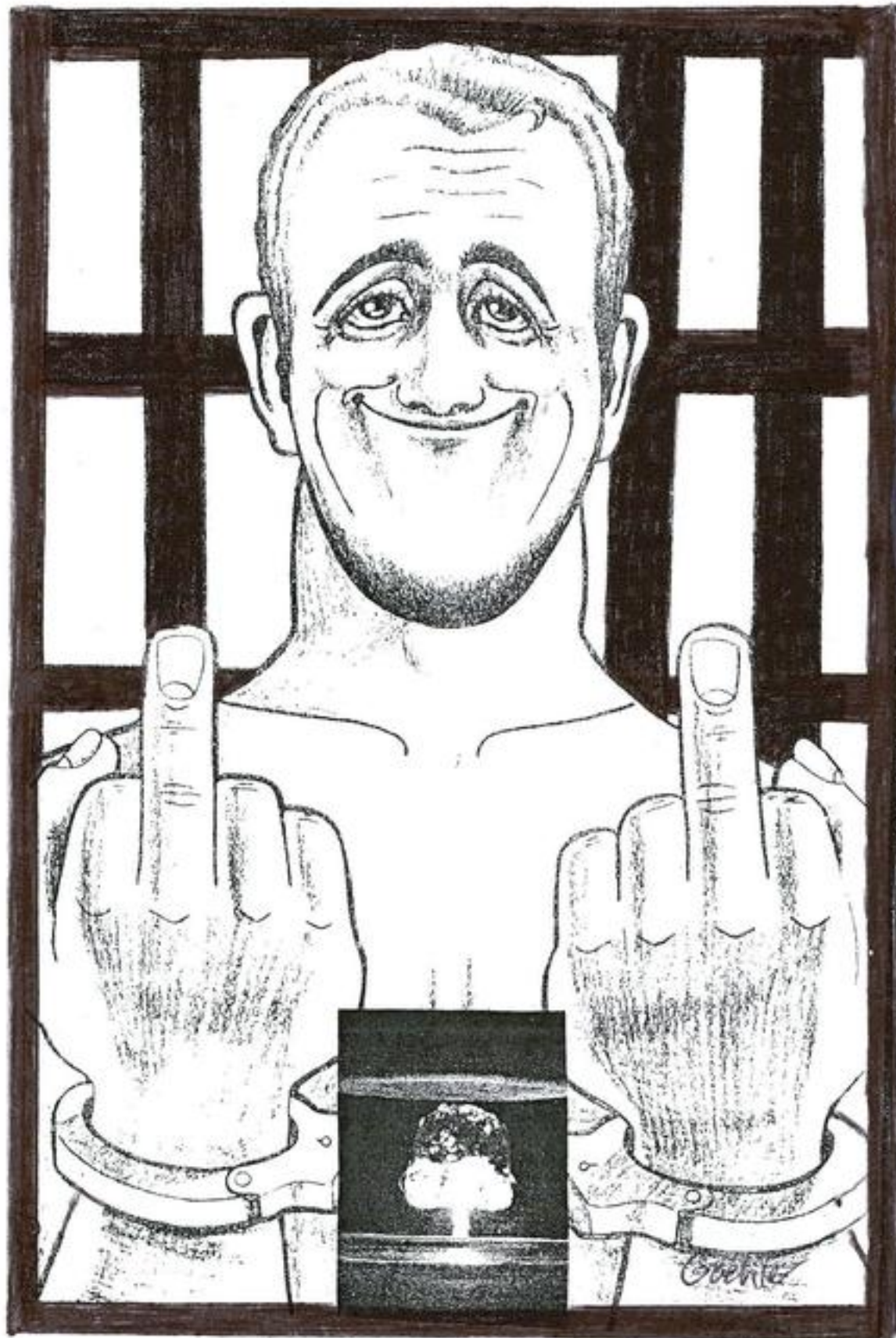


Who's that "white chick" with Pandora's Box? I don't know the Reply LO. # since the threat of Pan's Box was enough to discourage me from writing back and I ended up getting rid of that mystery letter from Tina ~ who? Sure, mentioning "pictures" certainly limited the range of possibilities, but again; Pan's Box was discouraging me from opening this comm. line. That is until Brandon's old cell mate confirmed my query of your name today (2-8-16), adding that his dad said something about Brandon being fettered on some felony charge(s), the last he heard. Didit you two have a kid? Okay then! So "Pandora's Box" is rather what you expect if Brandon discovers you've contacted me... or learns that you've returned the happy snaps I entrusted to you to copy for my kids? Yea, it would be mighty white of you to return them to me. Or at least make a copy of them for me please.

Tina, I'm glad to see that it weighed enough on your heart for you to get in touch with me. I'm not "mad" at you, because I understand this game Brandon involved you in. And like all the other debts I'm sure he likely left behind with you, this one is probably the easiest for you to right, so hell yea! Wm Goehler #K-T1832 Box 409020 Al-124 Lone, CA 95640 is where you can send them to ~ and you don't even have to add your return address on the envelope if you prefer not to, though I will respond to letters if you'd like to write too. Totally up to you Tina. Oh, and don't mis-read anything into this here heart stationary I was drawing up as a meditation upon all my loves this life... wondering how I could post something here on my blog site expressing the love I'm blessed with here in my personal purgatory, to pay tribute to Vali's Day and the cyclical regeneration of the Spring Season approaching. You'd think that after almost twenty years exiled to this state of purgatory with no hope of ever getting out alive I'd be resentful, but I'm not. I'm turning 53 in a few days and I can proudly say I have fought the good fight this life. From taking Brandon out of public school in the second grade rather than allow them to drug him, to bringing more blue eyes into this world ~ and exempting them from the public policy of childhood inoculations. To challenging the status quo in church and state corruption, I fought for what I thought was right! Of course I've suffered losses for daring to be the exceptional seditionist, but then I've also inspired countless others to dare think for themselves and therein become accountable for the condition of their life in the world they live in. After all, our world is what our thoughts make it to be and we all pretty much get what we think we deserve, don't we? As for me self, I don't accept that Pandora's Box is my lot as a consequence of communicating with you. Granted, communication often does stir-up trouble (misunderstanding) in life, but as true as that is ~ communication is the only way to clear-up misunderstandings too. That's where I stand secure in all I've inspected and see in proper perspective.

INSPECT YOUR THOUGHTS ... if I've learned anything worth passing on after my 52 trips around the Sun, I can sum it all up with those three words: INSPECT YOUR THOUGHTS. Things are rarely what they seem. If you can do that Tina, and determine it's more right than wrong to return my dearest treasures I had entrusted with you years ago ~ then more power to you. Do what's right... for you. There is nothing in Pandora's Box with any power against that. Unless you alone think that you deserve to be punished for breaking your word. For breaking a trust? Isn't that why we all permit others to break faith with us, too? Isn't it why we accept less than the best ~ and settle for less? From others as well as ourselves? How unfortunate! But then Mediocrity seems to be status quo ~ So this here is my salute to status quo. And my motto: "AUT VINCERE AUT MORI".

Hail Vali,
the valiant.



For the Love of Truth
Be blessed,
accordingly.



Down must thou go, to get out;
and out must thou go, to get up;
and up must thou go, to bring might
down to thy midst in Midgard.

