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Eng 1010

May 24,2020

Resentencing project

Prison was not a thought that crossed my mind. I know everyone probably says something along those lines. I am not originally from Tennessee, yet here I am at WTRC starting my third year of incarceration. Back in Virginia I used to drive past a prison on my way home and often thought of those inside. Half angry, half sad. Never though imagining one day I would be the one that someone drives past on their way home to freedom.

I never took freedom for granted. I grew up in a law enforcement home. My stepfather is retired sheriffs dept. and was also a MP in the army. I have respect for the law and never was a problem child so to speak. I obeyed rules and had a pretty good home life

Now that I am incarcerated I do have time to reflect on absolutely everything from my past, and trust me I do. Yes as stereotypical as it may sound you really do play your past over and over in your head. There are things that of course I would do differently, and there are somethings that I am so grateful to have as a memory. Some days playing your past over in your head is the only way to stay sane, other days it seems to be the devil in your ear. While we all know what's done is done, it really is frustrating and sad to realize if you had made just one different decision, life would be totally different.

On the other hand I have the time, time I should have taken before, to work on me. Little things like getting into a routine. Routines really are your best friend in prison. Not only does it help pass time, it also gives you structure and less time to dwell on the inevitable sadness from missing your loved ones and life as you knew it. It also helps keep your self esteem up as it creates goals to accomplish. To be able to find a normal while incarcerated is a blessing. That helps me maintain until I can go home again.

I am one of the lucky ones. I will not be calling this place my last stop on the journey of my life. This isn't the last chapter to be told for me. I have met many in here that will. I have become very close to several of them and it saddens me and hurts my heart. I admire their strength though. I am not sure I would be capable of their grace in accepting that I would never again be a part of the free world. Yes I will be leaving this place one day. Perhaps not as soon as I wish, but one day never the less.

I will leave here a better person. Someone who will judge less and accept more. If I have learned anything from this experience, most importantly it would be responsibility and accountability. Accept your errors, own your mistakes. Learn from them and then you are capable of remorse. Heal and be successful, that is the only way to become productive and contribute to society.