My name is Ron Schilling \#32219. DOB 5.29 .51 . Been incarcetated with a Ilfe sentence since 13 June 1975 . Relativee, friends and significant othere have all passec or faded away ovec the cecaces, and I am pretty much elone on this rock.
I am not so much a typical cactive but, rather, have become a significantly realized spiritual being -- quiet, reserved, sensitive, caring, thoughtiul, considerate, creative, inventive, resourceful, and uttecly honest in all enceavors.
Hit the weight room daily and an in fentastic shape. An heavily into law ana prison politics and, frankly, this is likely part of the reeson I wasn't paroled 20 years ago. My main passion is music, and I write volumes of song, and am a fairly gifted guitarist. Have some postings under my name on You'tube.
Also do a fait amount of writing on political things - exposing the prison industry as best I can -- and am frecuently retaliated against for it.
I am self-didactic, and well-read in everything from Astrophysics to Zoology. Have plural college cegrees in Nusic, Geology, Business Acministration and Law, and continue to educate myself as best as possible, keeping abreast of worldy events, and such. Was raised in a family with numerous small businesses and have always been seif employed. Am also an avid inventor, creating countless gizmos and gadgets that could prove lucrative and make the lives of people much easier in some way.
Had occasion to travel extensively, traversing all the lower 48 , anc HI , to India and Jamaica twice, Egypt, Mexico and Columbia once, exhaustively through North and South Vietnam, Cambodia, Laos, Burma and Thailand. Fave recently written about some of those travels.
Believe it, or not, I detest trying to toot my own horn like this. So I'll conclude with a smattering of poetry:
Nords trapped
in the deep dungeons
of the mind
restlessly pacing
their cells e the white expanse
awaiting the freecon
of expression
and 1
ance free to $x$
x
once free to e
of paper they speak their truths loualy and laughingly dare one to imprison them again. . . .

