In spite of my confinement, I was determined to enjoy my holiday. I painted as many cards as I could, then mailed them out to family & friends. I did it for myself, because I needed for them to know that I love them. Although I haven't heard from any of them, I still feel good about reaching out to them.

I surrounded myself with photos & card from friends like

I do every Christmas. My little paper tree didn't survive storage
so I went without one. I greeted everyone with a "Merry Christmas & a Happy New Year," to which they responded positively.

I got to shovel snow in the yard to clear the cages, and I hummed a few carols while I worked.

What I didn't like was the news reports of Grinches stealing Christmas from the kids; the mass shootings (especially the children); TV programming harping on the end of the world (movies & documentaries); airing movies about slavery ("Roots" 30th anniversary); and that lonely feeling that comes over me sometimes during the holidays.

I caught myself quite a few times gazing out my sliver of a window contemplating my life: No wife; No children; No family to gather around me for Sunday dinner. I really regret not making a big enough contribution to what family I have & the community. There's so many misguided & lost souls out there that could've been saved if the streets & the System were cleaned up. Regrets.....

I've filled my life with everyday moments I could scrape up. I even manufacture joy sometimes by setting aside my fears & expectations--especially my legal woes. Just for the holidays, I was free to enjoy the spirit of Christmas, just for a moment.

