided at one point that having his things at my place was just too hard. Everytime I saw his things I just grew sad, so I told him I would be by to get my key and return his things. I dressed to go running, packed his things and drove to his place. Umm... this was terrible and yes I even returned his cookie dough!!! Well, I couldn't eat it and lose my girlish figure, Maggie was given plenty while Mike was over and all it did was remind me of him... HELLO!!! Who eats cookie dough like that??? Mike Lynch! that's who! 😊

Anyway, so when I left his place I drove to Memorial to run and sure enough he texted about the damn cookie dough LOL Then we began to tell each other how sad it made us to not have each others things, so we agreed that he could have the key back if I could have his shirt back. I know I know... We're crazy! We just couldn't resist. This is pretty much how the whole month went.

Back & Forth!

Rollercoaster!

Limbo!

DIRT...

[Comment](#)

"So I'm Not Supposed to Call, but I Need You Now" -ML

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

April 4, 2010

Why is it that bad memories seem to stick in your mind more vividly than good ones? The day of the "phone call" started out as a normal day. Angelica and I had begun the whole "exclusive" thing a few weeks prior, and things were going great. That day I had meetings most of the day so, like normal, Angelica and I texted most of the morning and afternoon. I had a meeting at 4:00pm to go look at a foreclosed house. I was standing on the back patio when my phone rang. Angelica asked "Can you talk?". Umm... she never asks that question so I knew something was up. She proceeded to tell me about some stuff that her idiot ex boyfriend was up to and, let me tell ya... he is a piece of work. To make a long story short, some stuff from her past was brought to light and I wasn't sure if I could deal with it or get past it. After some hard talks over the next 24 hours I told her that I needed some time to process all of this and "some time" meant that she and I needed to put our relationship progression on hold. Up to this point she and I had never argued or really had any drama in our life of together. Funny how one thing can upset the balance of something that was so great. For the next 20, or so, days Angelica and I went through hell. We would decide not to talk and then at some point one of us would text and then we would end up hanging out or talking. All the time this was going on I still just couldn't make a decision. Then one afternoon I decided that I could get over the past and I also didn't think that it was fair to her to continue keeping her in limbo. Up to this point we had talked about not talking no less than ten times and each time one of us always texted or called the other. But this time was different... I was at my house and Angelica called and said she was going to bring me my stuff that she had at her house. She showed up and, it was horrible. Neither one of us knew what to say, so we just kinda stood there for a bit until she had to go. We hugged near the front door and, honestly, I never wanted to let her go... but I did. Once she left I went back to the kitchen where my things she brought back were piled. Umm... she really cleaned out my stuff. Like, really really cleaned it out.

She even brought me back my cookie dough that was in her refrigerator!! WTF?!? Little did she know that I didn't do nearly as good a job cleaning her belongings out of my place. I kept her pillow. What can I say? I had to. I couldn't completely let her go... Could I???

[Comment](#)

"Akuna Matata" -AY

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

April 2, 2010

So I was skipping along and although I was having a great time with the whole match.com thing, hanging out with friends (especially the ones I "wasn't allowed to hang out with") and of course really enjoying the time I was spending with Mike, I was still dealing with a bit of ex-boyfriend drama. Long story short... he just wouldn't let it go.

Anyhow, I planned a vacation that I journeyed on my own (highly recommend this at least once in your life) and checking out some new places and just enjoying myself. Things between Mike and I were progressing quite nicely and then he decided to share some news with me regarding the legal matters he was tangled in. I asked questions, grew concerned for him and the stress this was causing him, but I don't remember feeling much concern with the outcome of the situation because all things considered I figured everything would work out just fine. Really, I just felt a little closer to him 😊

So we're a couple and everyday that passes with him in my life seems like a little adventure. I was enjoying everything we did together and apart because for the first time in a REALLY long time, I was Happy!!! Around this time I was falling for him in a BIG way and for the first time I had zero concerns with my feelings for another human being.

No Worries...

[Comment](#)

"Negotiating the River of Love+Justice" -ML

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

April 2, 2010

So... Where were we??? Oh, right, meeting Angelica and preparing to negotiate some kind of plea bargain in this whole thing. Now, let me fill you in on something... district attorneys in small towns suck. As I said before, I was not innocent until proven guilty. I was guilty as soon as charges were filed. Upon my first appearance in front of a judge in Colorado I was forced to surrender my passport. I was also finger printed and DNA tested. Umm... If I am innocent why is all this stuff being done to

me? The question I ask is this – If I were to be acquitted on all these charges in front of a jury, would my fingerprints and DNA sample be destroyed? The answer is no. They both would stay in a database along with my photographs. Innocent until proven guilty? Laughable concept. Anyway, I digress... We were now into the middle of June 2009. Angelica and I kept dating, getting to know one another, but we were taking it slow. She had come out of a long-term thing back in february and I was still coming out of my divorce. I was also dealing with the move to Houston as well as the legal issues I was facing. Therefore, we hung out when we could and we also both dated other people along the way. This worked for us because we were both very honest with each other as to what we needed and felt. This has continued throughout our entire relationship and it is the main reason why we are so solid. It is also the reason that this next part was so difficult for me...

During May, June and the better part of July I had been flying back and forth to Colorado to negotiate with the district attorney and attend various court appearances. It was on one of these flights to Colorado I realized that I needed to fill Angelica in on what was going on. I also realized that Katie (the ex-wife) was basically saying she had nothing to do with the business and was blaming everything on me. Therefore, I kinda knew that the outcome of all this was probably not going to be favorable. I also realized (yeah, it was a flight full of realization... get over it) that no matter who I dated or hung out with, at the end of the night I always texted or called Angelica. So, I had to tell her what was up. So I did. Obviously she had questions, but in typical amazing Angelica behavior she didn't pass judgement. She actually dealt with it perfectly.

So, there we were... on the verge of "coupledom". Then came August, and a phone call from her that I will never forget.

[Comment](#)

"Match.Com?" -AY

Filed under: [Uncategorized](#) — [Leave a comment](#)

March 22, 2010

Okay... so I decided to try it out. I was skeptical at first and I wouldn't tell anybody I was on it, I only checked it out at night blah blah blah. Then I went on a few dates and realized this was going to be quite an interesting experience.

I was only on the site for about 3 weeks and then there he was... I remember seeing his profile pic and thinking how absolutely adorable he is! I love that picture to this day. He initiated the email and I of course reply because umm... HELLO! He's Hot!!! He managed to make me laugh, laugh at me and laugh with me. Ding Ding Ding!!! This was a plus 😊 We pretty much connected instantly, so the next step was to meet. We planned a lunch during my work day, so it was impossible to go too far and for too long, BUT the fancy restaurant and extra time wasn't needed. Although I was extremely nervous... WAIT! ok... I realized as I was walking out of the salon (where I work) and going outside to meet him

in HIS truck so HE could DRIVE ME to lunch that I have no earthly idea who this guy is! What if he tries to Angelicanap me or something? *sigh* I got into his truck thinking "it's ok, he's not a killer, you know tae kwondo" and we drove to Olive Garden.

So lunch went well and he dropped me off and although part of me wanted to reach over and at least hug him, I didn't because... well, I don't REALLY know tae kwondo! He sent me some text messages that afternoon (sweet ones that put a smile on my face for the rest of the day) and we made plans to have drinks the following night.

The Following Night.. So I drive to his place and we hop in his truck and head to "Volcano". We sat at the bar for about 20-30min and after a couple drinks our knees touched, then our hands and soon after our lips. If we were recorded during that first kiss, we would've won BEST KISS ever in the history of the world! It was absolutely Amazing! 😊 Now it's time to leave and I of course was a little tipsy, so we went back to his place and I stayed the night. Nothing about staying felt wrong even though I had to be at work in about 5hrs and I was about 30min away from my home and my dogs were there all by themselves... Nothing about staying the night felt wrong! And it felt quite right waking up next to him also 😊

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"Holy Crap!! That Girl Is Hot!!" -ML

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March 22, 2010

The title says it all... I said those words on April 27th, 2009 when I saw Angelica's match.com profile. I emailed her and we hit it off via email so I asked her to have lunch the next day.

April 28th, 2009. I picked up Angelica at her work in Webster and we went to the Olive Garden (I know, classy huh?) The first thing I noticed about her was her eyes. They are a beautiful mocha brown color and they sparkle when she smiles. I was instantly smitten. I could tell she was nervous, but all in all lunch was great. I asked her if she would like to have drinks the next night and she said she would. Lunch ended and I took her back to work. I wanted to kiss her when I dropped her off but I could tell she was nervous so I didn't.

April 29th, 2009 – Our first real date. She met me at my apartment. We went to "The Volcano" which is just outside of Rice Village. It was an awesome date. We talked for about 30 minutes before we finally touched. Umm... instant chemistry. Then about 30 minutes later we kissed. Not just a first kiss, but an amazing first kiss. I was more smitten. We hung out for another couple hours and then went back to my place where we umm... umm... Had a great night. 😊

April 30th, 2009 – The morning after... I loved waking up next to her. Little did I know at the time how amazing she truly is...

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"Handcuffs Hurt" -ML

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March 22, 2010

January 13th 2009 started off like a normal morning for me. It was a beautiful morning. I went for site visits at all of the projects I was managing at the time and then headed to the office around 11:10am. I had spoken to Karen (a girl I was casually dating at the time) and we had made plans to go to Sammy's Bar that night. I was also supposed to meet Rebecca Kelly the next night for drinks. Anyway, I stopped and grabbed McDonald's on the way to the office and was eating lunch when I heard someone come through the front door. I then heard them ask my secretary if I was in, and the next think I know there are nine police officers in my office arresting me. At this point I was completely clueless as to why this was happening. They informed me that there was a warrant for my arrest out of Colorado for theft, and conspiracy to commit theft. This all resulted from a buisness that I owned with my ex wife. The business was called 9One5 Custom Homes and, at one point, was very successful, but with the economy in shambles and my diorece happening the business was no longer a business. The short version of the story is that I used the money from three of my clients to pay bills on a spec home that we were building that was to be featured in the 2008 Denver Parade of HOmes. I planned on the POH house selling and would replenish the money taken... No Harm, No Foul. Well, the economy went to hell and I was stuck with no money. I tried to get loans, I tried to negotiate with my clients ... I tried everything in my power to make this right to no avail. In October of 2008 I dissolved the LLC and in November I moved to Houston for work. Now, you are probably asking yourself "where is the theft?". colorado has a statute that states – "All funds disbursed for construction purposes are to be held in trust. Any co-mingling of funds will result in F3 Theft charges being filed." Umm... I knew nothing of this until I was arrested. Better alte than never? I think not. So, that arrest started me off n my wonderful journey through the justice system of the United States. Before anyone judges me for not taking blame for this happening i would like to say that I never intended to no get the clients back their money. What I did was wrong and would typically be dealt with through an arbitration process with stiff financial penalties given out including "Treble Damages" which entitles the victim to three times the amount of money that was taken. The funny thing in all this is that one of the victims was awarded a civil judgement in the amount of \$1,092,000.00. That actually comes to almost six times the amount of total money that was taken. Double Jeopardy much?? So, there it is... My start in this messed up system we call justice. I ended up spending almost 72 hours in Harris County Jail (which is disgusting btw) and finally got bailed out by my company. The next step was to turn myself in to Summit County back in Colorado. So a month later I arranged bonds and flew back to Colorado and bonded out on 3 charges. So there you have it... It is definitely the "cliffs notes" version of all this, but it will suffice for now as I dont' really need to get into how the District Attorney tried to mess with me and probably prosecuted me maliciously and such...

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"The Beginning of It All" -ML

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March 22, 2010

In our lifetime we hear the words "Presumed Innocent Until Proven Guilty" hundreds of times. Our justice system is supposed to be predicated upon this philosophy. After what I have been through over the last 14 months I can unequivocally say that, when it comes to our justice system, there is nothing further from the truth.

This blog will chronicle the parallel timelines of two major events in my and Angelica's life. The first event being my arrest and subsequent incarceration in the Colorado Department of Corrections. The second event is meeting the most amazing person I have ever known, and how she and I turned adversity into a love story that neither of us thought existed...

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