

Welcome to July,

July 1, 2012

Another month has crept up on me, time just keeps rolling on. ☺

Isn't it funny (ironic) how slowly it moves when you are young, only to steadily increase its pace as you age. Or maybe it's just that there never seems to be enough time to get caught up with all your responsibilities.

Well, it has recently been pointed out to me that my lack of discipline plays a big part in my not keeping up on all my projects, and I have to admit to a short coming in that Department.

I definitely need to be a lot more organized and plan my days better.

That must sound strange from someone serving a life sentence in an institution that is run on a specific clock day in and day out. It doesn't get much more regimented than this. Maybe that's why I tend to fly by the seat of my pants in my free time.

I don't like planning very far ahead, for me there is no light at the end of the tunnel and I'm much better off if I don't think about it.

I can't look into the future because I don't like where the road leads and it would be too easy to get completely lost in the depression.

So I am very much in the moment, Even looking into the past can be hard, I have so many regrets and it's so easy to get into a rhythm of second guessing and wishing I had done things differently.

But all the wishing in the world will not change the past, so whenever I catch myself reliving old memories I make a concerted effort to focus on good ones and let those feelings wash over me again.

Memory is powerful, but of course at my age it's also spotty. ☹️

The truth is that despite the many horrors of my past I do have some beautiful memories that carry me through the halls of this place.

Like riding in a tractor with the girl I loved, plowing a field in Vermont laughing at the mice scurrying in every direction. Spending the night in a house that creaked and groaned so much we actually scared ourselves. ☹️

My 13<sup>th</sup> or 14<sup>th</sup> Birthday, my little sister who was in New Hampshire popped up in the passenger seat of my father's jeep yelling "Happy Birthday" with such an amazing smile, in Montana.

My brother and I camping in Blodgett Canyon and hiking up into the mountains.

These are the memories I focus on when the regret wagon tries to roll in.

And whenever I am daunted by the finality of my situation I only need to remind myself I get to call my little sis Saturday morning.

And ~~despite~~ despite all the crap our parents put us through and the different roads we travelled my older brother, younger sister and myself have managed to pull together a great friendship full of love. And now another light from my past has touched my life.

What do I have to be blue about? <sup>is</sup> in

Be at peace ya'all.

Danny