

March 26, 2022

Mr. Alvin Ronnel Ross, C-11519

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RE: LWOP - EXTREME SENTENCING SECOND STORY

Dear Ms. Pokharel,

In the year of 1978, when I was a young man at the prime of my life while having achieved a bit of success in life after a plethora of set-backs and difficult struggles, to include racial physical fights in the U.S. Military Army which was difficult for me to process because we were not suppose to be each others enemy because of skin color.

Later, upon having two good careers in working for the City and the Government, having a nice house, car, etc., with my wife and step-daughter, it did not come without an unexpected cost of pain, sorrow, and severe sadness, as I discovered that I needed help but didn't know where to obtain it (perhaps that was the burden of being young and naive). My problem was unfortunately getting involved with the use of drugs to make a deep embedded pain go away, this only aided problems to become worse and tainted my caliber as a strong man that I have always been. I slipped and allowed myself to become vulnerable and weakened by it, while struggling to stay as strong as possible, plus keep my problem in the shadows to spare myself embarrassment.

Then the worse day of my life emerged just when I didn't think it could get any worse. Intruders were breaking into my home, unannounced and not knowing who it was, plus becoming fearful for the life of my girlfriend and myself I acted with my military training to keep us safe as possible and alive, only to discover that an egregious tragedy and mistake had been made, costing me my life in another manner, the life of another human-being, and the negative affect that it had on several other people, to include my own family.

While fighting the Death Penalty, I was given an LWOP sentence instead, to me both were the same, as it meant "Die in Prison One Way or Another." The survival rate in prison was higher because in order to live I had to avoid a jungle of serious Serpents on both sides of the fence (those in green and blue uniforms).

In short of this story, I survived year after year watching my entire life fading by as my family died off to where I am now alone, my wife abandoned me in 1985, as she listened to her relatives tell her I was never getting out or coming back and she needed to move on with her life, my daughter was raped at the age of 12-years old by a boyfriend of my ex-wife leaving my daughter mad at me because I was not there to protect her, which still hurts to this day and making me more alone.

I went through the hell of several prison race riots wars and even received a Laudatory Chrono of Exceptional Assistance for stopping one, but because I'm an LWOP, it is not acknowledged under any form of Rehabilitation Standard. I had been previously poisoned by officers in the county jail, where a Mexican nurse saved my life as she refused to let me die on her watch regardless the outcome. I saw many stabblings over the years, suicides, even a guy cut off his own testicles, gave it to an officer in a milk carton stating "yall done took everything else, you might as well take these too." The officer went out on sick leave!

Of course in the are of survival I had my share of fights, LWOPS are rarely messed with because they are actually dead men walking due to the sentence. Prison is brutal, worse then the military in many respects. As an LWOP, exclusively, I'm made to feel less human with no love, no life, no progressive redemption, no family, no avenue for a second chance to freedom, I can only hope and pray for advocate organization and friends to make a hopeful difference to change the face of the draconian law that unjustly confines many of us largely due to color and ethnic as first time offenders and by the grace of God I keep pushing forward while trying to maintain my sanity as best I can, as I have learned that "Only the Strong Survive and Remain Alive, the Weak Inherit the Earth."

Respectfully Submitted,



Mr. A. Ronnel Ross
LWOP Prisoner, 45-Years

cc: as needed