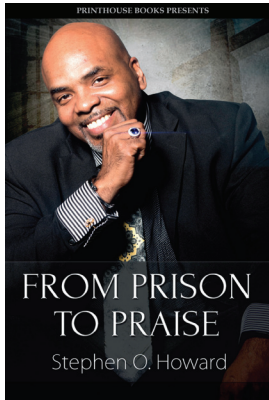


Stephen O Howard



From Prison to Praise

*I fell asleep at the age of 18 and awoke some 23 years later...
“How in the hell did I get here?” I asked myself I often wondered, “How did I get myself in this situation?”
A situation which there seemed to be no way of escaping.....*

There I was sitting on a hard steel bunk. The mattress was as thin as a sheet of metal, my pillow laid on my bunk resembling a flimsy thin pancake on a cold unloved plate. Some of us called this torture we slept on every night a “bed”, but this thing did no justice as a bed. As I sat there my mind reflected back to the role I played that caused me to become a prisoner in my own mind, as well as a prisoner in the GA Penal Institution.

Hold up! Wait a minute; I think I’m jumping ahead of myself a bit. Let me go back to the beginning, maybe you will understand why I decided to write this book.

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