

Hey everybody, HAPPY NEW YEAR !!

Winter time is usually a pretty difficult season for this sun-worshiping hedonist. The frigid days and long nights alone with thoughts whirlpooling into nostalgic reveries of the years momentous events, and critiquing my role in them.

For instance, my step-son Brandon, who I took out of public school to save his brain in the second-grade when they wanted to medicate him for ADHD, (yet he excelled in our homeschool Christian curriculum). The rambunctious kid I took fishing, and taught to drive. He paroled from his brief stay here in March. His mother warned him to guard his mind from mine, when she learned that we would encounter one another here, and so consequently we were never able to get through our prison veneers to deal with his typically natural resentments which he took back out with him unresolved.

Brandon was instrumental in re-uniting me with my long-lost progeny though, I will give that to him. It cost me a few old photographs that he still has not returned, but I'm dearly grateful he did open that door before he left me here alone again.

Fortunately, I had just begun blogging on this new blog-site where my children would be able to communicate with me. Unfortunately, I fear that I may have come on too strong with a criminals perspective on a Genesis 34 sermon following a relevant incident at the time. Perhaps their adoptive parents decided to forbid correspondence to shield them from my "criminal" influence, following that sermon. Whatever the case may be, I haven't heard from them - in their care - for several moons now. I pray all is well with them, every day.

These were my highlights of 2011, which helped me see that 2012 presents opportunity for improvement. For me, there's no disputing that I am clinically diagnosed as having Borderline Personality Disorder. In layman terms this simply means that I exhibit maladaptive and inadequate emotion modulation strategies. Any one who reads this blog can clearly see I've developed a degree of analytical acumen to compensate for my emotional vulnerability... and I suppose this is what makes me such a social liability.

Who was it that said; "Life is a comedy to him who thinks, a tragedy to him who feels"? Well, these are my sentiments exactly! Never the less, *ordo ab chao* is the motto I ply, and what better time and place than here now? Recognizing this BPD in my dysfunctional relationships, I've resolved to develop communication skills which will help make me more of an asset in peoples lives.

With that purpose in mind, I've began attending a group every Wednesday, called "Self-Exploration through Writing", and I intend to share my "writings" on this weblog site both as a constructive exercise, and for whatever benefit these soliloquies may serve others.

With that being said; *Fiat Lux!*

Be Blessed

Attachments:

SEW Introduction and Overview (3pg.)

LOP In Group Assignment #1 > Values Assessment