

John returned to his cell alone, happy to have good food and pizza, even if the evening was interrupted by a long 5.9 Richter-scale earthquake, with epicenter in the Farallones ski area above Santiago. Such magnitudes are no big deal in Chile, and John and Pamela continued their conversation while their respective buildings shook without much fuss. Thirty minutes before, a 7.0 quake struck Antarctica, but concerns about a tsunami hitting Valparaíso were quickly discarded. Still, there was nothing quite like being in a prison cell when an earthquake hit.

Castro was in a bad mood the next day, scolding one of the *machucados* fiercely. But it was otherwise a typical Sunday, with private worship in the morning and the Historic Baptists Zoomcast in the afternoon. There was a little jolt of an earthquake (3.7 on the Richter scale) as John lay on his bed. Once again, no big deal. John got part of his laundry back from *Miami* 1 that had to be refolded and put away (*Miami* 1 always left clothing items inside out and folded them that way). He also got his sheets back clean and fitted them across his new mattress. Aníbal 1 had cut off the two bedposts at John's feet. The new width was fabulous, although the mattress was quite soft. John could not wait to see if he slept better and if his shoulder soreness would depart. Earlier, John made seven scrumptious chicken, pork, cheese, and *guacamole burritos* downstairs. He ate two, *Miami* 1 had one, Ismael 1 had one, and Rubén 1 had one. Then one went to Franco 1 and another to *ranchero* Tito 1 (he had seen and asked for one when he entered the dining room). He specialized in stealing items from purses and backpacks without the owner's knowledge. Everyone thought these simple *burritos* were exquisite. The only downside for John is that he would have fewer vegetables this week for himself. At least Marcelo 1 stopped by and slipped some peaches through the portal. Before lockup, John also got to talk more with Alexis 2, who was on three days' leave from *rancho* (tea and squash) preparation after cutting his finger. He still seemed to be a serious Christian.

Cisternas arrived on time on January 25th—visitation day. Pamela, however, arrived thirty minutes late. "The taxi ran into some fog, which caused a delay," she said. (That fact did little to alleviate John's disappointment.) She managed to leave 40,000 pesos for John at the *gendarme* service window, along with his necessary medications. Their visitation was terrific, even though she thought that John had lost weight (a view not shared by those in 118). The couple almost immediately took off their required masks and moved to sit very close to one another—accompanied by all the marital affection one might expect from loving spouses who had not seen each other in a month. In total, there were nine *reos* and nine visitors. (No other *módulos* had visitation that day.) John also gave Pamela two books he had read to bring home—another action that was technically against the rules, but then again, so were hugging, kissing, touching, handholding, and so forth. The *gendarmes* did not care. The excessive government rules affecting people under the Covid-19 quarantine were ridiculous, if not draconian. The couple had come to believe that the so-called "pandemic" was not as severe as the government and media had led everyone to believe. Thus, the *gendarmes* were not enforcing those rules. Even the gel alcohol dispenser mounted on the wall behind Pamela was empty.

Back at 118, the day was pretty dull for most people. Few *reos* were out on the *patio*, and Rubén 1 was infirm with back pain in his cell. Therefore, no one played chess and *Miami* 1 tended to his laundry service, also being kind enough to do John's bathroom cleaning chore while he was at visitation. Besides some *rancheros*, only John, Jorge 1, and Cristián 2 had visitors. After John returned, Sergio 2 (from 118B) was quick to swoop down on his potato chips and Doritos. Too, John shared a piece of his ham and cheese sandwich with *Miami* 1, after Ismael 1 refused it, although for reasons unbeknownst to John, *Miami* 1 decided to give it to Maroni instead—who thought it was fabulous. Who wouldn't, whose usual fare was *rancho*? John had earlier shared a half lemon with Michael 1, something that was exceptionally prized. The atmosphere ended up being happy and friendly for the most part, even though Delfín 1 called Sergio 2 (from 118B) a queer for kissing him on the head.

At the end of *patio* time, Naomi Órdenes, a friendly young lawyer affiliated with the Public Defender's office, came to see John in 118. She seemed to be right-wing politically. Cisternas let the two use his office to talk. In the Public Defender's opinion, there was a very high probability that John's case would be heard on Thursday. She was excited to meet with John because she had a client in Santiago with similar circumstances to those in John's case. Her client, Francisco Camplá, "The *pistolero* (gunman) of La Dehesa," fired once at leftist protesters in early November 2019, albeit differing from John in that he lacked a license to legally transport his weapon. Like John, he was charged with both attempted murder and unjustifiably using a gun in public. Yet, some other notable differences existed between the cases. For one, unlike John, Francisco Camplá was drunk; secondly, his bullet was aimed directly at the protestors, but hit no one. He did not fire in self-defense like John did; he was angry, while John kept his cool under pressure. John and Naomi strategized a bit about how they might improve John's case, noting that it was likely Claudio Fierro would be arguing for a new trial alone. She was elated to finally meet John and apologetic that

her law firm in Viña del Mar had been so uncooperative when John was first arrested. They had decided not to take his case, fearing public reprisals. John introduced her to the first volume of this book, *Bearing the Cross*, and discussed how it might be helpful in his case—especially if it were given to the Judges. She was intrigued with the idea and said she would run it by Guillermo Améstica. After hearing about it, he determined it would not be a good idea, and not even appropriate. That evening, John worked with Valentín, Bob, Joe, and Martín to prepare both of his latest books for publication, in both electronic and print formats. Accordingly, very good progress was made.