

Tina

4 May 16

April 18 is the date on my print-out of your undated post ("Posted 2 days, 6 hours ago", it sez), pointing out Pandoras Box was in relation to fears of the unknown - regarding what to expect of me. I'm grateful that Kevin clarified some of your misunderstandings.

That ole boy's got some grit, he does! I play alot of head games with people in here who mostly use theirs for a hat rack. But he is one of the few who knew me when I was me, before I'd been exiled to the god-damned wilderness like that Nebuchadnezzar character in the bible story. Thankfully, despite the reputation I'd generated in here to repulse numb-skull parasites from mistaking my hospitality as some sort of 'tribute' they somehow think they're entitled, Kevin called my bluff and introduced me to a timid she-man looking for a prison daddy - and consequently discovered my burlesquing antics were merely meant to provoke numb-skulls. Recognizing the value of that "stay-away game" I suppose, Kevin decided he'd move into my tomb - perhaps to revive me? ... if I'd agree to wear cloths when ever we were both in the cell together. A request I'd disregarded for years of unwelcomed trespassers carelessly assigned by fate to invade my space, I agreed with Kevin's terms - as long as the numb skulls stayed off our cell door. But you know Kevin, Mr Congeniality! Before long, the bestial numb skulls I'd trained to stay off my door musta figured that Kevin had domesticated me - and so... yea, I think our arrangement lasted - um... 6 months - 12? However long it was, was the longest I'd had a cell-mate since starting this prison term in '98! Yea, you'd all be surprised to know just how many people karma had pass through my universe - some for weal and some for woe, before I was finally granted an exemption from mandatory cellmates.

Give Kevin a big ole hug from me, Tina. It's good to know he has an "angry agnostic 23 yr. old around to make him feel his age. I suppose he also told you a tale or two about when Brandon was here he never did express that "fiery hatred" - to me. Brandon had weaved a yarn or two before I got back here, about what he'd do to avenge the wrong I'd done endangering our family - if and whenever we crossed paths. Though sadly, Brandon preferred to see me unredeemed in my utter despair rather than gamble playing the avenger. Brandon's life would have been a lot different now if he'd honored his response-ability when our paths crossed here in 2008 - or anytime during the time we were here together, for that matter! Too bad. When did he leave me here in my state of despair - 2011? And what was it - 15 happy snaps of his sibs he destroyed? It just goes to show why Confucious say: "To be wronged is nothing unless you continue to remember it". In other words: Hurt people hurt people.



Don't misunderstand me to mean that I'm not a Prick at times too. I Am! But in the most part I care less - and less, about more and more from here in my purgatory. It is sad though, that Brandon is carrying me around as an excuse to do stupid things which hurt other people. Maybe next time we cross paths we'll redeem each other - one way or another - and he will get the closure he apparently needs... and a wee more respect too. I'm not wishing him back, mind you; but the cosmos has a way of making everyone face-up to that which they fear at some point in time - sort of as an evolutionary step, as it were.

Look at my life now for instance, and by extrapolation see what you think my most terrible fear in life must have been. It's obvious that the most terrible thing I've dreaded - and still do! is being mis understood by my loved ones - and their "friends" who can influence them one way or another. This of course correlates with my other fear about having an abundance of knowledge and yet a scarcity of influence. I know all too well if it weren't for this blog-site, I'd be as good as dead to most everyone. And yet, even with this site affording me this opportunity to be heard, it still seems to be the case. Can you imagine the hell of having the answers to so many questions never asked? To be mis understood and buried alive - much like the rich dude in the bible story, who also couldn't communicate across the gulf to alert his loved ones?

Yashua forged across that gulf though - bless his heart! And he brought his lovely new bride along to visit a couple hours with me. Of course he'd posted letters to me on my blog site over the years keeping me abreast of his life - so I had a certain understanding of his resilient determination to live a good life with a loving heart out there. I suppose it was selfish of me - but as I've been plagued with one unsolved mystery I've been unable to inspect and purge here in my purgatory, I needed him to ask his Mom to fill in the amnesiac space of what happened to me after I made her give me the shot of dope she was giving her fetus (David) at the time. I swear there was no intention to vilify her - or suggest that that shot is any excuse for the following years of belligerence (tho she must admit; our years together before that shot were blessed). I simply wanted him to ask his mom to recall that missing part of my puzzle for me. He handled it like a champ, and did manage to give me enough to put together the rest on my own - but his mom mis understood my intent, I think. It was in no way a blame game Tina, honestly. Perhaps you'll relay that to her for me.

The definition of Purgatory [fr. purging], is: that place for expiatory purification. And, Expiate? [fr. atone/appease], is: to make amends for. Amend?: to put right; to reform oneself. via Purging [fr. to purify] to free. For me, Forgiveness is on par with Understanding - and tho some people



apply the Ostrich method of forgiving themselves - as well as others, I'm one who has to understand anything I have reason to forgive. And so for me to forgive myself for the turbulence I caused, where security was expected - I simply need the missing puzzle pieces. It's kinda like being dehydrated in hell, ya know? Just a drop of water is all that I want.

Pictures of people who don't consider me worthy enough to share with me themselves, are like flowers on my grave that some florist delivered. Believe me Tina, I appreciate that you are willing to play the florist role for me. But please understand; I don't want to know about my family and feel like I'm peeking in their window! I want to know them because they want to know me - or at least want to help me achieve that ever elusive and reconciling atonement I aspire toward.

You are a dear, but I don't think that I deserve anyone's 'pity'. If you'd like to spend some time with me on this blog site, as a friend of my kidz - I'd like that Tina. Then maybe my kidz will get to know me vicariously through our communications and actually send you e-pic's to print out for me - with corresponding text's, if they need you to do that for them. Cool? Who else but them, will provide my redemption?

I'm sure using that word a lot here, huh? And since it's a word so easily deferred to a bible story which actually serves to nullify everyone's intrinsic nature to understand - forgivingly, let's concentrate on the actual definition of Redemption: [fr. to redeem]: the act, process, or an instance of redeeming. Redeem: [fr. to take]: to get or win back: to free from what distresses or harms; to help to overcome something detrimental; to release from blame or debt: CLEAR; to change for the better: REFORM; REPAIR; RESTORE.

Who else but them Tina? Who else but them?

With much Love.  
Be Blessed.