

April 5, 2012

Hello World!

Skin cancer?! That's impossible. I'm immortal or at least that's how I feel. However, reality would strongly suggest otherwise. My list of afflictions are Hoshimoto's disease, glaucoma, and now cancer, not to leave out a receding hair line. Which is worse? But again, I repeat, I feel immortal in spite of my afflictions.

It was a surreal moment when the doctor made his dire pronouncement. I thought, have I been betrayed by my years of surfing and volleyball playing under the radiant sun? I suppose nothing comes without a price. So I sat and listened to the physician as he explained the procedures that would follow. I didn't weep or cry out why. I sort of smiled, rather perversely, confident in the knowledge that God would handle it. Either He would heal me or He would provide skilled prison medical professionals to properly treat me. Ha! Now that would be a miracle.

So - am I immortal? No. Not in the flesh, but if I am a Christian who perseveres to the end, my spirit will reside with our Father in His Kingdom forever. That makes me immortal. In the meantime I will cherish each day, even residing within these uncaring prison walls, because the walls form an enclosure that has filled with the love and support of friends, family, and Christ. Can any man ask for more? Yes. A full head of hair. Ha Ha Ha

Thanks for checking in on me.

Cordially,



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Novel: A Thundering Wind (Amazon.com)