

I Spend Every Christmas on Death Row

by Jay Lesandrini

My mother died on December 26; and, I spend every Christmas on Death Row. It's hard to be "merry" when death looms in the recesses of your mind. It's hard to celebrate the anniversary of my mother's death.

My mother spent two years on Death Row inside her cancer cell, but she died without walking the long corridor to an electric chair. Instead, she simply lay there — helpless, and waited for death to come to her.

The Grim Reaper carries no scythe, he carries nothing — except life away from those we love.