

Another Day Begins

12/12/12

It is 5:00 a.m. December 12th and I cannot sleep. I am deeply depressed. I got a Christmas Card from my mother last night. Its the first time she's contacted me in over a year. I am happy that she did but its also a sad reminder of the fact none of my family ever contacts me. Life is strange. As a child my whole family gathered at my Great Aunt Lois' house for Thanksgiving and Christmas. I remember those days and am reminded of what it felt like to be loved. To be happy. Then as I got older my family all drifted off to different careers and locations. We are a more prosperous family now but there are no holiday get togethers. And Ive been excommunicated. Its truly heartbreaking to me. I still love them and there's no worse feeling in the world than to love someone who doesnt love you back. I ponder these things on sleepless nights and in the early dawn. Sometimes silent tears crawl down my face. This is the greatest pain of all even more so than being shot, beaten, sprayed with mace or restrained for days. It is an endless dull ache in my chest. And now breakfast is here so I shall stop.

— Jeremy Pinson