

March 5, 2013

Spring #1.

Dear Ones, spring is coming.

It has been a long time since i have written. I have been living with my failing health, here in this institution. I have a golf ball trying to come out of my left side, pressing, growing, pushing my ribs out, it is painful and debilitating. The Oncologist i saw told me back on Nov, 1, 2012, that perhaps 4 Mths 6- no longer than 10, and i would be passing on from this life. I have resisted going into Hospice, there are no Windows and the incredibly noxious stench of "prison Christian" is too much for me to bear on top of pg 2

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all of the rest of it. I can't seem to maintain the strength to write, my voice, my strong, clear, beautiful singing voice, it has joined the T. Waits Choir, my brain is slippin and there wasn't a lot to begin with.

I miss my sister Rose, i'm so sorry Rosie, I'm an embarrassment and heartache to the ones who know me. My Nieces and Nephews, Town Lenae, Troy, Johnnie & Perry, and all the beautiful ones that I'll never meet. I wish i could have been a better brother to your mothers and fathers and a better uncle to you. I wish too that I could give you one day of some of those good good days in Encinitas, then I think you would understand the daze.

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that i was in. I was just a
runaway kid from Indiana and
i only dreamed of the beautiful girls
that i later knew, loved and lived
with, I always knew, i was never
good enough, yet i tried, I sang
and recorded, believed and lived
the life and make the kind of bad
choices that a runaway High School
drop-out would make. I worked, I
have had "Good" jobs, but I never
had the underlying education that was
needed to "stay" in one of those good
jobs. I should of returned to school.
I should have studied hard and dev-
eloped life skills that would lead to
the kind of self-supporting, self esteeming
life i could have been proud of later on.

But no, so soon im going to
die. It's strange to know it! → ^{mtb#2}

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Sometimes I'm scared and other times I'm sad. Mostly I'm just sorry, prison is a waste of life, sentences that are so draconian and out of touch with the actual crimes committed. A tax paying public supporting a massive burgeoning complex, while the men and women committed to their core live a 3rd World life of trickle down. Yet, it's preferable to homelessness, at least it was for me. I call it retirement & called my crime "Bank Robbery w/a note, a Civilized Crime. No Weapon." The homelessness, my mental illness, I couldn't think clearly, I was on a drug that I hated, I was so ashamed, I AM so ashamed and sorry for frightening the tellers, costing the police community you.

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of the City i lived in so much
money. On and On, I have many
regrets. So, again, i write to
say "Good bye" to those who come
across this blog site and find
Randy Chaplin here, those who
knew me, helped me or cared for
me, who remember me, maybe with
not so much awful disappointment.

I am truly sorry, I grew so
hopeless and tired and selfish, I
took so many wonderful friends and
family members for granted, I behaved
horribly and I could have been so
much better God gave me talent,
health, opportunity and love and
I squandered it all. I love my family
where i was raised. I love this Country

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Post #6

and really didn't understand until
much later in my life that i
should have studied law instead
of chasing the self indulgent and
hedonistically narcissistic pie in
the left wing sky of the Wanna be
writer, singer, actor artist. Not that
theres anything wrong with that.

I'm done for now. I need to
take a nap. Perhaps i will
dazzle u prison infrastructure
stories next post. ?? God bless
and nite nite. ↳ No ☺

[http://betweenthe^{duh?}~~bars~~.org/blogs/190/feel_my_joy](http://betweenthebars.org/blogs/190/feel_my_joy)

Uncle Randy Choplins.