

BIRTHDAY DAYS GONE BY....

Chronic remorse, as all the moralists are agreed, is a most undesirable sentiment. If you have behaved badly, repent, make what amends you can, and address yourself to the task of behaving better next time. On no account brood over your wrongdoing. Rolling in the muck is not the best way of getting clean.

--Aldous Huxley

I've never been a big celebrator of *birthdays*; they just weren't a big thing to me as a child. Perhaps just that we didn't really have much money--I was lucky to have electricity enough to run my Nintendo Entertainment System, NES, when I was a kid....

And I didn't do my own kids any better.

We're suppose to learn from our parents' mistakes, not do them one over! But, I screwed up. I've *non-religiously* repented about as much as an atheist can, I suppose; and instead of brooding over my wrongdoings, I'm writing them, documenting them, all in hope that *someone* might learn from my life's lessons.... I can't blame my parents, but yet, we are all products of them--Are we not?--and destined by their choices. It's a conundrum or the highest importance, we may take a new path ... but it's not easy. And we're not exactly in a society of second chances, or understanding. I thought that way, once. But now I know, it's not the criminal society must fight: it's crime! The need for crime, the wide divisions of wealth that create the low-class without food to eat, and habits created by the wanton televised glorification of drug use, sexual deviance, criminal domestic violence, and the general white-trash/thug-life. Kids grow up being programmed by it, under parents that were also programmed by it, in a repeating cycle that only knowledge in an intellectual society could ever have have hope of remedy. We can only do what we can.

A child does not thrive on what he [or she] is prevented from doing, but on what he [or she] actually does.

--Marcelene Cox

Happy birthday: Opal; Michaila; Shylynn; Jaime....

Even if times you don't hear me say it ... I never forget, I never go a day without thinking of those I've had the privilege to have loved in my life. Every minute, priceless.