

## DEAREST KINSEMEN

May my words escape this dungeon that has taken my body but only my body? What the enemies of our liberty, truth, and real justice do not understand is that you cannot shoot, stab, or imprison the truth. You can hang an idea in one of your gallows and “Man how I laugh when they try!” Even now as my bare feet touch the cold stone floor politically imprisoned the tyrants heels have failed to stomp out the great fire I kindle in my heart. Were, I a murderer, a rapist, a thief or a drug dealer, perhaps I would have received a second chance or even received pity. I am none of these things. I am an honest taxpaying citizen so I receive nearly a decade in prison.

As you can probably imagine there is immense pain in my heart, my mind constantly wanders to the friends and family I have left behind. Those who know me personally knows that I value fellowship with kith and kin more than anything else.

As money comes and goes, things do to but it is a laugh with a friend or time with family that you can't buy and once they are gone you will you had them back. So how do I replace 8 years with my aging parents the reality is I

Can't. I often think where will they be in 8 years? What will they look like? Better yet what will I look like? Will I be the same man that left or a stranger drifting back into town after all this time changed by years in this unjust system.

Can a man spend his twenties in a place of indecency and dishonor yet maintain his decency and honor? These thoughts grab at me from the dark recesses of my mind demanding answers I do not have.

What I do know is, I must push ever onward, for what is one man's pain compared to his eternal people! Or what is death and despair in the face of our sins.

Succumbing to the baseless servitude from birth. In our lives we often bend but it is breaking under the weight that is a heavier burden to live with. I have traded willingly my freedom and comforts for the avocation and preservation of our ancestral heritage as many do today, and have done before my time. For this I was attacked, for this I was condemned. The truth of this is evident and more people see it every day.

To quote Schafrenhaur... "All truth passes through 3 steps:

First it is ridiculed, second it is violently opposed, and third it is accepted as being self-evident.

If these words are true then the third is eminent. I will endeavor to continue my struggle as honor and nature compels me to. If this is true then the 3<sup>rd</sup> stage cannot be far now.

I will keep my chin up in here as I know you will do the same. Push on and never give up for the truth will have its day.

“Keep the torchlight burning!”

With honor through Duty

Jacob Scott Goodwin

Political Prisoner Charlottesville VA