

## Handouts

**When tomorrow comes by Nanon Williams****Part 1**

It was a day after Dwight Adanandus died when I truly looked at life completely differently than what it was, or shall I say, what I wished it to be. This was the beginning of winter, and as I lay still thinking of a friend that always presented a smile when the days seemed so redundant, I felt tormented. As I gently moved, picking up the newspaper under the door, the paper told his story.

Reading about it and knowing I would never see him again felt like someone was sticking pincushions in my heart over and over again. Sometimes he would come swinging into the yard yelling, "What's up youngster?" And I would look around me, stare back, and say, "Man, who you calling a youngster," and we would both start laughing because I was the youngest person on our block. And when I think of those moments now, well, it deeply saddens me, because I'll never look forward to being in the yard without Dwight being around to break the creases that riddled my face with anger.

As the years have gone by, my methods of passing time has changed, but I like to think these new methods will hopefully make me become a better man one day like Dwight became. During my moments of weakness, I always find myself wondering what Dwight would have done.

"Remember," he would say to me, "The system can only get to you if you let them. Make your peace with whoever your God is and start to live life the best you can and appreciate it." Then he would continue, "Youngster, I don't know why you're here, but I know you don't belong here..."

**Part 2**

"..... In fact, no one belongs here, not on death row. You have rapists, kidnappers, robbers, child molesters and sadistic people who don't give a damn about you. However, you also have caring and compassionate people who have done those very same things, but have found a way to change and I want you to always remember that," he said to me weeks before he was executed. "Remember this if nothing else. If you judge others how this system has judged you, it will make you no better than those who have condemned you to death!" And as those words ring in my ears now, I wonder why it has taken me so long to understand what he meant. Of course I heard what he said and it made sense, but making sense and fully grasping the meaning of those words was something totally different. I guess then I was the youngster he called me, but the truth hurts when you finally take the time to see it.

I know the confinement is all a psychological weapon of torture that builds frustration until depression sets in, but somehow the spirit and the will to continue remains in a few. For Dwight, he had that spirit no matter what he did that placed him on death row and with that spirit he changed the lives of others who rot like living corpses in the system's graveyard. "I know it's not easy Youngster," he would say. "But nobody said life was easy. Take each day for what it's worth and as long as you can see a light at the end of the road, let that be the strength that guides you," were the last words he ever said to me tearfully as he said his final good-byes. I dare not to explain what that means to me, as I guess he said it to me so I can find my own strength that sustains me through the years that have passed and probably the years to come. I have never forsaken my principles or the things that I value most in life – like my family, so more than likely that love and one day entering heavens gates, is what tomorrow really is when it comes."

*Nanon Williams was sentenced to death by the State of Texas in 1992 when he was 17 years old, on charge of capital murder. He denies the charge and spent 13 years on Death Row before his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment in 2005 by the Roper v. Simmons U.S. Supreme Court ruling, barring the execution of juveniles. In 2010 Nanon's case is due to come before the Federal Court with evidence to prove his innocence.*

Source: <http://www.ccadp.org> and [www.nawisa.ch](http://www.nawisa.ch)

**Newspaper cutting**

Huntsville - October 2, 1997. A convicted robber was executed Wednesday night for gunning down a San Antonio businessman who tried to stop him from fleeing a bank hold-up nine years ago. Adanandus, 41, went to death row for killing Vernon Hanan, who was shot in the chest January 28, 1988, as he wrestled with Adanandus in the foyer of a bank on San Antonio's north side.