

ФКУ ИК-6 УФСИН России по Владимирской области

От кого:

Лик Майкл Трэвис, 1971г.р.

Кому:


Пишите только с этой стороны и избегайте полей, чтобы информация не потерялась.

Оборотная сторона не отправляется.

Не испортить QR-код!

7.20.2026 - Day 1141, 106 til Mid-Terms. Hi Mom and Prayer Warriors! The past few months had seen a lot of progress towards ending this nightmare. Three calls between Trump & Putin, and months of press announcements that Witkoff was coming to Moscow. We know why he was coming. Then at the last minute, just 8 days ago, it all fell apart. As a result, four days ago the U.S. Senate passed more sanctions against Russia. This is what I believe was the cause; I put little faith in coincidence. It seems obvious to me that Russia promised to free me, along with some of the others from the list of "9," but reneged at the last minute. As Mom often says, this is a rollercoaster. I've often wondered if the high points, like seeing progress, are the slow climbs up, or the invigoration we feel during that quick ride down. This particular theme park attraction needs a fitting name. I'll give it some thought. Two nights ago I was reading Romans 5. I tend to pray for guidance then flip to a random page. This time though, my cloth bookmark built into the binding was already there. Verse 3 says that we should boast of our troubles as they produce endurance, and that brings God's approval, and that creates hope. Challenge accepted. My family should be brimming with hope with all that we've suffered and endured. Thank you all for the years of emotional support you have each in varying degrees provided my mother. Situations like mine are some kind of inverted lottery. I neither bought a ticket, chose numbers, nor had any interest in winning. Yet the prize patrol came around one fateful evening in June of '23 and here I still remain. I would have preferred to see balloons and even Ed McMahon at my door instead of masked tactical officers pointing AK47s at my head and blinding me with a strobe light, screaming at me in a language I still barely speak. Yet, Fate isn't something we get to choose. I know there is a plan. God's plan. I was meant to live through this, to be a witness. It is impossible to forget this kind of pain, misery, injustice, and suffering. I will carry the scars of all of this for the rest of my days. As the Bible says, the truth shall be known. In large measure, it already is. God still gives me hope in His way. Our prison T.V. channel played Forest Gump last week. I was struck by the idea of listening to how long Forest Gump ran. 3 years. 2 months. 14 days. Then he said, "I'd like to go home now." For me that will be August 20th, 2026. This is my last letter blank. Love, TRAVIS