

My 2018 Christmas Cards

Friday, 07 December 2018

So I sent out around 2000 Christmas Cards this year, many to serving prisoners. They consist of a booklet called A Birdwatcher's Guide To False Accusers and carry cartoons of imaginary "victims", as police and CPS still insist on calling them, of all ages, colours, genders and types.

The point is to illustrate how widespread this army of false accusers is and, hopefully, to bring the odd smile to the face of many very unhappy inmates, sitting in prison convicted of crimes that often not only they had not committed but that never even took place.

But the vast majority of booklets have not been allowed to be given to inmates.

Not because of any controversiality but because, these days, any mail at all is considered to be on paper carrying drugs soaked into the paper. So letters are photocopied for prisoners and most cards are simply not given to them.

Would you not think there must be more efficient, let alone kinder, ways of stopping drugs entering jails?

So lonely, heart broken men whose little children have spent weeks lovingly painting Christmas Cards for Daddy, will have to lie to their kids and say how beautiful the cards were whereas, in fact, they won't get them.

Am I alone in finding this disgraceful?

What has happened to kindness, decency, humanity?

In this season of goodwill, we see the establishment, once again, ripping love out of the souls of our fellow human beings.

Traditional media will, naturally, ignore this, which is odd as, surely, it's a great story.

If only we had a Prime Minister who cared about people; coldly refusing to meet Grenfell survivors, May is quite happy breaking the hearts of British children.

Ghastly woman. Ghastly government. Ghastly society.

In this season of goodwill, I find it difficult to find much in my heart for those heartlessly running our prisons.