

Post for Fall
①

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Dear Ones, hello, and how
i miss you, Jami, Larry has
my address. It is -

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I pray you find a way to
connect with me. I would like
to see the photos you have. My
life has gone by and left me
wind blown and dusty by
the side of the road. Friends
have recently told me to
stop apologizing. I'm going
over →

2.

to do just that, if the Lord
moves the hands of fate in
my favor im going to work
hard helping someone who
I know needs a friend.

I imagine, "Cooking", "Cleaning",
taking her grocery shopping
and to church, even in a
wheelchair some times just
being there for a family
member can change the quality
of life so much. I don't know
how long i have to live
but im going to spend
on tomorrow ->

(3)

all the time i can bring
positive in my outlook.

I have found the
resonance of Church friends
to be soothing, so im going
to find a Church in our
neighborhood to attend on
Sundays and make that part
of our lives. I have been
watching DVD'S, reading books
and playing my acoustic guitar.
Working with this lung cancer
and living the best i can, that's
about all i can think of, im
afraid, afraid of saying over =>

(9)
something wrong now that
i may have a chance,
of a chance, of going
home to Indiana and
living there with my
sister Roseanna. But there's
really nothing more than
simple people with a
simple hope to live a
while longer with my
Brothers and Sisters,
Nephews and Nieces, to
work on the family tree
take wheelchair Cruises with
Rosie, Cook good meals

(5)

for us. I no longer have
excuses but I have spent
14 years and im costing
the state a fortune. Im not
gonna break any laws, I have
a strong support system now
here and also waiting for me
back home and that is
what I need. Im old and
breathless the cancer has taken
my voice. It is very difficult
to talk and I will never
sing like i used to, I'll
sing, heeh yea I'll sing

(6.)

but im in the Tom Waits
school of Vocalization and
im way down on the list.

But it's still good. I can
sing in a high falsetto voice,
well, i wouldn't call it
singing, im sitting in the
"Dayroom" area of the Hospice here
in Vacaville, i could be
staring out into space
and probably feel im being
just as productive. So, i may
indeed get to be released and
disappear in a little room

in Columbus Indiana, the town of my birth, Readers Digests Architectural City of the year in 1978. In the United States that is. It is a nice town i have lived there a couple of times when i was younger.

I never went to school there or anything. I went to school in Cambridge City, about 100 miles north east of Columbus. School? I failed at School I regret it, to this day I regret my inability to apply myself at school, heres what
over →

(8)

I think, for some reason in 1st
2nd grade, i really applied my-
self to reading and writing. Read-
ing was my salvation and
escape, I was always super
hungry at school and when
I went home for lunch there
was hardly ever anything to eat.
I turned 18 in Tampa Florida,
I was running the streets
'prostituting'. 'Surviving' my
Mother told me over the phone that
she was sorry for me being
hungry 'Malnourished' I swear

over to
next pg →

9.

that's what she said to me, I
remember weighing 68 lbs for
2 or 3 years in elementary school.
I told her never mind, I loved,
do love my Mom tremendously,
she was my rock, I'm sitting
here writing this stuff that
has no meaning any longer.

I'll stop. I'm bored, this
hospice is overrun by
janitorial staff. Care workers,
nurses, etc, the patients walk
on and off the stage in a daze

looking for something to do,
or waiting for the next med
pass, some times it seems
theres one place for patients,
"Bed" the rest of the place
is an up and running
construction zone. Once
one signs the "Do not resuscitate"
its a waiting game for the
Grimm Reaper, or the not
so amused Chaffeur to East
59th street ??? So, if i
were a rich man, on éou éou —
what difference would it make?

Probably a lot, i wish i could
 walk out into the South Pacific
 off the coast of So Cal, between
 Cardiff by the Sea and Encinitas.
 That's where my rock was,
 is, i sat there for time after
 time after time, i dreamed of her
 & cried after her, & never had
 any money, to this day, to my
 death, & had no money,
 & dreamed of her, & could rub
 her feet w/ lotion and massage
 her back for hours, listen to
 her laugh and cry like a
 baby because i knew it
 over →

was hopeless. (12) She was grown up, she lived in the real world, I lived in the fantasy world that I created daily, that I still create, I never knew reality.


I never had a grip on it. I've paid my own phone bill maybe 3 times. I paid my own rent, maybe 2 or 3 times.

I never owned a car or anything really. It makes no sense to me now at 57 years of age w/ terminal illness.

I finally have an understanding of paying rent, of paying bills, but I'm still probably going to be on Social Security, so it's like the taxpayer

will be still paying my way.

I am holding on. I am still trying to get the "Compassionate Release", I'm praying for the Buddhist Hospice, San Francisco, That may be a wondrous blessing.

I love you, there at your computer, dreaming of your hopes, wanting the very best for yourself and your family. I love you and until my last breath, I will pray for you. My Nephews, I miss you Stephen, Michael, Johnny Perry, Troy - Roman, Jason, My Nieces, Alison, Jami, Tamm Renae, Whitesoon. Am going quietly into that long Good night.  HAVE-HAVE-HAVE-HAVE-HAVE-HAVE
Uncle Randall