

Messages from the Mound

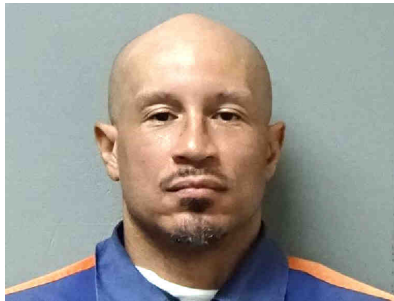


In 2007, I began my prison ministry where I facilitated my Relationship First Aid spiritual based personal development classes at Mound Correctional Facility in Detroit. After Mound closed in 2012, I continued to communicate with the inmates through newsletters, birthday cards and attending/speaking at events at various facilities. It is suspected that the facility got its name because of the many ancient mounds that were found all over Detroit, and I believe the most concentrated and/largest ones were along what is now known as Mound Rd.

"Messages from the Mound" is named after the newsletters that I send out to the inmates since that is where we all initially met. Because the classes that I was teaching them focused on spiritual elevation allowing the negativity within them to die, thus ultimately elevating their consciousness, I thought it an appropriate name because a "mound" is defined as: an "elevation" formed of earth overlying ruins, a grave etc., a heap or raised mass. The following articles are from men that are currently incarcerated or released and this serves as an opportunity for the voiceless to have a voice. If you have a loved one that is currently incarcerated and would like for me to send them newsletters, please forward their contact information with a MDOC number to: Relationshipfirstaid@yahoo.com or contact me at: Relationship First Aid, Attn: Ma'at Seba, P.O. Box 1934, Belleville, MI. 48112 cashapp Donations to: #moundministry

Fight the Power

By Raymond L. Carr, Jr.
SPECIAL TO THE SUN



The act of protesting is embedded in Black people's DNA. From the time Africans were taken from the shores of Africa, they began protesting by jumping from slave ships, choosing death instead of injustice.

The organized public demonstration of disapproval of injustice, sometimes gets misinterpreted. Like, when Colin Kaepernick kneeled in protest of injustice & police brutality against Black people.

Protesting comes in many forms, historically when Black people protest its attached to injustice that is perpetrated against them. In spite of the false narrative, that Black people just go off and riot for no reason.

Most protest by Black people are peaceful & nonviolent, unfortunately, during some protests, some non-protesters take those opportunities to loot and become violent. Even though, the looters are wrong, the same outrage people feel when property is damaged and and stolen, they

should feel that same outrage when injustice happens to Black people.

Now, that we as Black people and our supporters of all races, has the attention of the world through protesting; The question now is, what are we going to do with it?

Harriet Tubman protested slavery by freeing as many slaves as she could during slavery!

Martin Luther King Jr., told us to fight injustice, because injustice anywhere, is a threat against justice everywhere!

John Lewis, told us to fight injustice, by getting into some good trouble!

Public Enemy, told us to fight the Power!

Just making talking-points, with no change or reform, that cannot be the goal. Just marching and protesting every time something happens, cannot be the routine. What is the call of action???

After centuries of abuse and unfair treatment, being Black in America, we have learned to fight for our rights and stand up for what we believe in. However, there has to be an effective end to our organized public demonstration of disapproval.

Today, Black people have to realize the real POWER in our protest, Black Dollars. Because, in any system it is understood, 'If it doesn't make dollars, it doesn't make sense.' We must never give up the fight for justice and a better day! Fight the Power!

The Transition

By Derek Bishop
SPECIAL TO THE SUN



Prison humbled me. I value life now. Unfortunately, I did crime IN PRISON that paled in compari-

son to society. I fought for being called weak because I wasn't into crime or didn't have a TV. Broke, gay or snitch were synonymous to me. After 2 years I became a wolf at the Kinross facility in 2015. My original release WAS March 2022. I ran with a knife, threw it, got caught: 2 years added. I stole from kitchens, robbed and I took hits (I was paid commissary and money orders to rob and assault other inmates) I sold more drugs in prison in 6 years than in 21 years free, big portions and some the size of my fingernail. Both cost 1-5 years extra.

Though flawed, finances, respect and fear of peers is more prevalent than fear of administration or a new case. I sacrificed and never used NO in society. Loving others more than myself cost me 9 years. Yet, support is virtually nonexistent. I took felony chances 6 of my 9 years. I HATE IT! I starved, literally had bodily aches, and burned hands snatching food off chow lines. I chanced theft and out of place tickets (being in an area without staff authorization) for extra meals. PRISON WAGES ARE INSUFFICIENT, TEMP-

TATIONS WERE STRONGER THAN STAYING OUT OF TROUBLE, AND WITHOUT STABLE SUPPORT IT'S DISASTROUS. I sought legality most times, but when chances came from the underworld it felt a blessing because it ALWAYS came ON TIME. Those who led plots (the prisoners who organized plans to get money) didn't last long on location or I was transferred shortly after. Though, interaction with them was short, I benefited from their presence.

For 2½ hours I melt candy to sell. I'm dizzy hot & irritated while burning my fingers so bad my tips grow numb to pain and burns. I'm allotted \$50 due to court restitution. I need hygiene, stamps and money on the phone. I spend \$30 on candy and lemonade to make sticks 4 inches long profiting \$90. My son Derek Jr. got \$50-200 every 60-90 days for 6 years. At times I lacked food & hygiene to ensure my Jr. was cared for.

Upon release I'll work while publishing children's books, speaking, podcasting and rapping. I made legal connections and I'll use every resource. I familiarize myself with various magazines, languages, and business models. Self-love came with Islam in 2017. Self-knowledge and discipline were blessings that allowed me to see life and nature as investments or lessons. Minister Farrakhan's example improved me. Even in tight situations, I plan better and minimize risks. I'll never doubt Allah, maybe I'm wrong, but some things must happen in prison. I've remained pro-social, but I empathize with those who aren't. Everything I need for my bit (my time being incarcerated), I didn't get legally. Though it was illegal, I couldn't survive without it! I lost some humanity in prison. BUT I FOUGHT HARD TO GET IT BACK!

Hello world...Does anyone care?

By Dion Dawson
SPECIAL TO THE SUN

Hello world! Reporting live from the land of zombies that is Macomb (Correctional Facility) where at least 75% of the captives exist in various alternate states. Mental illness is rampant, especially amongst those unaware of their sickness since the condition has become socialized and normalized, and where these mentalities are socially amalgamated with the clinical mentally ill integrated into general population from the resident treatment patient (RTP) unit in droves.

Hello world! Reporting live from the graveyard that is Macomb where death is the norm, whether it results from deteriorated health due to the absence or care from health services, suicide, overdose, and even murder. Where majority of the captives went from having never seen a dead body, to seeing or walking pass them every other week, sometimes left covered on the ground for hours before moved, while operations remain normal.

Hello world! Reporting live from the mad house that is Macomb where, two and half years since the inception of the pandemic, we still remain confined to units, two hours outside yard time daily, and no programs or educational classes, i.e. no outlets for guys to cope with the depression and extreme stress and sadness of learning family and friends have expired at the hands of the unforgiving virus.

Hello world! Is anybody listening? Does anybody care? Prisoners don't care because they're immersed in the hell, running to substances to survive, quite literally. Officers don't care because their superiors don't care because the warden(s) don't care. The warden(s) don't care because the director don't care, and the director don't care because the governor and state legislatures don't care. News media don't care because prison death doesn't appeal to their reader or listenership, i.e., it doesn't pander to its bottom line - \$. Does anybody care about what's going on in here? I guess prisoners are like slaves on plantations in that just as the state wouldn't intervene in the atrocities the slaves was subjected to because they were deemed as un-human property; likewise, prisoners are property under the label wards, and no-one sees or respect our humanity, and we can be subjected to any and every condition with impunity.

For the United States of America to be the so-called greatest country in the world, everyone feels the need to be under the influence to live in this decadent society, an influence that's killing HUMANS, their potential, their present, their futures, their humanity.

#PrisonLivesMatter

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