

“I love You, Daddy!”

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A Thought Provoking Visit

by Schaeffer Cox

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I stand alone in the extra wide hallway of the prison, but the tiled floor, concrete ceiling, humming, fluorescent lights, and the creepy absence of window make it feel claustrophobic, none the less. The temperature is in the high 90's and I feel a bead of sweat trickle down my back under my freshly starched, kaki prison uniform. My feet itch in their new socks inside my old shoes. The bars of the sliding gate in front of me slam shut with a heavy impact that sends a shockwave through the concrete floor. I must wait.

I stand motionless under the burning stare of the camera mounted above the gate. I look to my right at a mirrored glass window that may or may not have prison guards on the other side. “Do they see me?” “Do they know I'm here?” “Do they know my mother has brought my children thousands of miles from Alaska to visit me?” “Do they know that I will be meeting my 5 1/2 year old daughter for the first time since she was just a few weeks old?” Probably not. And if they did, they wouldn't care. Those who work at prison have no reverence for humanity. They feel no remorse for the suffering and heartbreak caused by their lucrative sham of mass incarceration for victimless acts of disobedience to the incompetent state. They think only of themselves.

Children crying at night because they lost their daddy to prison is the price that must be paid for those slovenly parasites to have their fat paycheck and full benefits at a job they can't get fired from no matter how lazy or scandalous they are. Everyone who makes money off this system has innocent blood on their hands. They drink the tears of children. And they just don't care.

At times, I wonder if this experience of prison would be easier if I was ignorant, if I didn't see the racket for what it is. Then I wonder if I would even be in prison at all if I hadn't figured out how the system is screwing, “We the People”. I wonder if my children, a five year old girl and an 8 year old boy, will grow wise to the Lucifarian government's pervasive evil, or if they will simply be it's blissful victims, asleep in the dream world. If I'm not there to teach them, will my genetics be enough to draw my children down the path to deep and sobering knowledge? I wonder if my captors have thought about his question. I wonder if they have flagged my little children as “potential threats to future security”, simply because they are half me. I wonder how many Americans even realize that's exactly how the Feds work and think.

“COX 16179-006, REPORT TO VISITING ROOM!” I am jarred out of my own thoughts by the voice blaring over the deafening, loud mega phones mounted every 20 yards throughout the halls. The voice of the speaker sounds lifeless, and the PA system gives it a hollow echo. I feel the sound on my neck and in my scalp, but I do not jump or cover my ears.

The gate in front of me lurches to life, then smoothly slides open. I look far, far down the long hallway. It comes to a point, way at the other end, where I can see natural light shining through the glass doors; the same doors I was brought in through, 4 years earlier. I can make out the tiny shape of people in the distance, though I can't tell who they are. I can only tell, they are not cops. They are not standing shoulder to shoulder like cops do. And, they don't have the predatory march in their step. They are normal people, human people, people not calloused by years of vandalizing humanity for a paycheck. Is that my family, or someone else's? I don't know, but I feel drawn to those tiny figures I see in the distance. They have reminded me why I hate this place and of where I truly belong.

I step through the gate and walk towards the light at the end of the tunnel. The corridor is so long that I feel like I could get lost walking in this straight line. I thought I would be happy to be on my way to see my children but I am mostly nervous. My son has memories of me from before the Feds took me, but to my daughter, I am a stranger. And, not just any stranger. I am a hardened convict.

Years of solitary confinement, torture in CIA-run, black site prisons, the combat environment of general population, and the soul numbing injustice of the courts have killed the kind faced boy I once was. I have adapted to the savage violence of this place. Prison is a world where the government gets its way on everything. They have created this hell, where scarcity, regulations, and cages turn prisoners into beasts, and where excesses, corruption, and a ring of keys turn guards into monsters. The court rooms are the colosseums and these prisons are human sacrifice. Men are fed to the lions of time. Whole families are laid upon the altar before their government that fancies itself into a god. The protracted anguish of crushed hearts are offered up like prayers to the state by its black robed clergy of judges who preside over this ritualistic, domination that is the hallmark of their self worship. I have all but forgotten the world from which I was taken years ago. And now, I am to meet my daughter. She has come to my world, to meet this calloused warrior I have become. If she is scared of me, I do not know what I will do.

I walk toward the door to the visit room. I feel the same helpless rush I have felt while gliding a crippled bush plane in for what's bound to be a crash landing. My nerves, calm, as I accept the probability of disaster. I open the door and see my little girl at the far end of the room. She is long and slender. Her platinum, blonde, pixie hair move in the wind as she sees me and walks my way. I have only seen still pictures of her until now, and I am stunned by how delicately she moves. I drop to my knees at the sight of her and she floats toward me like a silk, tendril of light drifting through the air. Her face is expressionless. Her eyes are innocent, penetrating, and inquisitive, as though she sees things others have forgotten how to see.

I wait for her to speed up or slow down, to look to her grandmother for reassurance, or to just pass me by like the stranger that I surely am. But she does not. She floats up into my embrace and drapes her arms around my neck, then lays her head on my shoulder in elegant silence that forgives the years lost. Some how, by God's mercy, I know this child I have never met. And she knows me. I cry, a skill I lost years ago, and have only now, in this moment, relearned.

I turn to my son who is slowly walking toward me. He is 8. He is no longer the little boy I remember. He has reached the age of understanding. And I can see it in his face. His gaze is fixed to mine. His eyes are wide and his mouth is somewhere between a smile and a sigh of

relief, as if for a moment, the joy of seeing his father has over powered the sense of loss he has lived with all these years, and that he will continue to live with. His pace quickens from a walk to a run and he crashes into my hug. He is tall and skinny. After living in a world of only full sized men, I have forgotten how small and breakable a child is. It feels like hugging a wind chime as I hold him tight in my arms. I smell his hair and his clothes. It is the smell of grass, and swimming pools, and slurpies, and the hot, summer sun. All I want for him is a happy childhood where he is safe and loved. "I love you, son! I'm proud of you. I love you more than life itself. I'm happy to see you." I say as my hands seem to swallow his tiny back and ribcage. Then, he speaks, "I love you daddy, and I missed you real bad." It is a voice I remember. It is the same voice whose first word was "daddy". My mind flashes back to that first word, tightened up in one syllable-"Daddy". I hold him and raise to my feet, remembering the days when I was a husband and a father, not just a numbered commodity in a Federal warehouse.

I gently sway side to side with a child in each arm. My mother approaches and hugs me through the tangle of children I'm holding. She cries. "Thank you. Thank you for bringing the children all the way to see me. Thank you," I say in a calm whisper as tears stream down my neck and down my collar. She sighs a sigh of relief that speaks of unknown hardships. "It took a miracle. There were hundreds of people praying for us and we barely made it. What took you so long? We've been waiting for an hour and a half." At first, I am surprised she is asking a question like this. "I've been standing in the hall for an hour and a half too." I say, no really thinking about her question. "Why? What happened? Why wouldn't they let you come in?" She says, insisting on an answer. I finally realize she comes from a world I have forgotten. I answer, "This is Federal prison; They don't care. They made us wait and waste a precious hour and a half of a 3 hour visit because they were probably eating Fritos, or sexting their hillbilly girlfriends. They don't answer to us, or anyone. Mom, I've watched people die because they chocked when the cop was about to go on break. When the cop came back from break, they were dead. The cop didn't care, and us prisoners were locked in our cages where we couldn't help the guy. That just how it is here. Humanity means nothing to them. It doesn't matter that you came 3,000 miles from Alaska. If they don't feel like getting out of the chair, you have to wait until they do feel like it. Their losers at heart, and they know it. Making you wait for no reason is how they display dominance and reinforce their own fantasies of superiority. It's sick, I know. But let's not focus on that. I'm so happy to see you guys at all."

The four of us made our way to the far end of a row of plastic chairs; my son is in one arm, my daughter in the other. We sit down. I have lost the skill of physical affection. I don't know how to handle these two children on my lap. With one on each knee, I put the palms of my hands on my own thighs, tracking my arms behind the children so they don't fall backwards. The three of us begin to talk. Both children pour their hearts out to me in simple but highly insightful words. My eyes water as I am overwhelmed with happy pride. The children, who do know how to show affection, coach me. Not with words, but with their tiny hands. Throughout the visit, when they would sit on my lap, they would grab my hand, and wrap it around it around their waist or over their shoulder, then look up at me with eyes that seemed to say "Don't forget to hold me daddy." They were prodding me to relearn the kindness instinct this horrible place forced me to forget. And within a few hours, I was feeling human again, or at least remembering what it used to feel like.

My daughter told me all about horses. “My mommy and I looked up horses. And every one that was my favorite was a paint. Mommy said horses cost a lot of money.” I smile as I watch her tiny little lips forming the words she speaks. “Sweetheart”, I say, “if I can get out of prison, I’ll help you get a paint. As long as you can take good care of it, there will be a way. I promise.” She was delighted by this permission to reach for a dream. And I was delighted to see her ambitious nature.

My son had become somewhat of a tech-nerd since I’d seen him last. He described in great detail the technical specifications and flight characteristics of a quad-copter drone that he and my father had built. It flooded my mind with memories of building flying models with my father when was a boy. Those are some of the best memories of my life, so knowing that my son is building those same memories made me feel good-even if it wasn’t with me.

I listened intently as my little boy described his unfolding childhood. I was spellbound, rapt by his articulate communication. I could tell that both of my children were growing up surrounded by people who love them and believe in them. This was an unfathomable relief. But the pain of my forced absence was still dominating my son’s world.

As he told of all the wonderful things he was doing back home, he started to say something about us doing something together, but then he trailed off. He got a quiet, thoughtful look on his face. “What’s wrong?” I asked him, as I put my arm around his little shoulders. A tear swelled in his eyes until it spilled over and darted down his flushed cheek. “I just want you to be with me,” he said, as if he were confusing some deep secret. “I want you home with me, daddy.” He hugged me tight and tried with all his might to not cry. I held him. I cried. I had no words to say. I could not lie to my son, but the truth was so overwhelmingly horrible that I could not bring myself to speak it to his already crushed little heart. “I want to be out and be with you too, son. We want the same thing. I don’t know when I’ll get out of prison. And the moment I do, I’ll come find you. Until then, you can keep coming to visit me. The cops wouldn’t let you visit me when I was in the real bad, secret prison, but I’m out of there now. That’s in the past. It’s over and we can forget it.” I can call you every day now and you can visit me as often as we can afford the trip.”

I now regret saying those last few lines. Two days after our visit, I was pulled out of general population and thrown naked into solitary confinement where I stayed for 21 days. I was then transferred from the Bureau of Prison’s custody back to the counter terrorism unit’s secret prison, call “The CMU”. I am not allowed to tell anyone what goes on in this unit, not even my attorney. This place is committing war crimes and they know it. That is why we are all threatened into silence. I spent almost 4 years in this hell until with no contact with my children. You don’t know why you are sent to this unit and you don’t know how to get out of it. If I spend another 4 years in this mad-scientist’s dungeon, my boy will be a teenager the next time I see him.

I had held my emotional breath for 6 years as I endured this persecution. Then, for the first time since the satanic Feds raided our home and dragged me away, I saw my children. It was as if half a decade’s worth of pain was breathed out in one long breath at that visit. The emotional experience was intense. Then, when all my breath was out, I got kicked in the chest by going back into solitary, then back to the torture unit, and being cut off from the children I had just connected with.

I was actually so shook up by the visit that I couldn't write about it right away. I took a full day to catch my balance. Then on the second day, I put pen to paper. I love my children so, so much. I'd forgotten what love even is. But they had reminded me. So I sat writing the story you just read. I cried and cried and cried. I didn't wipe my tears or try to hold them back. I just let them flow, years with of uncried tears. I was about ready to collapse from the emotional exhaustion when I was called to the cops office and handcuffed.

I was stripped, tagged, and tossed in a little cage like a meat bird. the cops have learned to not see prisoners or their families as human. They are efficient, indifferent Nazis disposing of those the party has ordered disposed of. This is what America has become. The only difference between what's happening in this country right now and the Holocaust is how many movies have been made about it. When the truth is revealed, you will know this to be true.

I found myself naked, in the dark, in a completely bare, concrete box. I was, cried out. The story I'd written of the visit my or may not be lost forever. I will most likely never see my children again as children. And because the CMU prohibits most attorney/client communications, I will likely be stuck here for 20 years more.

This was a low, low place. Seeing my children was like a dream within a nightmare. I woke up from the dream, into the nightmare. Then I started scrambling to hang on to the memory of the dream before it crumbled and slipped away, as dreams do.

I remembered my daughter falling asleep in my arms at the visit, and how her neck, ear, and hair looked exactly like her mothers. I remembered her pretty little hands as she ran them through my long hair, the feel of her palms on my face as she disapprovingly rubbed my stubble. I remember the sound of her voice and the wonder in her eyes. She was too young to comprehend the injustice of her loss. She simply held my hand and was glad to have finally met her father.

I thought hard, trying to impress the memory of my beloved son into my jaded mind. I remembered the expression on his face when he saw me, how satisfied and content he looked as I told him how proud I was of him. I remembered the smell and feel of his hair, like on of Peter Pan's lost boys. I remembered the heartbreak and shame in his voice when he told me how bad he missed me. I remembered how he had been comforted when I told him that none of this was his fault, or my fault, but that if was just a hardship we must soldier on through. I remembered his kindness to his little sister. I remembered the tears in his eyes as he walked away at the end and said, int he voice that owns my soul, "goodbye Daddy."

I hold the few memories in the precious recesses of my mind. They are shards of the broken hopes for life of love and family that might have been, but never will be. For my children, they are the only memories that have of their father. They need those memories. Even if I'm in prison, my children need to know that they have a father who loves them and is proud of them.

There is no way we could have flown them down for this visit without the help of all the people who donated to make it happen. I am so deeply grateful to each one of you. And it was just in time, no even a day to spare. Because of you, we didn't miss our opportunity. Because of you, Bri knows her father now. Because of you, Seth has meaningful memories of his dad. Thank you. My case is not just a story of one innocent family raided, torn apart, and destroyed by evil Nazi Feds. It is the story of what's to come for every wholesome, law abiding family who won't worship the criminal state. How many more children will suffer this same violence at the hands

of masked Federal Agents? I don't know. But it will be a lot more if we don't all pull together and push back on my case. My case is the first one like it. If it is upheld, it will set a horrifying new precedence that allow the Feds to throw people in prison for life based on suspicion of future crimes, 20 or 30 years out.

US vs. Cox could fling the door open for the wholesale eradication of God fearing, patriotic Americans, the same way Roe vs. Wade flung the door open for the wholesale slaughter of the unborn.

You need to look at the facts of my case and at the suffering of my family and realize that not only could this happen to you; the Fed's master plan is for it to happen to you! They are getting rid of people like me so that they can have their way with people like you. And don't think for a minute that as long as you aren't breaking any laws, you will be safe. That's not how it works.

The Fed's aren't going to go after you because you are a criminal; they hire the criminals. They are going to go after you because you're an easy meal who won't worship!

In the words of my namesake, Dr. Francis A. Schaeffer, "No totalitarian government can tolerate a people who have a standard by which to judge that government and its conduct."

This is true. And it is not intellectual, abstract pontification. It is not fear mongering speculation about dystopian futures. It is in American now. DHS, Department of Homeland Security, has listed Christians, gun owners, Sibertarians, Constitutionalists, and Conservatives as their enemies in the official operations manuals. The round-up is well underway. What happened to me will happen to you. And just like me, you will cry, "What happened? I didn't hurt anyone or break any laws!"

It is only then that you will realize that none of that matters. If you believe in the Bible, or the Constitution, if you are more loyal to your wife, or kids, or neighbors than you are to the holy Feds, if your obedience to the badge or your faith in the robe falters even for a moment, then you are an affront to the supremacy of the state. And you will be captured by the cops, vilified by the prosecutors, condemned by the robe, then disposed of by the prisons. The government has no choice. It has to do this for its own survival.

They aren't going to declare martial law and round everyone up in one week. They have simply made a list of who to round up, disarm, and ship off to prison camps. Now, they are just slowly working their way down the list. What all of you have to realize is that "the shit hits the fan" one household at a time. There will never be a big, kick off event for everyone at once. You'll certainly know when it hits the fan for you. But you'll be alone. I'm not off topic when I'm explaining this. I'm writing to all the wonderful, kind hearted people who looked on me and my family with compassion and donated to make a visit possible. You gave money so my children could reconnect with their father. I'm trying to give you understanding so that your children won't have to suffer the same pain as mine.

The truth is that this oppressive empire of lies is only strong in our minds. A lie has no power simply by being told. It only has power after the hearer believes it. If we just stop believing the official mythology, the tyrants and their lies will dissipate naturally. That's what I want to see happen in this country. Because that's what will spare other families the terror and devastation that my family has suffered at the hands of these violent pretenders.

Let me explain the world wide, big picture. "It's all about money" is only try to a certain point. Here's why. The Feds, the Chinese, the EU, the Arab states; they are all basically the same. They are cheap thugs for the World Bankers.

Here's what the World Bankers do; they go to France and offer to loan them massive amounts of cash to attack Germany, just pay it back AFTER you've won and made Germany your slave.

Then, the world bankers turn right around and make Germany the exact same offer. We'll finance your war with France, just pay it all back after you've won and made France your slave. Now, from the World Bankers perspective, it doesn't matter who wins or losses the war. Because whichever way it goes, the World Bankers are going to end up owning the winner, who will owe everything they have, including the freshly conquered loser, to the bank.

Got that? Any time the World Bankers can start a war, they will have a net gain of at least two countries, as long as they finance the conflict. This scheme has been the dominant characteristic of the entire 20th century. And it has caused millions of children to suffer like mine are suffering right now.

Let's look at what motivates these Banking gangsters or "Banksters", as they are known to those who are wise to their tricks. It's NOT money. I promise! The Banksters hold a world wide monopoly on the creation of both cash and credit. So for them, money is literally, not figuratively, endless. They could double the amount of money that exists in the world with a simple ledger entry, then spend it on anything they feel like. They are past chasing money. Not only do they have all the money, they create all the money.

So, are they now only after political control? Well, they sort of already have that nailed down too. They do it by extending loans to nations all around the world, and writing the terms of those loan sin such a way that the debtor governments are prohibited from paying off the loan. Here's how it works:

Say I'm a Bankster and you're a government. I approach you and offer you to loan you a post it note with my original blue ink thumbprint on it, which will be accepted as money the world over. The terms of the loan say that you have to pay me back two thumbprint notes tomorrow for the one you borrowed today.

You accept the loan and have money today. But then tomorrow rolls around and your debt is due. You come to me and explain that you have a problem; you owe me two of my thumbprints, but can't come up with the second one. I smile to myself knowing that there is only one post it note thumbprint in existence and that the terms of our dictate that i be paid back in my own thumbprints. No imitations or substitutes!

Because of the way I wrote the terms, the ONLY way you are going to be able to make a payment with thumbprint interest is to borrow that 2nd thumbprint from the only source, me! So I say, "alright, here are 4 thumbprints. Just pay me back 8 tomorrow." So you have 5 thumbprints in hand. You pay me 2 for yesterday's debt. This leaves you with 3. But by this time tomorrow, you will owe me 8 and only have 3, leaving you 5 thumbprints short.

So tomorrow I will loan you 16 thumbprints on the same terms; bring me double tomorrow. I just keep loaning you money to service your debt to me until the interest is greater than the value of everything you own. This is when you are "ripe" for harvest by me, your tricky creditor.

The conversation will go like this:

You, "I'm here to take my usual loan and make my usual payment."

Me, "Acutally, I'm not making any more loans."

You, "What?! How am I going to make this payment?"

Me, "I don't know. But it's due today. What have you got of value?"

You, "Well, I can give you all the thumbprints I have but it's still not nearly enough."

Me, "Ok, well, give me all the thumbprints and I'll send a truck over to pick up all your belongings. They're mine now."

Do you see how that works? You were beat the moment you accepted that first thumbprint and agreed to pay me back with interest in thumbprints that I alone can create. It wasn't a loan; IT WAS A CARD TRICK TO GET YOUR STUFF! Now, if I had loaned you a raspberry today for two raspberries tomorrow, it wouldn't be a card trick. You could go berry picking and get me the berries you promised; Because God makes raspberries grow in the wild. But my thumbprints ONLY come from me.

Everything I just described works the exact same way when you scale it up trillions of times. Instead of thumbprints on a post it note, its a serial number on a a federal reserve note. Instead of me pulling the trick on you, its the banisters pulling the trick on a government and saying, "We'll let you stick around for appearances, but we own the country and we call the shots from now on."

The Banksters have snared nearly every single government on Earth with this truck. So if they have the more in the universe, and they have every last government in their pocket, haven't they achieved world domination? Basically, YES! They have. But they are doomed and they know it. Humanity will be their downfall. Here's why:

Mankind is made in God's image. We have His romance, His hope, His creativity, and His love. It is natural for man to tire of war and to make peace. It's natural of man to fall in love, have a family, and to build wealth. Man solves problems, produces art, finds new ways, and explores new places. God attributes in us cause us naturally to advance toward a wonderful Renaissance. This inescapable fact horrifies the Lucifarian Banksters, for there is no place for them in a Renaissance. The Banksters and their governments are parasites on humanity. They have no redeeming qualities whatsoever, and they know it. They know that humanity functions beautifully without any government at all beyond the natural family structure. They know that every political ruler from dog catcher the Supreme Court judges are nothing but an extension of Nimrod's folly. They know that the moment humanity is honest with its self and grabs the debt charade, that its over.

The Banksters know that as soon as people decide to not be scarred of life without a government, the the world will just wake up! And this nightmare will be over, along with the Banksters and their reign of terror and imaginary debt. The Banksters and their governments are trying to keep humanity from achieving breakout speed, and leaving them behind. If humanity every catches its breath for long enough to look around and figure out the racket, the game is over! And humanity wins! This is why the Banksters and their governments are using all their money and power to keep making fatigued with stupid wars, fear propaganda, economic hardship, hopeless debt, miseducation, artificial desires, manipulative taxes, and above all self doubt and distrust at others.

This is satan vandalizing humanity so that it can not be a shining testament to the beautiful nature of God who created us. The whole point of war, and prison, and government itself is to waste young lives and wealth so it can't be used to get humanity out of the dark ages of fake debt and violent nation states. The system isn't stupid; it's sabotaging humanity on purpose! This doesn't make sense to good hearted people. So they just wrongfully assume the waste and apparent insanity of the government is due to incompetence, when its not.

I'm no hero. There's nothing special about me. It's just that the plague on humanity and our fight to break free from it is too big to comprehend. My story is that struggle condensed and displayed in one man, one family, one heartbroken child. when people see my story, they don't see me; they see their own battles, their own pain that never needed to be. If I can understand whats happening to me and why, and if I can explain it to everyone else in a way that makes sense, then

I can save many people from the pain and loss I am suffering.

My life is not the only one being wasted in prison. The guard who keeps me here is wasting this life and talent. The CTU snoop who read my mail before it goes out is a wasted life. The FBI agent who manufactured all the bogus security theater to put me in prison was utterly wasting his creative talent. On and on it goes.

The Banksters organized 9/11 and the subsequent coup de ta. Then they poured billions into Homeland Security grants for local police departments. They told the local sheriffs that DHS would give them millions to hire the best and the brightest, militarize their department, then go our and attach the best and the brightest of their own countrymen. They got Agent Sutherland to waste his life ruining mine. We're the same age! We're both Americans! We could have been fishing buddies!

The domestic terrorism hysteria is nothing more than a play by the Banksters to get America to declare war on its self. The cops don't win. Patriots like me don't win. We both lose because humanity loses.

I'm in prison and my children cry because their father isn't there, all so that humanity wont succeed too much and outgrow the Bankster state.

You gave money so my children could visit. You changed their lives! You changed my energy. And you could be changing the world.

Seeing my children reminded me what's at stake here. The Banksters hate the family because its a foundation of strength. They want to put fathers in prison, mothers on welfare, and children in government school. They want to break my family apart into feckless, easily digestible bites.

I want to have more children, to teach them to live fearless and free. I want to reject the lies, and put my entire household's combined energy into the advancement and freedom of humanity. I want to be a worthy host of God's nature that was breathed into me at my creation. And I want to show others that it can be done. Please, please do all you can to help me in this fight.

I've been beaten, bankrupted, and tortured. My good name and kind heart have been slandered. I've lost my wife, my name, and everything I loved. My children have a giant void in their lives where I'm suppose to be. But whatever we are going through is what God ordained for us to experience.

My voice now speaks from a heart that has experiential knowledge of what we must all soon come to know. Please help my voice be heard.

Let's all just stop being afraid,

Schaeffer Cox

Here are three ways to help:

Pray that God's blessing would rest on me.

Pray that God would prevent morons and/or crooks from causing me harm.

Send money to my commissary account or donate through fundrazr.com so I will have the resources to work my way out of prison.

Send a check or money order to:

BOP Lock Box

Francis S. Cox #16179-006

P.O. Box 474701

Des Moines, IA 50947-0001

Western Union Quick Pay
Francis Cox #16179-006
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