

Randy "Post"

1.

MARVIN Randall  
Chaplin

October 23  
- 2012 -

Dear One, I'm going to  
"Use Randy Chaplin" rather  
than my full name on the  
return address.

Mike is trying to E-mail you.

Here it is in Vacaville  
CA. yesterday, Monday the 22<sup>nd</sup>  
I was driven to Gaden of the  
Valley hospital under armed  
Guard of course. My Cancer  
has returned. I AM  
not going to do Chemotherapy.

From Centerville Indiana where  
I attended 1 & 2, grades, we  
moved to "Perking Indiana".

In a tiny 3 bedroom red brick  
house, were myself 9 brothers, 2  
sisters, this little house was  
to be my home until 7<sup>th</sup> grade.

Both of my sisters got married  
2 big brothers went to Vietnam,  
"Light My Fire" 1968-69-70 —  
over

2.

the end of an era. I wanted to be a hippie or hippy??

My boyfriend was right next door and we had sex on the paper route almost everyday.

From 3 to 6<sup>grades</sup>, he was everything to me.

One day his mother came to tell me, "her son will not be speaking to me anymore" I

cried right then & there and asked "why"? But I knew why. Summer was spent, fishing, sleeping out in a tent, or on the ground in a sleeping bag. My best friend's name was Randall and I never, ever, was "inappropriate with him, he was the smartest kid, he had long black hair w/ a silver streak since 6<sup>th</sup> grade. He played saxophone, made mostly "A's" in school and generally was the voice of reason during those years. When K, & I bought a 1966 Chevrolet Impala" and so began

(3.)

Am cruising, riding the  
"Drive In" back Country  
Road Circuit, listening  
to 8 Track Tapes, TODD,  
D. Bowie, ZZTOP - B.O-CULT  
everything, doing L.S.D.  
Window pane, Orange barrel,  
Micio dots, purple haze,  
Powdered Mescaline. We  
traveled together, picking  
up, Kenny, Steve, Ted,  
sometimes Dave, and all the  
peripheral friends, countless hours  
smoking that Old brown dirt,  
mexican weed & "Acapulco Gold"  
Am not gonna have time  
to describe all my friends  
so I'll just name a few.

Joy, Kenny, Steve, Ted, Danny, Theresa  
Rosie, Holly, Joe, Chester, Greg,  
Carole, Bobbie, The dreamers  
the kids that hung out at the  
Pizza Place, every night, if a  
cruise ride wasn't available.

My childhood was full of  
twisted sexual events and  
the constant idea that i was  
different from everybody else.  
over →

I wish, i had discovered sex w/ my first girlfriend.

I already knew what sex was in the 1st grade. This awareness was to become the overarching motivation, and in my own opinion, the destruction of my life, it was pervasive in all my relationships, please someone and they will be good to you, be an actor, I peed on myself to 5th grade, picked my nose and was looked on with "Ew" until 7th.

Dancing at the jr. high dances got me, the finest girl in school, tall, blonde, big breasted & super sexy for 13 years old, I gave Kathy a ring and tried to feel the sexy excitement w/ her, that i felt elsewhere. Years later i did, with more than one woman, many, many women. To this day i yearn and ache for one mean mean b\_l\_ch. After she left, from Leucadia CA, my life ended, I pray she has a good life, with folks around her who comfort and love her. I've been on fire from birth, she come

Closest to putting out the flames.

I want to close, by wishing the remaining, a bidding folks a lot of love, and prosperity. I miss you, so very much, my sister Rosie more than all, but in a different way. If you knew me in life, and your reading this, if it caused you pain or harm, I am so sorry, if you think, in not talking about you, then "remember," remember "Randy" You know, I love you deeply and live with regret, remorse and tearful memories everyday of hurting and losing the friend in this life that is you. I could name, but why? We know who you are. Beyond the broken, there were many good, times, eloquent, warm, hopeful, peaceful, filled with love of poetry, art, music, I could have been a much warmer and more considerate, friend, lover of life helper, a better "Uncle Randy" Someone of us, lose our way, and for all the platitudes, we stay lost, I knew this



feeling from early childhood. Named after a man, who would no longer matter, so soon after my birth, I was raised by a Mother, I had to leave to help and a step father who, for all his material providing, never ever hugged me or barely even smiled around me. The Molestation was my fault of course, I was 5 when it began. No, I live in this cell, because I chose too, the sorrow and loss was too unbearable, the alienation, the homelessness, and the aches and pains and rusty, dusty creaks and groans of aging, I was born to run, not like the song, but like a meteor, or comet, round & round, shattering and splintering, until the once brilliant light and trails, held in a miraculous reverence by some turned into a small cold, many scarred and pitted rock, falling, screaming, falling to the earth.

I was every young boy who fled a broken heart, wandered from Indiana out into the towns and cities of the United States, to finally find peace, beauty and rest in Encinitas at least until the monsters found me again. I ♡ U - Randy.