

BIRTHDAY, BIRTHDAY, BIRTHDAY!



Didn't get to do my usual dinner of indulgence; no money. I'm broke this month due to a hobby craft purchase, a restock in needed art supplies--giving *literal* meaning to the title of "starving artist."

However, I did get a visit from my dad--in which we ate a good lunch (e.g., Phillie cheestake, cup cakes, a beef-stuffed pita, endless Dr. Pepper, and of course, a bag of Doritos.). I'd give anything to see my kids though, Connor & Ellie have birthdays coming up soon and their so far from me.

Perhaps it'll all change one day; who knows? Just hope I don't end up like that guy in Brooklyn--David Ranta, 58--*falsely* imprisoned for 23 years for a murder he wasn't guilty of, due to a conniving prosecution and detective--that upon his release (After *smarter* prosecutors, not solicitors, re-examined the kangaroo trial) was hospitalized the following evening after a serious heart attack.

Ranta's--apparently *real* lawyer; not one of those pretend ones--said, "The accumulated trauma of being falsely convicted ... coupled with the intense emotions experienced surrounding his release has had a profound impact on his health." Stress is a huge killer; and I'm not without my own abundant share; but, visits, letters, and publishing helps alleviate a lot of it.

Happy birthday kids; and you too Jennifer....