

AN OPEN LETTER

from

Ed Poindexter

I sit at work contemplating my greatest personal of fear growing old and in ill health in prison. I exhale a sigh of relief with realization that I'm neither old nor ill. (yet)

I then contemplate my greatest non personal fear that our world is crumbling around us because my generation somehow failed today's youth. Then I relax with the acknowledgement that it ain't all gloom and doom because the overwhelming majority of us are doing well despite the powerful and relentless negative forces that encircle us.

Then I think about all of my supporters who include family, friends and those who don't even know me personally because they either weren't born when I was arrested, or they were around but too young to remember and wonder what you must be thinking in terms of what it'll take to get Mondo and myself out of prison.

I don't have the answers to that thought, but I am grateful to acknowledge receiving the high blessing of having people who care about me, and care about justice for all. You are the ones who've sacrificed time away from your personal lives, work and home responsibilities to affect justice for those who fought for it but lost. This is enough inspiration to keep me going. It's also what I occasionally remind my peers, that a major reason some of us fail in life is because our self-esteem is impacted by the belief-real or imagined - that no one cares about us.

Some day at the victory party we'll all exchange hellos, hugs and handshakes before appointing designated drivers. I'll probably be one of the last to leave, and as I say goodbye to everyone I'll tell myself once again "It's really nice to know folks care about me."

Thank you for your continued support.

Ed Poindexter



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(Nearly twenty six and a half years of incarceration)