

MAY 27, 2012

Hello World!

Why would I choose to watch City of Angels when I know Meg Ryan's character dies in the end and bringing me to tears? Could it be that I want to be reminded that I have a soft center? Could it be that subjected to 26 years of stone cold prison harkness that creates a hard outer shell and a stiff upper lip I want something to break through?

All is likely true.

The joke between cellies is if a watering of the eyes occur it's blamed on allergies. Holding back a full-blown blubber is the rule. However, on rare occasions when my cellie is absent I can let the river flow. It's not the movie causing my tears but loss of family, friends, potential, and missing soul-healing hugs. Yes, God is always with me and He gives me strength to face each day, but the Spirit within me cannot give fleshly hugs — a flaw? No — I'm just human.

Afterward, I am spent and strangely refreshed at the same time. Being a 51-year-old male I also feel silly, but it's obvious that I need to let go, let it out, to allow my body to express what overflows from my heart. I have to admit that my grief from loss is a sorrow that requires an equal amount of time to pass and tears to flow. I've done the time but neglected the tears. I guess I'll check the movie schedule.

Thanks for checking in on me.

Cordially,

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Novel: A Thundering Wind (Amazon.com)