

Email Letters from Marie

Dear Email Friends,

Below is a copy of the letter I sent to the Orange County Sheriff after my time in jail.



Marie Kolasinski

To the Warden of Orange County Jail, greetings,

I am a former inmate of Orange County Women's Jail No. 2364300 — Marie Kolasinski by name. My journey through this vale of tears called life has had its chapters of joys and sorrows, twists and turns, lessons only living can teach one.

I am going to call this: **if America is an example of civilization, pray tell me, who needs it???**

Recently I had the great adventure of spending seven days in the facility known as Orange County Women's Jail. To me it was just one more world in the hell we are all born into of which there are many worlds. By the way, Christ also saw our world as hell and came to take us out by showing us a better way. However that is quite another story.

Those seven days had a profound effect on my life which I consider almost over as I am 85 years of age. Only one other experience has touched me as deeply and that was the day Christ called me to follow Him.

And considering that following Him and obeying Him and adhering to His pattern of behavior, His thinking, His vision of relating to the human race and how our treatment of one another and our example does, indeed, change people, and perhaps if we all began to do as He has taught us to do, we just may have a sane society on this awesome, crazy place called Earth.

Jail reminded me of a maze where first one is stripped of his humanity and then they become little disciplined rats marching to the barking of other disciplined rats. Once in this maze there is no way out except by divine intervention. The release of the rats making the human rat race a little worse off than it already is.

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I write this not as criticism but I pray we all start doing something life changing with our sick nation, our sick world. I am looking to you for answers as I assume you, too, have done much thinking as I was quite impressed at the order and details it takes to run such a part of hell.

Let me now give you some of my observations. I am sure you do not hear from your people you rule over or are ruling over so I pray you bear with me and always keep in mind our great Father of us all is watching and preparing us for His visitation where we all will be accountable; that He is not a respecter of persons and has planted a part of Himself in each individual making all redeemable, all, in a sense, His children.

Perhaps you and I, and I am sure others, who are weary of the seemingly hopeless condition of the animal supposedly made in the image of God, can begin to do our part to try something radical, but evidently not too radical, as our Savior gave us a step by step teaching and example of how to make for a way of life filled with peace, joy, justice and truth, giving instead of taking, treating others as we would be treated.

My seven days in the dungeons of hell I spent with God's angels; young women that should never be in jail. Sweet, sharing the little they had, cheerful attitudes, no complaining. Crying some. But I sensed no self pity, and their complete innocent trust in our justice system doing the honorable thing with their life really surprised me as I had come through the justice system where I witnessed arrogance, foul play, disregard for justice. Actually, I witnessed a big political game founded on the laws of men with no regard for the laws of God, jury tampering by a judge that made Jezebel in the Old Testament look like an angel; purposely, out of her own confession making a jury trial null and void. I watched a kangaroo court trial take my life and the life of two other disciples of Christ's do to us what they did to our Savior 2000 years ago and are doing yet today as young life, after young life is thrown into this system where all humanity is stripped from them, turning them into a well disciplined rat with no vision of a life to perhaps fit them into when released from jail.

I have no pat answers as I found your facility run by deputies, most of which were most kind considering that they have to deal with all types of people and punishment is the only method of reform our system has used to change people.

Now, I have written all of this to come to this supposition. Has punishment really changed people?? Is ruling with fear rather than understanding and compassion the answer to our dilemma?? I was in P-13; there was a deputy Ellesbeth who should be

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fired. Her venom was contagious. The likes of her should be in jail isolated from others as she would contaminate other inmates with her venom. However, the kindness and understanding of the nurses and other deputies was also contagious.

I have in my heart the kindness of one deputy as he allowed me to set the pace of walking to get to my x-ray. His thoughtfulness gave hope to the other inmates who were younger than I and they all witnessed an act of respect and kindness that perhaps changed their way of relating to older people. They enjoyed the pace I kept which I am sure was a snail's pace as they were in the race years of life.

Now for the big pleasant surprise of my visit to your facility. The kindness and understanding and compassion of the inmates who were supposedly hard and calloused was like that cup of cold water Christ talked about in His teachings. The huddling around me to keep me warm as we sat on the cold cement in the cold wee hours of the morning; the giving me of a blanket to cover my shivering coughing body, the showing me how to make a pillow out of a thin worn out mattress, the giving me a rare health bar when she herself went without. The sweet essence that came from their lives I found in some of your deputies, especially the males.

I also noticed that with taxpayers' money the offices all had the best of equipment while the "dorm" I was in had a shower that was a disgrace to a third world country. The mattresses were disgusting. I feel a pillow would not be too much to give to the inmates considering they can buy one if they have the money. Greed by your place is not necessary. Our air conditioner was on — the weather was the coldest we have had and the air conditioner, they said, could not be turned off. Was it another way of punishing, considering the sheets and blankets were thread bare? The shoes are the cheapest. One of my sister inmate's shoes barely stayed together. And woe unto us if we used our night gown over our uniform to keep warm.

Now to the food. I was rather surprised as I found it edible. Considering the inmates are like an animal and eating was the only pleasure left and I was like my dog, Alice, where anything was great, and considering I am not a fussy eater, I would say on a scale of one to ten, your compound rated a six. One of my bag suppers came with the cole slaw leaking out of the bag, my supper soaked. However, I ate it with relish, thanking God I had nourishment for my body and also setting an example for the other sisters in the same predicament I was in.

I was shocked when I found out you could not save an apple or orange for a snack later and punishment would be doled out in some God awful way if caught. However

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you could spend money and get food from the commissary to eat later. That is, if you had money in your account.

I have taken the time to write this rather long and detailed letter assuming I am writing to someone who has similar thoughts. Is punishment an answer to make for a sane society or is there a better way?

Abraham Lincoln said some wise words, "We must have a new way of thinking." Also Thomas Paine, "Without government a society is autonomous." Did Christ come to show us a better way or did He come in vain and when the Father of us all comes to visit His vineyard called Earth will He find anything worth saving? The answer lies within you and I for starters.

Marie Kolasinski