

2-2-16

apv2

Irish Soup

Notes - Rambling Poems - Short Stories - Art - Steve - Bull
Do you want your eggs fried, scrambled, boiled, or poached ☺?

I look in the mirror at the scars that tell part of my life story - looking at the smile lines - I think till the long smile line (jeannie) from the love of my life. ☺ the one who has always put a smile on my face ☺

Happy Birthday Baby Sister - know that I'm thinking about you - I would put you ages down - but I'm older than you ☺

I wake up with you every morning and go to sleep with you every night, you've always been in my heart you will always be in my heart. ☺

I find that working with my hands puts my brain in a focused but relaxed place - something like a moving meditation. This is the effects of my drawing & painting.

I have to stop and check in with myself several times a day as too much stress is causing me tight muscles and headaches. I have to take a few deep breaths or my head will explode.

You want to know what my biggest fear is - that one of us will pass without telling the other one I love you. I love you and every time I get I will say I love you. ☺

When I tell my story I find it is you I'm talking about.

"Everything can be taken from a man but one thing: the last of human freedom - to choose one's attitude in any given set of circumstances, to choose one's own way."
Viktor Frankl # 119104 (Man's Search for Meaning).

Sometimes late into the night lying here alone it gets so cold I can hardly bare it. A good day is any day you're around. I seek and enjoy the company of well-guided friends, those who support insight. You know I need to learn insight into who I am, what I've done, why I did it.

We become responsible through trial and error. I wish I could be mad at someone besides myself - but then I'm the only one to blame.

They say that age brings wisdom - the only thing old age has brought me is pain and regrets.