

5-6-12

Irish Soup

Poems - Art Work - Short Diddies - Notes - Rambling

My Jeannie, My Love ☺ you are the sun and the moon of my sphere.

James - I love you I miss you brother

Being an open book can backfire in a big way.

My winters indulgence has put on a lot of extra lbs - time for me to get started on that eating and exercise program I have to do every spring & summer.

Reboot and revitalize ☺

I have found a new word - DISCURSIVE - I am discursive = rambling from one subject to another.

It's not a sign of weakness to show that you care, it's the little things that count.

You are my legendary love affair, you light the fire in my heart.

Sinda - How are you doing, little sister? I hope you'll be able to come home real soon - I got both your blog and your letter - I love you sis.

I'm a normal nut with all the quirks, dreams, anxieties, and foibles that you have.

Aunt Alice - I hope you are up now and moving around - I know how you hate to sit still - I love you

Gianny - thank you for being there looking after your grandma

The great truth is that it is in the nature of people to do good for one another.

We barely have 5 minutes to eat our meals before some fat ass bull screams 'next' not enough time to shovel the food in, even without chewing - you would think we would all be skinny but we're not - maybe the no chewing makes you fat.

Sometimes I feel like the only grownup here on a yard full of overgrown kids

at the end of the day my head is spinning from an overload of

2
5-6-12

Irish Soup

Poem - Art Work - Short Stories - Doodles - Notes - Rambling
I love you Brother, always know that.

James my Brother: it was great to hear your voice: it was all I could do to keep myself from crying on the phone. It is hard for me to except this, I hope I'll be able to see you at least one time over the summer.

Among those whom I like or admire, I can find no common denominator, but among those whom I love, I can: all of them make me laugh. - W.H. AUDEN

You always hate to see it when someone's told to come over to the office to make a phone call - you know there is illness or death in the family and you start feeling it inside (the butterflies and not the pretty ones) It's as if it were your own call.

Truth is maybe I need to lighten up, get back to that rolling on the floor laughing.

It takes me about ten (10) days to get ~~message~~ here from the blog so be patient waiting for my response I will answer all on the blog and most will get letter from me before I'm posted on the blog :)