



**DEATH WATCH DIARY**  
THE LAST DAYS OF A DEATH ROW PRISONER

Robert Charles Towery

## Foreword

Robert Towery, a convicted killer, was executed by lethal injection on March 8, 2012 in Florence, Arizona. He was 47 years old.

As a young man, Robert and an accomplice committed a brutal murder, killing an acquaintance during an armed robbery in the man's house. But after 20 years on Arizona's Death Row, Robert was contrite. He knew that his insatiable addiction to methamphetamine pushed him to act in ways that defied logic. Still, he knew what he did was wrong, and he took ownership of his crime. But as often happens, the man who was executed was not the same person who had committed the crime.

This account is Roberts's diary, which he sent as letters to his attorneys, and it chronicles the last 35 days of his life, starting on February 2, 2012, when Robert went on "Death Watch," that is, when he was removed from his cell and placed in a special holding unit on Death Row. On the last night of his life, he was moved to the death house to await his execution.

During death watch, Robert Moormann, who would die on the execution gurney eight days before Robert Towery, was in the next cell. Moormann had kidnapped and sexually assaulted an eight-year-old girl in 1972, and then, in 1984, while let out of prison for 72 hours to visit with his mother—who was also his lover—he suffocated her with a pillow and then cut her body into pieces and threw it in garbage cans near the prison complex in Florence. As horrible as the crime committed by Moormann seemed to be, Robert recognized that Moormann was simple, a "man child," as he put it. They could not see each other for the solid wall between cells, but they could call to each other through their cell doors. Robert tried to help Moormann make sense of what was happening to him, and when the prison officials took Moormann to the death house, Robert wrote in his diary, "Bob is gone. May God forgive them."

Robert Towery needed forgiveness himself. He spent time in prison for running a chop shop, and he'd only been out for a year before he and a girlfriend pulled off an armed robbery at a restaurant in the Phoenix area. Days later, he and an accomplice decided to rob a Paradise Valley philanthropist named Mark Jones. Jones, 68, was apparently a kind man, but he had a secret life full of young male hustlers he would hire for sex or to photograph having sex with each other. Robert did not partake in those trysts, but he knew the hustlers, and they introduced him to Jones.

Robert and his accomplice took a cab to Mark Jones's house, told him they needed to use a phone because they had car trouble, then held him at gunpoint as they ransacked the house. Then, for reasons he never understood, Robert put a zip tie around Jones' neck and strangled him.

Robert's accomplice told investigators and the court that Robert had injected Jones first with "battery acid" from his car. The accomplice said that he had thrown the syringe from the car after they left the scene of the crime, though police never found it. Robert eventually admitted killing Jones with the zip ties, though he claimed not to remember anything about a syringe. And when asked at his clemency hearing about whether he had extracted acid from his battery, he replied, "That would not be the case. I'm a licensed mechanic. There's no acid in a battery, just water."

For his testimony, the accomplice spent ten years in prison and was released. He is free today. Robert went to Death Row and was executed.

At his clemency hearing, less than a week before his execution, Robert's attorneys, sisters, and doctors detailed the physical and sexual abuse he had suffered as a child as well as his mental impairments as a result of the abuse and chronic drug use. It didn't matter. As one

clemency board member pointed out, they hear such things in every hearing, but it doesn't outweigh the gravity of the crime. The day before the death sentence was carried out, the U.S. Supreme Court and Arizona Supreme Court declined to stay his execution.

Robert had 20 years to think about his actions, and once he was free of the drugs and the torment, he became a thoughtful man. He also became pen pals with the best-selling writer Jodi Picoult, who interviewed him for a novel she was writing about a Death Row prisoner. She is the "Jodi" he refers to in this account.

Robert apologized to the family of Mark Jones and to his own family both in his clemency hearing and in his last words before his execution. His very last utterance before he took a few deep breaths and closed his eyes, were to his nephew, "Potato, potato, potato," which motorcycle enthusiasts will recognize as an approximation of the sound made by a Harley Davidson engine.

Here are Robert's observations during the last 35 days of his life. The entries have been edited slightly to make them more readable, mostly for punctuation and to clarify prison jargon and abbreviations. Names of Robert's visitors, as well as his prison keepers have also been omitted.

In his narrative, Robert picks at the ironies and absurdities of life in prison. He revels in simple pleasures, such as a good meal or a sports event on television. He yearns for the human contact from his last visitors, and he touchingly tries to comfort his pod-mate, who doesn't really understand that he is going to his death.

Here are Robert's last words.

## **Death Watch Diary**

**By Robert Towery**

**February 2, 2012**

And so it begins . . .

First, allow me to apologize for the messiness of these first letters as I was not allowed my reading glasses because they had a crack in them, and I was holding the lens in with tape. So, I can't see, and until I get my new reading glasses, these updates will be fairly messy. Furthermore, I was not given my watch, so for the most part, all times will be best guesses.

**6:00 a.m.:** They came to my cell, stripped me out and then took me to the Shift Commander's office where I waited for about 20 minutes for everyone to show up. Other than the correctional officer operating the camera, there was the complex warden, complex deputy warden, unit deputy warden and the assistant deputy warden.

The unit warden began to read the warrant, only to discover they were missing pages. So I offered my copy and they sent a correctional officer to my cell who brought back the box containing my copy. In the meantime, the unit warden went over the changes in my confinement, how I would have access to indigent supplies and could have one box of legal work and personal papers, and one religious box. For everything else I would have to put in a "written request," which I had already done on 1-11-12 (personally handing them over to a correctional officer), at which point I mentioned this and he said he had received them and that after a week he would "evaluate" my conduct and *then* send them in for processing. The correctional officer returned, they took out and read my copy of the warrant.

Then I was taken to medical where my vitals were taken. My blood pressure was 140/82

(or somewhere near that) and the scale said “GET OFF!” (231 lbs)

From there I was taken to processing where my moustache was trimmed. I was fingerprinted, photographed (wide lens was required. Then I came back to the housing section, was taken to George side and placed in one of the death watch cells. This was roughly 8:00 AM.

A correctional officer and the property sergeant brought in and processed all of my property, giving me a pencil (this pen was actually left in a book.), one book, TV guide, Bible, legal materials, writing materials and new clothing and bedding (two towels, one washcloth, two sheets, pillow case, two blankets, pillow, mattress, boxers, t-shirt, socks and a jump suit. Oh, and a new pair of flip flops and orange deck shoes.

Just as they were finished doing that it was just about 9:00 a.m., and they took me to my visit with Dr. Stewart, our expert, where I really felt a bit restricted at times as the officer stayed *right* outside the door.

At noon, when my visit was over, they took me back to medical where the nurse went over my daily meds with me, and how the meds, which have been coming to me in monthly supply packs for 15 years or so are somehow now so dangerous that the nurse has to bring them every morning on a “watch swallow basis.”

They brought me back to my cell where I tried to lay down. It felt like I had just closed my eyes when I was awakened by a bunch of voices. Opening my eyes, I see that the correctional officer, assistant deputy warden and deputy warden were in the pod talking to the watch officers and Bob Moormann. After a few moments, the assistant deputy warden came to my cell and said, “We are going to try to get some of your requests answered by tomorrow, and then we will re-assess in a week or so.” Sooo, hopefully I will get some of my requested items tomorrow, such as my photos, radio, heating pad and commissary.

Oh; a few notes about the cell: They have a TV pushed in front of the cell, so looking through the holes is difficult at best, and nauseating/vertigo inducing to the point where I really just want to listen to it; but there is a problem there. The ear bud extensions they stuck through the hole barely reaches to the table, a good five or six feet short of the bunk. Can they seriously say this is not intentional to cause frustration? Especially when the simplest fix would be to let me have my personal headphones (which have a *much* longer cord) and/or my personal ear bud extension, which would allow me to reach the bed. Solutions seem so simple, yet most likely unattainable.

The next thing of note is that the lieutenant has to give me my food. Again, so weird. The same officers who have been feeding me for 20 years are now somehow incapable of doing such a simple task . . .

It's about 9:00 p.m. now, and I doubt anything else will happen tonight so I will sign off for now. I look forward to our next call. Take care everyone and may God bless!

## **February 3, 2012**

They are driving me crazy with the red tape. Allow me to cover my day so far:

**6:30 a.m.:** They asked me if I wanted rec or a shower. I asked for a shower. They stripped me and with a female officer present. (Now personally, I'm not the shy type, but having a female officer on death watch is just one more humiliation.) Any-hoo; as I came out the nurse was there to take my vitals, (128/82 and the scale said, "I thought I told you to GET OFF! 228 lbs."). They also took my temperature and pulse; Don't know what they were.

So I take a shower with the generic soap and shampoo they provide. I asked about conditioner; there is none. Now they *say* we are on "indigent status" and can have access to "indigent supplies." Apparently that doesn't cover everything. So after my shower, I asked for a

palm brush; no. Asked for a comb; there isn't one. I was told they could try to find a 4-inch comb. Really? I'm going to comb out my hair with a 4-inch comb and no conditioner? So I told them I could just use the clippers and shave my head. No big deal to me: If I can't take care of my hair properly, I'd rather shave it. I usually do for the summer. Well, now that's a huge production and the officer said he'd be by later to pull me out to shave my head.

Approximately 9:00 a.m. or so, the psych doctor came in and asked me if I was all right. I told him I was all good and sent him on his way.

Approximately 11:00 a.m., the assistant deputy warden woke me up with, "I heard you wanted to shave your head." (I guess the COs made it sound like I was flipping out when I was completely calm. Long hair, bald; I'm fine with either.) So I told him the situation and he asked me if I had conditioner in my property, I told him I did, so he said to fill out a "request for authorization" for it, and they would process it through, and that it shouldn't be a problem . . . It's just going to be after Monday before I get it. Really? All of that for stuff that should be automatic?

Right after he walked away, the deputy warden was there with the same concern: Me wanting to shave my head. Bizarre.

**12:00 Noon:** The property sergeant brought me a new pair of ear buds. She also told me she found the new reading glasses that I ordered from the store two weeks ago, but they were going to have to get approval for them, and again, no sooner than Monday. I cannot read without them. I want to make a stink about it, but I know if I do *all* of my requested items will be denied.

The issue with the ear buds is simple: From the TV to the bunk is just over 10 feet. The ear buds extension reaches six feet maybe eight feet with the earbuds. The point is, you can stand to watch TV, sit on the floor next to the toilet to watch TV, sit on the toilet, or if you are



careful not to lean back or move too much, you can sit on the stool at the table. But you cannot recline or sit on the only thing with a cushion; the bunk, and watch TV.

The feeling of complete helplessness and hopelessness grows by the hour because of the way all of this is done. Every time you want to blow your nose, or go to the bathroom you have to ask for toilet paper. *Everything* is like that, so you have to ask for *everything*, when these things are basic needs and functions.

**3:00 p.m.:** The psych nurse just came with the same questions: Are you suicidal? Homicidal? Anything you want to talk about?

Just after she left I received your most welcome call. But even that has changed. They now bring the phone to the cell, which means not only can they hear our conversation, but so can six other inmates!

## **February 4, 2012**

**6:45 a.m.:** Awoke about an hour ago, and of course, at 6:30 the nurse came to take my vitals: 128/42, 225. That's a loss of 6 pounds in two days. Weird. Not feeling too good. I think I will sleep.

**4:30 p.m.:** Well, I ate dinner, brushed my teeth and though I slept all day, I still feel exhausted. Every shift, a sergeant asks me how I'm doing. How badly I want to tell them just how absurd all of this is, but I bite my tongue as I want my coffee and reading glasses.

## **February 5, 2012**

Well, I slept through the night, sort of. I realize how much it is being interrupted. I actually feel sorry for the five guys upstairs who have to put up with all of this. The two guards (one for each, Moormann and I) constantly talk to each other, plus their radio is loud enough to wake you up every time someone talks, which is constant. Then the tower officer often comes over the

speaker to talk to the two floor officers. It doesn't matter if it's 2:00 a.m. or 2:00 p.m. They are constantly talking, each shift getting visits from sergeants. It's a never-ending noise that can't be escaped.

If only the public knew how much money and resources are being used for these ridiculous 35-day watches. It's just all so unnecessary. Oh, one more thing before I go: Talk about crazy: You are allowed one book. Okay, I got Jodi's novel, which I will read as soon as I get my glasses. Well, I asked for my dictionary. Now, in normal times, your dictionary never counts against your 10-book limit. Not here! I could have either a novel or my dictionary.

Oh, and of course, I had a visit with the nurse: my vitals continue to get better, 118/82 and stable at 225 pounds, (though I wouldn't mind if I lost more there). No way can I work out without my knee braces, shoes, ankle sleeves--all the things my busted old body needs. Oh, and motivation; don't have that either to be honest.

Approximately 11:30 a.m., I was brought my heating pad, photo album, a second Bible, and a pair of my prescription glasses. (So I still can't read. They just grabbed the first pair they saw despite me telling them they were brand new and still being processed.)

**1:15 p.m.:** I am stripped out, dressed and taken to visit in cuffs, shackles and the usual escort. They closed visitation to everyone but my son, and the officer sitting on his side, and the officer sitting in the cell next to mine. Oh, and earlier they brought me my bed wedge and watch as well.

**4:00 p.m.:** I return to my cell. I'm given my "Super Bowl sack dinner" and the psych nurse comes by in the middle of dinner to ask me the same three questions.

I watched the Super Bowl, giving the officers play by play commentary, now I'm going to sleep.

## **February 6, 2012**

I'm all right. Beginning to adjust, though it is crazy that it's already the 6<sup>th</sup>. Time is moving way too fast! Any-hoo; on to my daily log:

**6:45 a.m.:** The nurse came in for my vitals. I never can catch my pulse or temp: but my weight was 223 and my B.P. was 118/88. Not too bad. I was then led to the shower and was given soap, shampoo and, for the first time since coming here, a razor. As soon as I was finished, they put me back in my cell with all new stuff. Did I mention that? Every day you are given new bedding, towels, wash cloths, boxers, t-shirt and jump suit. Oh, and shower shoes and deck shoes and socks.

**8:30 a.m.:** Spoke to a correctional officer. He took all of the paperwork for disposition of body, property, last meal, witnesses and such. I made sure to mark "no choice" on gas or lethal injection.

Also, the nurse came by with my meds. It still cracks me up that the meds I've been getting as a monthly supply, I now get as "watch-swallow." Bizarre!

**9:40 a.m.:** Officer just brought my new reading glasses! Woo-hoo!! I can see again! Now I just have to get my eyes to adjust!

I was also just informed that I have a 10:15 a.m. legal call. This day just keeps getting better! Moormann is out for a legal call right now, so maybe you'll have good news on Martinez [a U.S. Supreme Court Case that might have affected Towery]. I know, I know, it's wishful thinking. I'm just trying to stay positive. As far as I know they haven't put anyone in my old cell, so I would move right back into the pod I would want to be in.

**10:00 a.m.:** I was stripped out and taken to the dry cell. So there doesn't seem to be a set place to take the calls.

**11:00 a.m.:** Back in my cell. The correctional officer brought me the typed version of all the forms I mentioned earlier. I guess they just wanted typed versions.

**12:29 p.m.:** The deputy warden and assistant deputy warden just came in to “talk.” They are talking to Moormann now. I can only assume I’m next. Yep, general “How you doing?” He just told me they will *consider* giving me my store items, sketch pad, radio and such on Thursday. What in the world is there to “review”? Oh well, it’s their little fiefdom, and I just have to play along, bite my tongue and remember that the clemency board will hear about my actions, so the word of the day is “Acceptance”!

**1:30 p.m.:** The psych came to my cell and asked me the same questions as always: Am I feeling suicidal? Homicidal? Do I want to talk about anything? Yeesh!

**4:00 p.m.:** They just fed us dinner. As usual, it’s a supervisor who comes in with our trays.

I’m going to sign off for tonight as I figure nothing of note will happen between now and 6:30 a.m., other than the constant chatter and squawk of the radio.

## **February 7, 2012**

As always, I pray this letter/log finds yourself and the rest of the office doing fantastic! As for myself? I’m doing just fine. So, let us cover today’s events.

**6:15 a.m.:** The nurse came in to take my vitals--as always, the only two I seem to remember are weight 225 and BP 138/88--after which they swapped out everything in my cell. I went back in and sat down to some TV.

One of the things I’ve been meaning to question is there are no mirrors. On the other side, or, I should say, in normal cells, there are steel mirrors bolted above the sink, and in the shower. There are none here. They have been removed, but for the life of me, I cannot figure out why.

**10:30 a.m.:** They show up at my door, strip me out, and then I do the naked dance, after which I dress. I'm cuffed behind my back, the door is opened and shackles are put on. I truly hate the feeling of them. It takes me right back to Louisiana Training Institute, where I had to wear them literally 24 hours a day, even in the shower or when I slept, for 90 days! Any-hoo, they take me to South visit. Again, I find it weird that now that I have to wear shackles. All of my visits are now on the South side, which means I have to walk twice as far. Coincidence or some sadistic joke? Who knows?

**11:25 a.m.:** The deputy warden and assistant deputy warden come through, ask me how I'm doing. How was my visit? Who came? Did I enjoy my visit with my son? For years we waited for a deputy warden or assistant deputy warden to come into the pod so we could talk about whatever issues we had. Now, they come through daily, as if they really care how my visit went. I cannot read the heart of a man, but it does seem dubious.

The correctional officer last night was so noisy he awoke me probably as many as ten times. Luckily, I'm one of those people who identifies a noise, and if there is no threat, I fall right back to sleep; But what about the five guys upstairs? Why should they be subjected to all of this commotion? I would hate having correctional officers in my pod 24/7, especially as loud as these guys are. At times there are as many as nine, sitting and joking around the long folding conference table that is in front of my cell.

They brought the phone to my cell for the legal call. Now, in all fairness, they have said on many occasions that it is up to me. I can go out to the dry cell for the call, or they can bring the phone to me. Honestly, as far as "privacy" goes, it doesn't matter, as either way there is a correctional officer within 10 feet. Sure, they have to work harder if I go to the dry cell. They have to get a supervisor, cameraman, etc, etc. But so too, I have to do more of the humiliating

stuff. Strip naked, do the naked dance and get shackles on to walk approximately 100 feet!

**3:00 p.m.:** The sergeant asks us if we are ready to eat. The answer is, of course, yes. But I also know feeding Bob and me an hour and a half early isn't for us; It's so the sergeant doesn't have to come back.

The rest of the day went quietly except for the daily visit from the psych. Oh; I noticed something else tonight: Every piece of mail is logged in. They write down who, and I think where, it is from. I don't care. It's just another little weirdness. When I get up and go to the bathroom, they write it down! I'm *so* glad I'm such a germaphobe, as I constantly wash my hands. I could just see it: "Inmate Smith went to the bathroom, and without washing his hands began eating his sandwich. Yuck!" Ha! You won't see any entries like that on my log!

I guess that will be all for tonight.

## **February 8, 2012**

**6:15 a.m.:** We got stripped, naked dance, clothing and bedding swapped out. Vitals, :118/82, 223 pounds. And back in the cell.

I have to apologize as I neglected to take notes today on times. Oddly enough, it was exactly the same, save for 15 minutes here and there, as the day before with one exception. A correctional officer came in, and just on a lark I said to her, "You know, I'm running out of time for the next fundraiser!" [Prison allows different groups to sell items to prisoners at a premium.] I was the guy always asking her when the next fundraiser would be. Anyway, her face sunk and she looked in her hands. She had the slips for the next fundraiser. Burritos, \$8.00 each, and you can order two. Believe me, we've had them once before and they are worth every penny! Anyhoo, she said she didn't even know if we'd be allowed to participate; and when she looked at when they would be delivered, it only said "Beginning of March. She looked at Bob and said

“Sorry.” She is going to see if I can participate, and try to find out the exact day for delivery. I told her (knowing already there are no refunds) if allowed, I would order one, and if it arrived after the 7<sup>th</sup>, oh well, it’s for charity anyway. I guess that will be all for now. I promise to be better with my notes tomorrow. Goodnight.

## **February 9, 2012**

**6:30 a.m.:** The nurse came and did my vitals, and of course they did their cell search and exchange. Then they fed us. My weight was 223 pounds and BP was 108/90.

Woo-hoo! It’s Thursday! Come on: It’s only 7:09 a.m. right now, and yet I still look to the pod door every time it opens, hoping to see them walk in with a brown box in their hands! So pathetic; I’m reduced to a kid waiting for Santa. Sad: I’m beholden to the same man who is taking part in my murder and who is greatly responsible for how miserable my surroundings are right now. I should hate him--all of them; But I can’t. I actually feel sorry for them that their job makes them do all manner of despicable things. It’s such a surreal world I’m in right now.

**10:46 a.m.:** They just came got me for my legal visit; and of course it was the usual routine: Strip out, do the naked dance, get dressed, cuffs and shackles, then the walk across the quad. Now I’m sitting here in visitation, and I can see they brought up the box that should have my divorce documents in it.

Oh, right on top of the box it says, “Items to be destroyed if executed.” I know that’s what it is, but nice.

## **February 9, 2012**

Right now I am frustrated. Right now I am angry, and yet I’m biting my tongue. As I write this, it is 6:10 p.m. At approximately 4:00 p.m., the deputy warden and assistant deputy warden came in and told me they were working on getting my stuff. Then, about a half hour later, someone

came and asked me what kind of store items did I want to order? What? I explained to her that I didn't need to "order" anything, that I already had everything sitting in property. Then she asked me what all it was! My memory, and she wants me to tell her on the spot what I have! I did the best I could, but of course, as soon as she left, I remembered several other items! But that's not the point. Right there on my request I put down that all of the commissary items had already been purchased; and yet here we are, eight days later and they are still screwing around, and now that it is 6:20 p.m.; I know she is gone, the deputy warden and assistant deputy warden are gone, and another of my precious few days goes by while they screw around over stuff that was requested three weeks ago! I also just had the psych come and ask me the same stupid questions, and was there anything I wanted to talk about? Yeah! The incompetence and incredibly inconsiderate nature of the administration! Of course, I bit my tongue and said no. I'm sorry; I'm really feeling it right now, and I don't want the correctional officers to "log" it, so I grabbed my pad . . . I'm sorry for venting, whining and complaining, but if someone tells me, after the last 20 years mind you, "Let's see how you behave for a week," who holds *their* behavior accountable?

**10:00 p.m.:** Well, I just had a strange visitor. A nurse came by and spoke to Bob for about 15 minutes, and then she came and talked to me. She had a form that she was filling out. But what was weird was that it seemed half medical" and half psych. It must be something new, as she did Bob too. But who knows. The questions were like, what kind of medications do I take? to how my day was (Bad timing. I mostly bit my tongue) to family background. Odd. Oh well; I guess that's all for tonight. Oh, I nearly forgot: While at a visit yesterday, one of the officers either tripped over the earbud extension, or the door caught it; but now only one ear works, and that one shorts outs. I notified them and they said they will see what they can do.



## **February 10, 2012**

**8:35 a.m.:** Busy morning so far. The nurse was running late so we got our shower, clothing and bedding exchange done, and just as I was sitting down to my bowl of rice crispies, the nurse comes in for vitals: 222 pounds and 110/80. Not too shabby for BP after yesterday. I really think it helped a lot sitting down and venting! Thank you!!

I think my mood was greatly helped also by the wonderful letter I got from [name deleted] last night!

Also someone went and got my personal ear bud extension from property about an hour ago, so I can once again put in my ear buds and drown out all the chatter with the TV. I'm all better now! I can't wait for my call today, and even more, I can't wait to see [name deleted] on Tuesday to show them [name deleted]'s letter!

**11:30 a.m.:** The deputy warden and assistant deputy warden made their daily walk. He told me they are still trying to get my stuff approved, but that it should be today. I sure hope that is the case. Oh; also at 10:00 a.m., the psych came through with his usual questions.

**9:00 p.m.:** A correctional officer came in with the "memo". They have approved most of the items in my food box (the only ones they didn't approve are the ones I forgot when the other correctional officer asked me to name everything on the spot), my sketch pad, and colored pencils. Now it's just a matter of getting it.

## **February 11, 2012**

**5:47 a.m.:** I woke up about an hour ago again, and decided to just get up. The two officers talked all night, albeit in hushed tones, actually trying to be respectful; But still, when you are about ten feet away, even hushed tones will wake you. I'm not complaining about these guys, as they honestly tried to be as quiet as possible; It's the way they have set this up. The whole thing

is designed improperly.

I also found out yesterday that they aren't treating Bob and I the same on death watch. See, I figured he had to wait seven days (which are nine now), also. But I asked Bob, and he said he got his stuff very quickly, We even had the correctional officer check the log, and this is what I discovered: they brought Bob Moormann to death watch on January 25; He was given his already purchased store items on January 27, and he was given approval to purchase items from the store on the February 1. Why did I have to wait? Why am I *still* without my purchased commissary? I will be telling you all of this when we speak in about four hours; I'm sorry for repeating.

**6:29 a.m.:** They just finished taking my vitals. 222 lbs and 138/90 and of course they swapped out all my clothing and bedding. I mentioned to the correctional officer that they brought the memo for my approved items at 9:00 p.m., and after having me repeat the time, even he raised his eyebrows at the oddity. He then said, even though it's Saturday, we're going to see about getting your stuff. He spoke to the floor officer, and after showers he's going to go try to get into property to get the stuff! Woo-hoo COFFEE!

**11:00 a.m.:** I just got off the phone with you, and I got the news I was not wanting to hear. They are unable to get into the property room. Maybe tomorrow they can get in there. I also just tried to call my sister. The computer says I've exceeded my call limit for the week. Of course, this is not true; it's a computer glitch, and it happens to us every now and then. Even though it's not pod two's call day tomorrow, the officer says he will see if he can get a phone for me. I tell ya: These guys on death watch really are doing their best to be kind.

## **February 12, 2012**

**4:30 a.m.:** Well, a sergeant just came in and woke me up by carrying on a conversation with the

two officers. Again, he wasn't intentionally being loud, he was speaking in a normal volume for everyday conversation, but he was in a room with seven sleeping men! Even his two officers were speaking in hushed tones; You would think he would pick up on it, but no. So I got up, squared my bit, and began my daily pacing while I read my Bible.

**5:00 a.m.:** Oh my gosh! Now a nurse is in here. Bob was feeling a bit out of it (his blood sugar), so she came in to check. He is speaking in ultra-hushed tones, and she is practically yelling, "What, I can't hear you, Mr. Moormann, I'm really hard of hearing!" It made it hard to concentrate on what I was reading, because I kept thinking about the sleeping men. Now, I realize, having lived around guys who have serious hearing impairments, that they can't help it. They have no concept of volume control. It's not her fault. The same might be said of the sergeant. But the way this is set up is the problem. Riddle me this: Why, when you have two cameras that are pointed directly into the cell, do you need two officers sitting right there? Why not post those two officers in front of two monitors outside the pod? The effect would be the same, and while we might have to wait for the hourly walks to get coffee or a channel change or whatever, it would still be far more reasonable and better for everyone concerned, especially the guys upstairs! Imagine how much that must suck. You are already stressed about your own fate, and to be forced time and time again to experience the last 35 days, albeit vicariously. That would rate a ten on the SUCK-O-METER!

It's like they say you can't get a NASCAR driver to step foot into a hospital unless they are taken there in an ambulance or hurt. They just don't want to think about what might happen. So too, it must be horrible for the guys upstairs. I don't personally know any of them; But like day before yesterday, all were coordinating phone times, and I said, "I could use it in the morning sometime if there's an open slot." It's their house, I'm a visitor, but one of the guys

said: “Hey, ya’ll come first, ask for it whenever you need it!” People think we were are nothing but animals, when that truly isn’t the case. In fact, I have to say, I see more open respect shown to people in prison then I ever saw on the streets. True, disrespect could get you hurt, but not in here. Everyone is locked down, and yet it continues.

Look at Bob. As I was saying on the phone, Bob is one of the meekest, polite and quiet men I have ever met. I truly believe they are committing a crime against nature if they execute him. He doesn’t get this. Sure, he knows right from wrong. He knows they are going to kill him; he knows he committed a horrific crime. Sure. But he knows these things as a child would. I’m not a doctor, but I can tell you from knowing Bob for nearly 20 years now—this is the second time I have lived in a pod with him—that he doesn’t really get it, He is guilty, no doubt, but there is no way he is culpable. What I mean is, he should have been in a hospital from the very beginning. His stepmother and what she did to him broke him in a way that made a man-child. I liken him to Lenny. Remember the old book and movie *Of Mice and Men*? That’s Bob! He’s like Lenny who killed the rabbit by hugging it too hard. How can they execute someone like that? If any judges--hell, I bet if Justice Scalia came and spent an hour talking with Bob--they would realize what a horrific mistake they are about to make. But our system is designed so that advocates speak for us. That “experts” come in and say things like “Mr. Moormann is two points over the legal threshold for IQ, so we can execute him.” And I believe in our justice system--as a whole, though I’ve learned how broken the capital punishment part is. I think it is the best system out there. But still, men like Bob fall through the cracks. And that is truly sad! Well, the nurse is here, time to do my naked dance . . . I joke because it’s so humiliating! Anyhoo.

**6:33 a.m.:** My weight: 221, officially 10 pounds lost since coming here on the 2<sup>nd</sup>. My B.P. was

138/80. I have a phone call at 10:15 and a visit at 11:00. Woo-hoo! Today is going to be a great day!

**1:33 p.m.:** Well, I had a great conversation, but my visit was a no show. Myself and an officer sat there the entire time and had a decent chat. As to my visitors, they were going to meet down in Florence, I guess, and then come in together, but the times got all messed up. I'm thankful to the staff here, because they called to find out if they were just running late or what; So, at least I know what happened and won't be worried about an accident or whatever. Again; the general staff are really going out of their way to make this as easy--or maybe less stressful-- as possible.

Also, on the way back, a correctional officer spoke to the lieutenant, and he went right into property and got my food box. I doubt I will lose any more weight! I'm chomping on some trail mix right now!

**1:55 p.m.:** Even though its' not Pod Two's phone day, they let me make a call. Even though she wasn't home, I spoke to her boyfriend, and he said she and my grandbaby made it all the way to the building only to be turned around. I made sure to have him tell her I'm fine, and that I'll see her soon and not to be upset. Everyone keeps telling me how hard she's taking all of this and it breaks my heart. I feel like a true monster for putting my kids through this. When I think about what I put Mark Jones' family through 20 years ago, I'm right where I should be. I literally destroyed two families with what I did. I wish I could take it all back. I'm sorry, I know this isn't the point to these logs. I was just thinking, ya know?

**4:00 p.m.:** Dinner time. The sergeant had to feed us as usual. Chicken fajitas. Amazing how much better they tasted with some jalapeno hot sauce and a hot cup of coffee!

**5:00 p.m.:** The psych just came in asking the usual questions. I like this guy on the weekends. He isn't robotic about it like the other guy . . .

## February 13, 2012

**7:03 a.m.:** Well, I've had another night of waking up every five minutes (exaggeration, more like every 45 mins to an hour) due to a staff member, who again, I don't even think he realized, dug through his gear or spoke in hushed tones. Any-hoo, I have received my shower and clothing, bedding exchange, breakfast and had my vitals done: 221 pounds and 118/78.

A few observations: First, the water in here is not nearly as hot as on the other side. I know each pod's water temp is different, and this is certainly serviceable; but nowhere near the temp I'm used to or prefer.

Second, I've realized it's not "new" clothing every day. These were new and some nearly new, but I think they may have put together say four "sets" of exchanges, and just swap them out.

Third: No one cleans the shower, *ever!* On the other side, we each in turn did our own part. I got the brush and whatever cleaner the corrections department concocted in there, and of course, pulled out all of the collected hair. One guy did the walls, another guy did the fixtures, etc, etc. Well, it's just Bob and I who use this shower, but they don't bring in any cleaning supplies, and quite frankly, the shower is NASTY! I'm going to ask for the cleaning supplies on Wednesday. We'll see what they say.

One more observation, and for me, it's a good one!! I have not seen a single roach, water bug, scorpion, stink beetle or spider! Woo-hoo! Over on the other side I lived next to the rec pen, and I went on Safari daily!

**8:50 a.m.:** I was just brought the hair trimmers, but a little background is required. The first shower I had after arriving on watch, I was given a disposable razor just like always. Later that day, when the deputy warden was reviewing the logs he said we were no longer allowed to get

disposable razors. He said we could have access to our personal electric razor if we had one. I do, but all I've used it for in years is the trimmer for my moustache. The shave heads are dulled to the point of ripping out the hair. Or, we would be given the clippers. I hadn't shaved since. Until now. A correctional officer showed up at my door with a large electric hair trimmer and asked if I wanted to shave. It wasn't meant as a question. They were the big 8-inch trimmers with a OOOOO head on them! There is NO way to shave with this! It's a solid blade, 2 ½ to three inches across. It just won't go around the curves of a face. I know this; But I comply . . . Sure enough, it's a patchwork. I look like a chemo patient's facial hair. So, I told him to bring my personal as I'd rather use uber-dull heads than try that hot mess again! I still don't have my palm brush or conditioner, so we'll see how long it takes to get the Norelco . . .

**3:16 p.m.:** The psych came in a while ago with the usual questions. I don't much care for this woman, as she seems robotic and is pleased when I tell her I have nothing to talk about. Also, the deputy warden and the assistant deputy warden just left. They made note that I had received my items as if they done me some huge favor in record time. I played along by thanking them, but bring up that I still don't have conditioner or a brush. I sound like all I do is complain, My days are reduced to being treated like a red-headed step-child. The ones who can actually do something, actually help, or effect change can't wait to get out of the pod while the correctional officers who actually seem to care but have no power, can't change a thing. They're only slightly higher on the ADOC ladder than I, and sit there shaking their heads after the deputy warden leaves.

## **February 14, 2012**

**7:27 a.m.:** This morning I was awakened at 4:30 a.m. by the nurse doing a medical check on Bob. Otherwise, it was a great night! It was pretty warm, so the same correctional officer who

usually digs in his rucksack all night turned on the fan that they have and just happened to place it to where it was sweet white noise all night long!

At 6:30 a.m., the nurse came in and did my vitals: 222 pounds and 118/88. I'm all geared for my four hours of visits today! I will have to sneak a bathroom break in there somewhere. In any case; I'm going to sign off for now. That way I can turn these pages over to ya'll at visit.

## **February 15, 2012**

**7:45 a.m.:** Well, first let me apologize for being lax yesterday. After the visits and phone call I was emotionally drained and hungry, since all I had to eat was a 90-calorie breakfast bar. So I know we were having hot dogs for dinner, which, while one of my favorites, there just isn't much there, so I added to it a Chili top ramen soup with a pouch of wet chili poured on top of that and had a MEAL! Then I laid down and passed out. At some point the psych came in, asked the usual questions, to which I replied, bleary eyed, with grunts.

In any case, I tried a new one this morning: I asked when the shower got cleaned and by whom. The correctional officer said he would see that they were cleaned on Friday, to which I said, "Today is Friday, and if you'll give me the supplies, I'll do it right now, as I was in the shower. And he got them. I would say I was the first to clean that shower in months; but it's clean now! And I'm going to continue to ask for the supplies and see if different officers allow access to the brush and dryer. Later I realized it was Wednesday.

Of course they swapped out clothing and bedding. Oh, we thought they swapped out mattresses every day. They don't, and I'm glad! This is the newest mattress I've seen in a decade.



**8:12 a.m.:** Okay, this is funny: Exactly who is watching whom? I'm sitting here watching the news, and I happen to glance up to see both correctional officers with their chins on their chests and their eyes closed! Good for them! Second to the stress I feel, my family feels and of course the stress ya'll feel; I'm sure this has to be stressful to them too, So a moment's relaxation is well earned, well deserved. I also enjoy the irony.

**12:30 p.m.:** The psych came through. We had a decent chat. I was so happy about [name deleted]'s news, that I said I was having a fantastic morning. He asked why, and I couldn't help myself!

**4:15 p.m.:** Just finished dinner. We call it "starfish patty," but even then I think we are being too kind. Anyway, something of note: No deputy warden, no assistant deputy warden! See, I wonder if they were so offended that I didn't even acknowledge them yesterday when they came in during our call that they've decided not to come back! We can only hope.

## **February 16, 2012**

**6:45 a.m.:** Good morning! I was awakened by the nurse at 4:30 a.m. as she took care of Bob. No problem, it was time to get up anyway. At 6:15 I was seen for vitals and the usual swap out. This morning I was 223 pounds and my BP was 122/78. I'm turning in my book to receive a different one from property.

Oh, I nearly forgot; Yesterday, when a corrections employee brought in the phone for my legal call, I spoke to her about the palm brush and conditioner, and she said they are still working on it.

**8:50 a.m.:** Something is wrong with Bob. He told the nurse this morning that he had problems sleeping last night; and then he was throwing up and barely responsive. They took him to

Medical in a wheelchair, and the officer went in and cleaned up his cell.

**10:14 a.m.:** It just came over the radio; Bob is leaving the unit to go to the hospital. As far as I know, it is by ground transport. They just came and got his jump suit and shower shoes from his cell and the correctional officer said he is talking, so, that's a good sign.

**11:00 a.m.:** The ambulance with Bob just left the gate!!

## **February 17, 2012**

Feeling much better today than I have the last couple of days, that's for sure! I've had a really nasty head cold, and I was really stressed out over Bob, writing the letter for him, as well as working on my outline. So, I hope you will forgive me for the abbreviated versions of the last couple of days . . .

**6:15 a.m.:** The nurse came in and took my vitals as usual: 222 pounds, 148/88. I guess I am a bit stressed over Bob.

**9:50 a.m.:** The psych came in and we talked for a while about the appeals process. (The process, not my appeal.) And, of course, he asked me if I felt suicidal or homicidal.

**3:49 p.m.:** The assistant deputy warden came in alone, first time without the deputy warden. He didn't stay long, and he really didn't talk to us. He basically signed in the logs and split. Oh, he did say "we sent that up yesterday," when I asked him about my conditioner and palm brush. Really? They sent it up yesterday?

The rest of the night was fairly uneventful, save for my cold. They did Bring Bob back at 7:05 p.m. They kinda pissed me off. He came back cuffed, of course, but in shackles and walking! They could have wheeled him back in wheel chair. They took him out in one! That's a

long walk from medical for me. I can only imagine for him!

## **February 18, 2012**

**6:20 a.m.:** The nurse just came in and took my vitals 118/78 and 222 pounds--a bit better on the BP- but he asked me if I were sick and if there was anything he could do. I told him it was just a runny-nose head cold; So he said he would start sending me some medicine and some lotion; my nose is super red and tender from blowing it every 30 seconds with this rough toilet paper. I received both starting at 9:00 a.m., when the day nurse brought in my daily meds. Then I passed out.

## **February 19, 2012**

**6:30 a.m.:** The nurse came through to do my vitals: 118/86, 219 pounds. I'm feeling tons better and have a busy day. A couple of things of note: The laundry mistakenly sent back dirty clothing and bedding. They were going to end up short over the weekend, so I told them I would skip the exchange for today. I can go an extra day, and that way they have enough to get through the long weekend.

I have my call with you at 10:15; very much looking forward to that, as I was really upset that [U.S. District] Judge [Roslyn] Silver sent the lawsuit back to [Judge Neil] Wake. Oh, and I also have a visit for 11:00 a.m.. No idea with whom . . .

**9:40 a.m.:** Four correctional officers and the lieutenant sitting around the table, and once again I am reminded of the "Last Supper."

## **February 20, 2012**

**6:30 a.m.:** Well, the nurse just woke me up to take my vitals: 120/80 and 219 pounds. I can't

believe I slept all afternoon and all night. I guess my visit yesterday wore me out. That, and the cold . . .

Today has been really quiet. : I had a really nice chat! Then they took Bob out for a legal visit at 1:00 p.m.

**1:55 p.m.:** A correctional officer just came in and asked how I was. I guess since today is a holiday, he is making the rounds for the wardens.

**4:16 p.m.:** They just brought Bob back in a wheelchair. He's been up at medical the last two hours, but I don't have any details yet. What annoys me is that he can barely walk or respond, and still they make him come to the front of his cell after they close the door to remove his restraints! Really? Two correctional officers, one very large sergeant and a lieutenant and they couldn't remove his restraints while they were in his house? I get it that there are rules, but there is also common sense!

## **February 21, 2012**

I can't seem to get the letter for Bob, nor my clemency outline written. I know Bob's time is short with his hearing on Friday. I just have to find the motivation.

**6:30 a.m.:** They came in for the usual, though today was not a usual. There was no exchange. So they just had the nurse do our vitals and then back to our cells. BP 120/88 and 222 pounds.

I came back from my legal visit feeling pretty good about the letter for Bob. I was also ready for my afternoon visit with the Bishop.

**2:00 p.m.:** They just showed up to pull Bob, and I am an hour early for our visit. They took Bob out first, and the officer told me to get dressed right in front of the sergeant. A few moments

later the sergeant and the escort came back and told me to strip! The officer told him he said to get dressed, the sergeant said, “ I heard,” but he still made me strip out. Even then, the sergeant went to the extreme. It wasn’t the usual naked dance, but the whole “squat and cough.” Now, though that is rare, I have always just refused whatever. If I was going to rec and I was told to squat and cough, I would at that point refuse my rec. There is just so much humiliation I’m willing to take. But this visit was just too important and in the end, I’m glad I swallowed my pride and went.

## **February 22, 2012**

**6:15 a.m.:** The nurse came in for our vitals. I had mine first: 118/88, 219 pounds. After my shower, back in my cell, and they pulled Bob out. He did not look good.

**1:30 p.m.:** The deputy warden came in alone, and I thanked him for his part in yesterday’s visit, then I brought up to him that I thought the guys upstairs have to put up with a lot while people are on watches. I even suggested double-portion trays. It seems fair to me for all they go through. He just looked at me as if I were crazy.

**2:14 p.m.:** Bob is having problems breathing again. The nurse came and talked to him immediately.

**2:24 p.m.:** Medical is here talking to Bob. He is really stressing out. The lawyers on his case asked him to write his questions down and to start getting ready. Well, it’s freaking him out. The nurse stayed and talked with him for about half an hour. I believe it helped.

**5:42 p.m.:** The assistant deputy warden just came in and told Bob he has a legal visit at 4:00 p.m. tomorrow, and he also had a notice for him to sign. Apparently, they notified him of the three drugs they are going to use and had him sign. [Ultimately, they only used one drug in the

execution, pentobarbital, because the supply of one of the other drugs in the three-drug protocol had passed its expiration date.]

**6:40 p.m.:** Bob called to me and asked me what ya'll had to say from today's hearing. I let him know we figured about right as to Judge Wake's position. But I told him that if Wake rules tonight or tomorrow against us, that we will appeal to the [9<sup>th</sup> U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals] He asked me, "Then who will give a stay?" I told him it would be up to the 9<sup>th</sup>. He said, "Yeah, but what judge will give me a stay?" and I told him we would have a three-judge panel, most likely, and that they would rule on the injunction. He said "OK; you know I don't understand this legal stuff, I'm sorry I bothered you," I told him it was no bother, and he could call me any time! He's so lost.

## **February 23, 2012**

At 6:30, as usual, they came in taking our vitals and doing the exchange. Mine were 118/86 and 220 pounds. The only other activity so far has been just now (8:00 a.m.). They pulled Bob out for medical.

**8:30 a.m.:** They just brought Bob back. I guess it was just a follow up to his trip to the hospital.

## **February 24, 2012**

It's going to be a long day. I'm seriously thinking of sleeping through it. That way I'm not looking at the clock every two minutes.

**4:30 a.m.:** They came in like always to do Bob's check. But then they came back at about 5:00. I'm not sure why, but the nurse is whispering, maybe just checking on him. They also did his vitals and shower early.

**5:30 a.m.:** Six officers came in and stripped Bob out and gave him a special jump suit to wear. Then they took him out.

**6:25 a.m.:** I just got back from my shower and exchange. My vitals: 116/88 and 218 pounds. So, I continue to lose weight and my BP is different every day. Interesting.

**4:00 p.m.:** They just brought Bob back, but he was only here for a moment before they took him to his legal visit. He stepped in front of my cell just long enough to shake his head and to thank me for my letter. Too bad they couldn't see what I do.

**5:00 p.m.:** Bob is back. He didn't say much, just went to sleep; I think I will do the same, though I will tell you, one of the correctional officers who was there told me it was a joke on the part of the state. He couldn't believe how unprofessional the [clemency] panel was. It's a sad commentary when even the correctional officers find the whole process to be a parody of justice. [The clemency board denied commutation for Moormann.]

## **February 25, 2012**

**6:30 a.m.:** As usual, it was vitals and swap out of exchange. Vitals were 116/90 and 218 pounds.

## **February 26, 2012**

**6:19 a.m.:** I just had my exchange and vitals--122/86 and 221 pound--and ate breakfast. Feeling good this morning. Spoke to Bob a bit last night. He seems better. I'm surprised, but happy for him!

**12:15 p.m.:** The psych is talking to Bob right now. I will be next. He said this is his last day. He is the one who actually talks to us, and isn't robotic; of course the Department of Corrections

would replace him!!

I really enjoyed our call today, and again, I have complete faith in ya'll, and so whatever you and the team decide, I will flow with it. I really do appreciate you explaining everything and our strategy to me!

## **February 27, 2012**

**6:09 a.m.:** WORST NIGHT YET! They had a fairly young correctional officer watching me who talked at normal volume *all night*. He kept his radio fairly loud until the umpteenth time it woke me up, and I finally said something at 2:37 a.m. He turned down the radio, but continued to talk!

Now; they just did shift change, and we have a female on watch, which I think is completely inappropriate! I don't have any issue with women working the prison, or anywhere generally, but, in a situation like this where you can't go to the bathroom without someone being 10 feet away staring at you, it's just not right. I would actually love to just sleep through this shift, but unfortunately (or fortunately as the case may be) The Daytona 500 was postponed until 10:00 a.m. this morning.

**6:30 p.m.:** Received my exchange, shower, vitals and breakfast. The vitals were 118/70 and 220 pounds. Oh, the race is postponed until 7:00 p.m., so I can sleep through this shift.

**5:38 p.m.:** The sergeant just came in with the new form notifying Bob that the protocol has been changed to a single drug.

## **February 28, 2012**

**7:11 a.m.:** I just got back in my cell. They came in this morning for the usual exchange, but they



also gave Bob and I showers! Woo-hoo! I'm guessing it's because of Bob's execution being tomorrow, so this was probably his last shower, still, it was nice and being able to use my conditioner and brush: ahh! Oh, my vitals were 118/88 and 223 pounds.

One of the officers last night had a cold. I was just thinking how much it would suck if you get sick just before your execution; to be strapped down coughing and sneezing with no way to blow, or even wipe your nose!

There is something I have been reluctant to talk about because it's embarrassing. Well, if this is to be an accurate account about the way this death watch affects you, I guess I have to just suck it up, huh?

Apparently, there is a true effect on your bowels. Being here makes you constipated really bad. At first, I just thought it was my discomfort with going in front of the staff; But after several days, I finally had a quiet discussion with the male nurse I've known for years. He told me it has happened to everyone. So much so that they were authorized to give us a laxative upon request. It's obviously psychological. It's one thing when you're at the gym, in the military or prison and there is a line of toilets. Everyone is there doing the same thing. But to sit on the toilet with one or two people 10' feet away AND a camera that's not only a line feed, but recorded too, and everyone is just staring at you. Then, knowing it's entered into the log! It's *really* uncomfortable. When it causes physiological changes and physical discomfort to the point of requesting medication, I think it crosses over to being abusive or torturous; though on a slight scale; But still . . .

**10:40 p.m.:** I just got back to my cell, so I wanted to give you the time before I forgot or passed out. No telling which will happen first, as exhausted as I am, I have a feeling I'm to find it hard

to sleep. Any-hoo...

They brought me back to my cell once Bob was finished eating, about 8:15. Then they stripped me out again and took me to the briefing room holding cell at 9:30 p.m., and I just got back.

Bob is gone. May God forgive them.

### **March 1, 2012**

**6:52 a.m.:** Well, I just finished my exchange and vitals: 108/80, 220 pounds. The sergeant asked me what happened with Bob, and of course I told him I wasn't here when they took Bob out. He said that apparently Bob started freaking out and made himself sick. I think (I pray) his system just wasn't used to the food and two pints of ice cream.

Also, something new: Last night, when I was coming back from my visit, they started something new. They used a set of cuffs that had what I can only describe as an anchor attached to it. I had the shackles as usual, but the cuffs had a heavy chain on them that was approximately 4 inches long. At the end of it was a metal structure about a foot tall that the sergeant carried. It's stupid and insulting and infuriating. I'M NOT A DOG TO BE PUT ON A LEASH! But oh well, I've got too much to worry about, know what I mean?

### **March 2, 2012:**

The day has started pretty much in line with my luck, I finally fell asleep about 12:00 or 12:15 a.m., but I kept waking up, not to any noise, not like I would normally do--open my eyes, identify whatever woke me up, and then go back to sleep. So, last night I would sit bolt upright, thinking it was morning. I would look at my watch and it was 1:33, and 2:30 a.m. Then, at 4:15

a.m. the officers woke me up. For whatever reason, they were told to get me up and give me my shower. They didn't know how to do *anything*. I'm serious. They asked me, "What do we give you?" I told him that usually when I came out for my vitals or shower they do the exchange. He said they didn't know where anything was, so when they pulled me out for the shower I told them the soap and shampoo were in the cabinet. He opened it, and I told him that each of those bags contained an exchange; So they did it. But they forgot to give me socks, which I realized upon returning to my house, of course. So I told him. He went to the cabinet and pulled a pair, but they were my dirty socks from the day before (at least I think they were mine!) I'm going to try to get them exchanged, but if they pull me before graveyard leaves, I'll just wear them. The correctional officer is unsure of what to do, I don't want to make him feel bad by telling him he grabbed dirty socks. Especially since the sergeant is in here and I can tell he's nervous.

**6:15 a.m.:** The nurse just did my vitals: 219 pounds, 118/84 and they got me a clean pair of socks. There was an issue though; The sergeant, who came in with the nurse was *super*-loud, yelling to the tower and talking and laughing loud, and one of the guys upstairs asked him if he had to be so loud, and the sergeant said, "Yep, all day long." The inmate said, "How about showing a little respect." Here's the problem; under normal circumstances, this wouldn't happen, but because of this being such a hub of activity, the guys upstairs don't get a break!

**6:40 a.m.:** They are beginning to pull me out for the [clemency] hearing. Well, I don't think I've ever seen as many staff in dress uniforms and ties in my life.

The hearing went as I expected. I think ya'll hit it out of the park, and my sisters were amazing; But the board had no intention of granting clemency. But, from the bottom of my heart, I thank you!

The staff was visually upset by it all. They remained professional, but they were clearly affected. They are human after all. Upon my return, I had my visit with my sisters; and it was truly emotional.

While there are many things wrong with this whole death watch, while it is noisy, humiliating, and by nature, I would be just as wrong if I didn't stress how kind the staff here have been. Bending over backwards to accommodate all of the calls and visits. Maybe I got lucky in the staff that were approved. I'm not sure if you know that there is a list of staff who are allowed to interact with me or even come into the pod, I don't know, but the staff I got have been great!

### **March 3, 2012**

**6:30 a.m.:** My vitals and exchange: 118/78, 219 pounds. It's going to be a very busy day, so I'm going back to sleep.

At 10:15, I had a wonderful call. Then my visit, followed by a quick bathroom break and another amazing visit. It's quite a crew you have there Dale! I'm back in my cell now, and I have so much mail to answer, so I'm going to stop here. See you tomorrow. Good night.

### **March 4, 2012**

**6:30 a.m.:** This day started like all the others. My vitals were 118/78, 219 pounds. Oddly enough, this morning they didn't use shackles on me when they took me to and from my visits, but then they had shift change, and they used them to take me back.

### **March 6, 2012**

**6:44 a.m.:** Don't ask me what happened to yesterday, as I honestly don't know. I didn't realize

I had skipped it until I just sat down! But I can say it was just the same as the rest with a single exception. The assistant deputy warden said they were not able to approve [name deleted] but he did let me call her, My vitals this morning are 128/80 and 218 pounds--holding steady. I'm finding it more and more difficult to focus. My mind is racing at what seems like 10,000 things to do. I want to just shut down for a few days as I normally would, but I can't, which only adds to my anxiety.

I have several visits this morning, so it will be a good morning, so that should help! I had such a good time with my visits last night, but [name deleted] and I talked a lot about my favorite topic: FOOD!

## **March 7, 2012**

I guess this will be my last log entry, though I'm not sure how much of it I can do.

**5:45 a.m.:** They woke me up early so they could get me ready before the visit started. I had my shower. Vitals: 216 pounds. (Woo-hoo! 15 pounds. in 35 days. Stress is the best diet ever!)

My family visits started promptly at 8am.

**4:15 p.m.:** Back in my cell. I had just enough time to answer the mail I received that day.

**6:00 p.m.:** Nearly to the dot, the warden brought in my meal: Steak cut to bite-sized pieces, mushrooms, baked potato, eight long asparagus, one cup of clam chowder, cheddar cheese sauce, apple pie and two scoops of vanilla ice cream, One liter of Pepsi, 2 ½ pints of milk, one cup of ice. Everything was amazing!

**Later:** They showed up at about 10:20 p.m. to strip me out. They did the whole naked dance and the squat and cough. Then they gave me a pair of boxers and a pair of deck shoes. I was grabbed on both sides; firmly, but not roughly. I was taken out to the boss chair, and from there I was taken to a dry cell, given a pair of socks, shirt, and a pair of pants with A BUTTON AND

A ZIPPER!! Woo hoo!

Any-hoo, I was then put in a belly chain, shackles, and then led out to a waiting van. Again, I went nowhere without hands on me. Even when they were putting the cuffs on me someone was holding my arm...

We rode over here. Nice ride, and they kept up the small talk, and it was cool watching one of the correctional officers with what I assume was an i-Phone.

Once arriving here, they ushered me in. All the while they are telling me they will be respectful and ask that I be. The warden "warned" me about my final words. I've been told that I should think about my statement, and that he will (or someone will) rehearse it with me in the morning.

In any case, I immediately asked for my glasses, legal work and pen or pencil. It was about 11:30 p.m. when I was given a 4-inch pencil with no eraser, and here I sit!

Oh, I was given one blanket, one sheet, one pillow (no pillow case, though I was told I would get one), mattress and that's it.

One more thing; there are four officers watching me; carrying on conversations; and two are females. AND I'M SUPPOSED TO SLEEP?

The two female officers disappeared around the corner, so I took the opportunity to urinate, but they came right back. The male officer said I was using the restroom, and the response was "I work in an all male prison." True, but still, there can be respect! Then I had to ask for soap and a towel. I was given a bar of soap and one paper towel--and had to give both back!

One more thing they are doing that is not normally done: They are openly talking about

other inmates by name. I guess they figure, who am I gonna tell? All right, I'm going to try to sleep . . . Goodnight. (Note: My inability to sleep won't be for nerves, it will be for NOISE!)

## **March 8, 2012**

**7:00 a.m.:** Good morning! Well, I actually slept well. I woke up about 5:00 a.m. I was given a doughnut and a fairly large container. The orange juice was great! (First orange juice I've had in I don't know how long!) The doughnut was prison issue: Enough said!

I just finished my visit with Deacon Ed [Sheffler], and received communion. Now I'm just waiting for ya'll, at which point I'm going to ask them to give you my "legal work" and my Bible. Put them all together. Please give my bible to my sister. Thank you.

As this is my last entry, I just want to say thank you. Thank all of you for the kindness you have given me! I am not worthy, but I accept it humbly. Please give everyone my best, and know that I will carry ya'lls name on my lips to God!

My Best Wishes To You All!

Take Care  
I  
May God Bless!!

Sincerely  
Robert Charles Lowery





Death Watch Diary  
The Last Days of a Death Row Prisoner

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