

Late in the afternoon, a surprise call came from *Cabo Paillama*, asking John to rush back to the jailhouse to sign papers for his parole, which had been granted, along with Felipe 4's and Maximiliano's. Guillermo 3, Tito 3, Máximo 1, Óscar 3 (barber), David 2 (Bolivian), and Roberto 8 signed earlier or later. Quintín 1 and Carlos 4 (Bolivian, *Pato*) were told they were approved, too, but they could not leave for a month since they first had to meet the two-thirds minimum time requirement on their sentence. Eleven *reos* were paroled, and many others throughout the Region. Paroling was a week early, too, likely due to pressures to reduce overcrowding. The Casablanca jailhouse itself was over maximum capacity at one hundred twenty-six inmates. John had to be in Valparaíso the following morning at 9:00 a.m. to sign in and get instructions for future accountability, or he would lose his parole. Pamela and Jana planned to go with him. Both Troncoso and Leal were worried about how they would turn out in *Bearing the Cross* and asked John about it. John shook their hands and gave timorous Troncoso some comforting words. Valentín went home to eat while the others waited for *Cabo Romero* to arrive after 8:15 p.m. and take the signatures of the three newly paroled *diaria* beneficiaries. John shook his hand and Zurita's. The Baptist Pastor was not allowed to get his book, pajamas, dark green winter jacket, or other things, but mendacious *mozo* Patricio 6 said he would give it all to Freddy 4, Elvis 1, Quintín 1, or Octavio 1. John only asked that they bring him his book, *Iberia*. Zurita agreed, but it didn't arrive right away. After twenty minutes, John asked *Cabo Troncoso* to hold it for Valentín rather than have Pamela and Jana wait out in the cold. He would probably lose the book, his fancy pajamas that Bob sent down, his dark green winter jacket, and his bedding in the end, but what did it really matter? *He was finally free*. *Gendarmes* like Sergeant Zurita were just scum, little different than the criminals they oversaw. That wouldn't change, and men like him would take a last parting shot at John by stealing his things or giving them to another rabble like Simón 1. *Cabo Romero* said someone would contact John about the final resolution of his time off for good behavior, which turned out not to be true. In the meantime, the three went back to Valentín's house to use the bathroom, and John's co-pastor closed in prayer, thanking God for His goodness. Lawyers had nothing to do with John's release. The parole board ruled 4-1 in favor of freeing John, with Judge José Antonio Cifuentes Gil from the Viña del Mar lower court (*Juzgado de Garantía*) dissenting because he was worried that John was a medium-grade "psychopath," with too short a time in *dominical*, and thus too risky to be let out. Ruling in his favor were judges Nancy Aurora Bluck Bahamondes of the Valparaíso Appellate Court, Eliana Uribe Molina of the Viña del Mar lower court, Fernando Vergara Racapé from the Valparaíso lower court, and Claudio Espinoza Asenjo from the Viña del Mar lower court. The Judges cited the favorable report from *gendarmería*, especially psychologist Lina Salinas' evaluation and low recidivism score, and the fact that he had *dominical* leave. Now, John could return home with Pamela and Jana to sleep in his own bed for good. He could take a normal shower, use a standard toilet, use a computer again, use a cell phone normally, and refrigerate his food. Upon their arrival, the young Presbyterian journalist Sol Larrahona from Ágora (a friend of John's longtime supporter, Presbyterian elder Claudio Navea in New Zealand) published the good news and asked John to come on the air for five minutes to congratulate him. His friends and son David also sent their congratulations via instant messaging. No one in those circles had any idea that, after five years and five months, April 9, 2025, would end up being John Cobin's last morning in jail. His time in terrestrial hell had finally come to an end.