

What Will Forty Six Consecutive Years In Prison Do For You?

This is my personal perspective of forty six consecutive years of being incarcerated. This is my view from the inside looking out.

It is always the culture of the staff at any prison. That dictates the stress put on the inmates. And it is very stressful when the staff are constantly in a hateful and lazy mood towards you. Even the ones that smile in your face, you can still feel the loathing and hatred toward you.

On the inmate's part it's even worse. The hatred runs much deeper. With all the narcissistic sociopaths and the bipolar disorders you have to live with, it becomes very stressful.

When they closed the mental hospitals and started sending the mentally ill to prison, MDOC was not prepared and they still don't have a clue. They never caught up with the problem. And to make it even worse they switched from the single man cell concept to the two man cell concept which has now exploded into many men sharing a cell. Then on top of all that, to make it even worse, all the gangs came to prison! Thank you Bill Clinton.

The above is what I have seen for the last forty six consecutive years in prison. This includes the brutal violence that I have seen and been apart of.

I was sixteen years old in the county jail in Alabama. I had been sentenced to the Alabama State Prison. I never had a juvenile record or anything. I was waiting to go to the most violent prison system in the United States. I was scared to death! I was told by other convicts about the brutal violence and the brutally violent field work in the cane and cotton fields. At the time I had a fifth grade education, I was poor and mildly mentally retarded. A win-win for the system.

I was at Atmore Prison for about two weeks before I witnessed, with my own eyes, a convict had gotten his arm hacked off. The reason? Because he was trying to protect himself by holding his arm up to defend himself. He was trying to stop the blows from the three foot sword the other convict was using against him. There was so much blood. Mostly everyone had a knife (shank) of their own. I had one and I only had a three year sentence.

As I look back and reflect on how that place changed me I realize that I never recovered from the hate I felt until it was too late. Now I sit here writing this. Who would have thought? Not me.

Traditionally, society tends to separate the definitions of "victim" and "offender." I hope that by sharing my life's story I will be able to debunk this notion. A large percentage of offenders have experienced trauma as children. The first time I had a run-in with the law I ended up in prison. I was sixteen yet I had a

mind of a thirteen year old. (Later I will write about my trauma growing up poor)(Maxfield and Widom 1996; Smith and Thornberry 1995. They wrote childhood victimization experiences that influences the risk of criminal behavior as an adult. More so, they said, that if one is mentally retarded and poor, it's worse.) I know this because I lived it! Do I believe this will help the next person in prison in my life time or stop the madness? No, but that won't stop me from trying.

In the Alabama Prison system, circa 1974, you had to revert back to your primal instincts to survive or you would become what they call a "fuck boy" aka you would be raped. Today in the MDOC it's the same but much more subtle and racist. Taking your money and your dignity. (Zweig, et al, 2015 Concluded that men and women who are victimized or threatened in prison are more likely to have negative reactions in and out of prison.) Prisons are designed to house perpetrators, not victims. (Miller and Najavits, 2012)

The weaker inmates in the MDOC today have to "lock up" (request protective custody), tell or "snitch" or fight a losing fight that they know they will lose and then still be in the same situation. (Note: Nobody fights fair in prison!) If they tell, they are a low down rat, loathed by their peers because everyone knows this word. The poor man's shackle always told you not to tell, even their mother and father told them the same. The educated, well-to-do, rich people tell their kids it's okay to call the police. That very word, "telling," has more clout in the criminal justice system than anything! More than the judges or the courts. Hell, they live off of it almost like an illegal drug; knowing it is wrong but they keep on using it. It's a cheap remedy. My case (Meyers V. The State of Texas) I was sentenced to ninety-nine years for not telling. My brother was sentenced to twenty-five. The guy who did tell only got nine years. Just to make my point clearer, I am not promoting snitching at all. If that is what you think then you are misled.

I did time in Alabama in what they call the "Dog House." Today they call it segregation but it was much worse then. The Dog House was one of many punishment tools the Alabama prison system used against you. The Dog House was a small concrete building with a tin roof. The room was six feet high, five feet wide and seven feet long with a steel door that had a one square foot wire mesh window so that air could come in. It had two concrete blocks at the back of the small room, smeared with concrete. A hole was dug in it so that a bucket could be placed in to shit and piss in. They kept you in this hell hole for twenty-one days, only providing one meal every three days. That wasn't even the bad part. They always had three to six convicts confined in this same space. All together, sitting room only. And yes, I did time in this hell hole.

When I got out of the Alabama prison system I came to Michigan. I had such a different way of looking at things. I had so much hatred and distrust. I only had my family who had no clue what was going on with me. Shit, I was clueless too. For the first time, I didn't feel or see the love my family had for me. I only saw how poor we were and how people looked at us now. "Poor white

trash." I hated it!

The inmates today and over the last forty-six years have been trying to establish themselves by lying and lying. That is one of the many reasons that when you come to prison they place you in a higher custody level, protective care from yourself. The inmates have no idea. The inmates see and understand that they have no worries in here. No car payments, child support, rent or food bill. They are living the "thug life" and everything is taken care of and even their families help out. And freedom just becomes a word. "Come to prison and become anyone you couldn't be before." I did.

When I came to the MDOC. I was scared, especially when I walked into quarantine in Jackson, Michigan. "The Wall" (as they called it) looked like a big long bird cage. Six Block (where I was originally housed) was long and was six galleries high. It was loud as hell, there was non-stop noise. It was pure chaos and nastiness. I still had the bug powder on me with my bedroll. The officers helped me with information much better than when I was at Atmore.

Back in Atmore prison in Alabama, there you had a "Building Major" and a "Field Major's" office for orientation. I think there were about eleven of us. The Major sat behind the desk with a pick handle laying on the desk. He kept turning it over and over making a banging noise. He said "You are at Atmore, you go down that hall. Act like a man, you may be okay. I have killers down that hall. They will kill you. You go down that hall acting weak, they will fuck you. I have killers down that hall. You go down that hall and come back up here ratting on them, they will kill you. I have killers down that hall. The only thing I care about is when that horn blows in the morning you better have your ass as that back sally port to go work in the fields or you will wish someone had killed you! Now get out of my office! Get down that hall and find you a bed!"

It was a long hallway and it was full of inmates. Some were even walking stiff legged. They couldn't bend their leg. I would find out later why. They had long knives down their legs. These were called swords. Everyone had a weapon. Even I had one later on. If you got caught with a weapon by the rover (guard), they would tell you to bring another weapon to the office as well. I guess it was a two-for-one deal. Who knows? They all toted pick handles for billy clubs. The reason? If you had a long knife the guards could get up on you with their long pick handles and beat the shit out of you with them.

In the dorm there were rows of bunk beds with sheets hanging down the back of them to separate the bunks. Hell, one convict was cooking a rabbit on an open fire in the back of the dorm. That brings back memories.

I was young in the TDC (Texas Department of Corrections). My number was 286551. There was no talking, it was "Yes Sir,

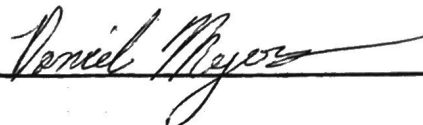
No Sirs". They cut off all of your hair. You always walked with your right shoulder against the wall no matter where you went. Absolutely no talking. Oh yes, we must not forget the "inmate policy." (Inmate police that were given authority from the "Man" aka the guards) They were allowed to have knives and pipes to control the convicts. They had control over all the units and field workers. Yes, they had keys to the cell doors and units as well. They would kill you if you did not do what they said. They controlled with brutal force. (I believe it was Ruiz V. Estell TDC Tex Courts). They gave the orientation you would not forget. We called them B.T. (Building Tenders) and they only said a few words. "If you do not do what I say, I will kill you." I did not take them up on that offer until I got myself a weapon.

I beat the ninety-nine years in court and they sent me to MDOC. I knew I would never let any state harm me again like the ADC or TDC did. If I didn't have the bad attitude and I wasn't mildly mentally retarded I would have gotten out of the natural life and the thirty to sixty years in the Michigan prison system. But deep down I knew I had a conscience.

To be Continued...

My Charges:

Larceny from a motor vehicle 1 year to 3 Years 6-19-77
Uttering and Publishing (Fed Prison) 6 months to 1 year 1977-
Armed Robbery, Texas 99 years 1979
Murder, 1st Degree Michigan Natural Life 1-8-80
Armed Robbery 30 to 60 years 1-8-80
Inmate in possession of a weapon 6 to 10 years 5-31-81
Assault less than murder 9 years to 15 years 6-28-84
Assault with intent to murder Natural Life 9-20-84
Assault with intent to murder (This did not get prosecuted even though I did commit this crime. The judge said I had too much time and that it wouldn't matter)



I was sent to HVMF in the early eighties. This was a new prison that was the first of its kind. It was the beginning of a new system and style of housing facilities that Michigan was setting in place. There would be no more big prisons or penitentiaries. Now they wanted smaller "correctional facilities" designed to divide and better control the inmates. They called them "regional facilities" and they built them all over the state. Their main focus was public safety. Point blank period! Their next concern was the guards and other civilian staff. They did not care about the inmate's safety.

The new ideology was; act, react, punish all. The system still does this today. For an example, one inmate could hurt a guard and they would lock the inmate up in segregation. Then they would punish the rest of the prison population by putting them on lockdown and taking away their things. The guards would claim it was everyone's fault. "You did this to yourselves!" This was the common mantra of many punitive and mean spirited guards. Yet the rest of the population didn't do anything wrong. It was just one dummy who did it and he should suffer the consequences of his own actions. Him and him alone.

This ideology is oppressive to say the least and it is discouraging to the inmates who are doing the right thing and are conducting themselves accordingly. These inmates are trying to better themselves to go home. A man's sentence, set down by our state, used to be his punishment alone. "Do the crime, do your time." Now, however, men and women with what appears to be god complexes and Napoleonic issues, heap extra penalties on undeserving and compliant inmates at their own discretion. This, in turn, causes more tension in the facility.

There are countless examples where the MDOC has punished the entire population for a few or even one bad apple. Take good time for example. A prisoner could once earn good time by programming and having good behavior which would allow him or her to go home earlier. (Michigan and one other state are the only states that don't have any form of good time. Even the Federal Bureau of Prisons still effectively employs good conduct time.)

In the eighties, a handful of inmates went home while under good time and reoffended. Legislature enacted truth in sentencing which effectively killed good time. This caused not only undeserving inmates to suffer, but their families as well.

A few bad apples have ruined furloughs, parole camps, silverware, regular sized toothbrushes. (Aside from silverware, the F.B.O.P. still offers the aforementioned) But MDOC has taken and never given back. They have been taking things consistently for the past forty plus years and as a result, there is no incentive for change. Instead there is a simmering hostility at large among the inmate population.

It is disheartening, especially when those who are trustees

over us act more as task masters and even enemies. The "them against us" vibe from some guards is overt and blatant. Often we hear from their lips, "those fuckers this and those bastards that."

Before I write any further I have to ask a question. This is a question that I have wanted to know the answer to for many years. Sadly, I know I will never get the real answer to this question or the true understanding of why. My question is simple. "Why are a few inmates (very few) dictating all policies and operating procedures? And why do they have more power than all the politicians?"

In the seventies and the eighties, every prison had good vocational schools, educational programs and self help programs. The only problem was you had to be strong mentally. You had a lot more distractions. A lot more than you had in the free world. Mostly everyone had quit school and then come to prison. So many people didn't learn anything, they just rode the system. They just showed up to be counted. It's always been, if the staff don't buy into it, it will fail. The staff rode the system too. Inmates and staff are still riding the system.

I've always had good work ethics. My mother instilled them in me. She worked her whole life for us. She had seven kids. I still remember my mom pulling my twin brother and me on a cotton sack. They are about eight feet long and round with a strip to go around your shoulders. She always got to the cotton fields early when the cotton was wet with dew. They paid by the pound. My mom worked smart to take care of us. We were share croppers. We were very poor.

The trauma of being in prison during my younger years that I alone experienced was significant. I had no clue the psychological effects it had on me. Gresham Sykes, the author of "The Society of Captives: A Study of a Max Security Prison" characterizes these psychologically damaging experiences. Although I agree with most of what he has to say, I still feel it was much more serious. I personally know what it is like to come back from total darkness and madness. I have fought my way back to being a human again. I did this with help from the MDOC and the good people I have met throughout the years. But to be honest, it mostly came from inside myself because deep down I felt something that was good. Now I am very proud of myself and I have no problem writing about the time when I wasn't

When they opened HVMF it was maximum security. They had security levels back then labeled in order from highest security to lowest: "Max, Close, Medium, Minimum" Today the levels are, in the same order, "5,4,3,2,1" At the new HVMF I worked in the kitchen as a cook. I was a good cook too. We cooked good food for the inmates. All the prisons at the time tried to feed the best. Hell, they even had a hamburger named after the director. At the time, the MDOC was trying to do the right thing for inmates. They wanted to help them, feed them and educate them. There was only one

thing they overlooked. It has been a saying my whole life. "one bad apple will rot the whole basket." We all lost. The inmates and the public. The staff that was responsible for the classification and screening were riding the system as well. The staff member that sent me to Jackson, I had begged him not to. I begged him not to send me there because I knew I would be in trouble. I could not make it there without protecting myself. Violence began again!

So there I was. I had only been at Jackson for a few weeks. Of course I had myself a knife. Everyone had one. Me and my homeboy were walking down the rock when we walked past a group of inmates. A clique if you will. One inmate in the center of them all was "Marquetting" me. This is what they called it when someone was staring you down in a degrading type of way. My homeboy looked to me and said "Look at how that guy is looking at you." I told him that I didn't care. Later on we walked past again and he was doing the same thing. He made sure to do it around all of his buddies that way they could see it. At the time I didn't realize the true reason why he was doing it. But now that I am older I know why. He was scared, just like I was, and he wanted to use me to appear stronger.

I decided I wasn't okay with it after all. I walked up to him and asked him, "Do we have a problem or something?" At which point he stuck his finger right in my face and said "Get the fuck out of my face before I slap you and make you mine, Bitch!" Unfortunately, with him saying that and the environment I was in, I had no choice but to retaliate. I went and grabbed my knife and I stabbed him. I got him pretty good in the neck. I then headed out to the yard, my homeboy right with me. As we stood on the yard we watched as him (the guy I stabbed) and his clique started to flood the yard. I knew then that they were going to get me. So I made another survival decision right then. I told my homeboy that I was going to run into the group of them and start stabbing as many of them as I could. It was either that or be a sitting duck waiting for them to come get me. My homeboy made the decision that he wanted no part of it and he informed me that he was heading to the opposite side of the yard. Thanks a lot! So I ran into the group of them, swinging my knife in every direction. They began to run from me and at that point I saw dirt flying up from all around me. What I didn't realize until that point was that the guards were firing their rifles at me. Yes, these were real bullets. The next thing I remember I was being tackled to the ground by a group of guards.

Next I had to go to court. I was being charged with assault with the intent to commit murder and an inmate in possession of a weapon. There we were in court and there he was pointing his finger at me saying I had assaulted him. He told his version where of course he was completely innocent and I told my own version. We were both lying. The jury didn't believe his version of the events so I beat the assault charge. But they caught me red handed with the knife so I got found guilty of the other charge.

I was then put in segregation. The walls of this place looked like a Pollack painting. All of the walls at the front of the cell block had food smeared on it. They never cleaned it. See, inmates would throw their tray of food at it and some food would stick to the wall. Then, at night, the mice and rats would come out to eat. Thousands of them running all over the bottom floor. And what do you know, I was on the bottom floor.

A segregation officer was walking me to yard and asked, "Why are you telling on that other inmate?" I told him that he was the one telling on me because we had had some words. The officer was messing with me. Later on that day, him and a porter were feeding us supper. The porter dropped my tray and went to grab me another one. At that point the officer told him not to. The officer said "what are you going to do about it?" I told him that I would just have to go back to sleep and the officer walked off. Just before he went home that day, the same officer came running up to my cell and asked me how I liked not eating. I told him "I'll deal with it." A week later, he was letting us out to go to yard. He asked me if I was planning to go to yard. I told him yes and he unlocked my door and moved on to the next cell. I took a pair of scissors and stabbed him in the back twice. I did not want to kill him, I just wanted to send a clear message that I was not okay with how he treated me. And because of this one bad apple, to this day, all prisoners in segregation units must back out of their cell in handcuffs.

Before they sent me up to the Marquette branch prison, I "butchered" another inmate. "Butchering" someone was a word that convicts used instead of saying you stabbed, cut, sliced or stuck someone. It was just a word that sounded more gruesome, more dangerous, more violent. People would say "I butchered that bitch!" Even if all they did was cause a flesh wound. The police gave me papers showing me where this inmate had wrote a statement on me about me stabbing that officer. He wrote this statement on me and then went home on parole. I was in "Top-6" getting a new prefix on my prison number. A "prefix" in prison is a letter that goes before your prison number indicating how many cases you've been convicted of. When you first come to prison you have an "A" prefix. If you catch another case you would have a "B" prefix. Each additional case is the next letter in the alphabet. So I was getting my "D" prefix so I was on my fourth case. Top-6 is a lock down quarantine unit. They had a sign on my door that read "Full body restraints, no less than three officers during out of cell movement." I took the sign down, changed my name on the door and slicked back my hair. I sure didn't look like Daniel Meyers anymore. The inmate that told on me was coming back to quarantine. He had violated his parole. I knew because I read about it in the news paper. My mentality at the time was telling me that I had to make him pay. That was what a real convict would do. So I got him right in the middle of the chow hall. Yes, I "butchered that bitch!"

They moved me back to segregation. They took me to court again and made me plead guilty to a sentence of Life for what I did. Why would I do that? It's not like Michigan has the death penalty

or anything. Well, to be honest, I really didn't care at the time and they had the names of thirty five other inmates that were willing to testify against me. This mattered to me because once they testified against me, they would put separation orders between me and all of them. I would never be able to be at the same prison as any of them. If I didn't plead guilty, they would surely keep me at the same facility for the rest of my life. I wouldn't have that. I was stupid but not totally.

After I plead to another life sentence they sent me on my way up to Marquette on the "snow goose" which was a big white bus. They had a cell for me. It was actually two cells with the wall partly gone from in between. One room had the sink and the toilet and the other had the bed. No it was not what you think. The cells were very small. They were maybe six feet wide. They gave me nothing while I was there until one day, this officer walked by and asked if I liked to read. I told him yes and he brought me all kinds of different books. All the books that I could read. This is the exact moment when I started coming back from the dark. His name was Dan Larson. He was a good person.

I was only out of the hole for maybe sixty days when I got into it at the poker table. A "killer" (someone who has killed an inmate while in prison) and I started having words and it lead to him slapping me. I ended up butchering him. I was sent to segregation again but the courts threw out my case after the judge said that there was no point. The judge believed that I would never see that sentence as I had too much time as it was. After doing sixty days in segregation they let me back out on the yard. I went right back to playing cards. I was good at it too. I made a living doing it.

Other than that one assault, Marquette was a good place to do time. The officers treated you like a man. Now don't get me wrong, if you had a problem with them and you were in the wrong, they would deal with your stupid ass. They had a big white laundry cart and they would tip it over at the bottom of the stairs. They then take you out of your cell in handcuffs and throw you down the stairs. You would fall all the way down the stairs until you ended up in the laundry cart. They'd place a piece of plywood over the top and wheel you to the hole. They would call it the ride in the "White Cadillac" because the laundry cart was hard white plastic. And the stairs were steel so it wasn't too pleasant. A funny thing about Marquette is that all the steel bars there were made at the steel plant in Decatur Alabama. Well my dad worked at that same steel plant. What are the chances?

I was Dan Larson's clerk in the segregation unit. I did everything. Today they have all types of civilian staff that do what I did. They have ARUS-PC, RUM, programming coordinators, all sorts. Everytime I saw that Decatur Steel stamp I smiled to myself. My dad always told me that I would end up in prison by age sixteen. Well I showed him, I was seventeen when I wound up in prison in Alabama. This time in Marquette I had many jobs. I was the sotse clerk, I was in the factory making clothing. I even got

to go to school. I took a custodial maintenance course as well back in 1991. My experience with Dan Larson was the first of many on my way back out of the darkness.

When you assault a staff member, they put you in maximum security for a long time. The MDOC had opened a new prison. They called it Standish Regional. It was the same as HVMF but with updates for better security. It was max. I didn't really care for the place. From there, they sent me to a facility called Brooks. It was a level four, two, one. This is when they started with the number system. They put me in level four after my time spent in max. Level four was a two man cell. I did not like it at all. It was very stressful, mentally and emotionally. They would try to keep us racially intermixed. The MDOC figured if they put us together that we would get along better. They truly had no idea. It didn't work that way. This led to a lot of "predators" locking in the same cell as weaker inmates. This in turn led to many inmates getting tickets and losing their good time and staying longer in prison. Unfortunately, in the worst cases, some inmates even killed their bunky because of the circumstances. All because the staff was riding the system.

To Brooks level-4 there about 2 years, then to Standish level-4, same as all the others, I was not liking the 2 man cell, back up to Algier Max, back to Carson City. Then to Brooks, I was sent to I-Max level-2, The warden sent me there, so I could learn art and illustrate my books, she had seen one of them, trying to help. Very Good person. I excelled in Art, PCAP chose 3 of my picartures. From there, Off to Coldwater where I excelled in Horticulture and doing good.

Back to I Max level-2, only ~~was~~ 2 weeks, then to Rayne road, for one year, ~~Cotton~~ MCF, only stayed 30 days, then I went to Cotton for 2 years, then to O, Adrain 5 years then to Carson City 3 years, the here IBC-level-2

At this time of my life, Writing another Book, "Reckoning Thoughts Deep down I know it will never be published, not because of its contents or how good it is, Just because I wrote it.

A Murder, That will never ever change.

He helped me get to (KCF), "kinross" the best level-2 in the state of Michigan. You name it, they had it there. A lot of lifer's were there. Big rooms, no bars, it was wide open. Trees, gardens, programming, trade schools, a nice 'hobby craft' program, you name it they had it! On holidays, all you can eat outside, and it was real free world shit. The "place to be doing time". I sniffed shoe glue the whole time I was there. Until they (the staff) wasn't having that bullshit, at (KCF). Why did I sniff glue? When I knew for a fact it was killing my brain. I was trying to kill my brain! The very thing that had me in prison for life was my brain, and I was trying to kill it. In a foolish way, I was hoping I could kill the part, that had me doing wrong. But at the same time, I was giving up everything. How do I know this to be true? I am reaping the effects of my past now. When I was sniffing glue I was trying to erase my past, and forget it. I know now, you cannot run from your past. The Parole Board let's me know and my conscience as well. Deep down, my conscience was telling me I did not deserve goodness. I was a piece of "shit". I needed to be taken out back, and have a bullet put in my head! Like a rabid animal, even today I feel this . . .

Back to (URF), The same officer helped me again, 'yes' he did care about me. He asked me if I wanted to go down state, and where. I said; didn't matter. I was truly lost. I ended up in Carson city level-2. It was a multi level 4-2-1, regional. Same as all the others. But here, all the officer's were "ass holes", because a few of them got assaulted by inmates in the weight pit. The inmates that had done it were long gone to max level-5. The officers didn't care they treated us as we were the ones who assaulted them (all inmates are the same), and made it hard on the rest of us. Even today, you have a detail to use the weight pit, and most facilities you just walk in and out as you please.

I made them transfer me. I was back at Brooks Corr. Fac., but in level-2, and it was much, much better. That is when I started writing for real. I stopped being aimless, I had to help others do something good. I wrote "Slow Walk Home". the reason I have not wrote about violence, was because it was more in-cell, and the mentally-ill, and the predators.

The violence never came around me. Everyone in the system had heard stories about me, "butchering" inmates and staff. And they were scared of me, of what I might do to them. I even heard stories about me, dealing with violence that wasn't true, but it was just part of the reputation I had. It saddens me to say, but with that 'violent reputation' I could do my own time with out harm. I had let the system devour me.

Daniel Meyers 6-16-20

what do I do for fun and try to better my self?

*I write: Children stories and illustrate them, short stories, one book, ect...
Save Dogs Greyhounds at LCF, Trained Dogs for Pows with a Cause,
Now today. Train Dogs "puppies" for Leader Dogs for the Blind, puppy raiser
Helped write a Brief Report: Exploring the Relationship Between
Victimization and Criminal Offending in Order to Encourage
Trauma-Informed Interventions in Corrections, Mich State
Have some college credits Siena Heights
I'm a Mentor Common Ground-Bridging the Gap Mentor program 9/2/2015/Adrian*

Classes at U of M MS, and Adrian College, Siena Heights.
I also grew Poinsettias, sent all over the state and made alot
of people smile at Christmas. At the time I was at Adrian, ran
the ~~Green~~ Greenhouse, Front page: The Daily Telegram Adrian, on
Oct 16-2013 for Charity works and Im on the nationwide
poster for the National Greyhound Foundation.

Trained over 35 Dogs

Prisoner Observation Aide Program 07-17-18

Inside-Out Prison Exchange Program Spring 2017

Certificate of Recognition PAWS Assistance Nov. 2017-18-19

Certificate of Academic Achievement Writing course Siena Heights-U June 2016

Certificate of Academic Achievement Writing course SHU Fall of 2014

Certificate of Completion Arts Program U of M Sept 2 2013

* Certificate of Academic Achievement Criminal Justice SHU - Spring of 2012

Certificate of Academic Achievement Creative Writing SHU - Spring 2011

Commendation 2008 autumn fund raising project: Mich. Shelter House for
abused women, LCF growing pumpkins to sell. Warden Howes "I believe
she is the best person that worked for the MDOC."

On Words: Mich Review of Prisoner writing, PCAP

2nd Chance at Life, The National Greyhound Foundation 2007-8-9

Certificate of Academic Achievement, Writing Fall of 2011 SHU

* Horticulture Technology, Certificate March 20 2006 LCF

Certificate of Appreciation Gardens Special Project June 17, 2004 LCF

Letter from Heidi Washington = Appreciation: Book "Angel on the Hilltop."

PCAP has a copy in their Archives.

Certificate of Appreciation Wardens Forum 21st day of April 1995:1

Brooks Corr. Facility

Custodial Maintenance Jan of 1991 Marq. Prison

A Life time of Hope,

Donald Meyers