

Merry Christmas, a child's memories

12/24/16: 6:30am: Listening to: Christmas carole on the radio

I was sitting here, thinking of my mom, remembering my childhood & I thought of Christmas. I took the night off from typing, I wrote 190 letters yesterday, every one of them to a different politician in my state. Wasn't hard, they were all the same, just took hours to print them all out & address the envelopes. But I laid down, couldn't get through to my mom yesterday so I just remembered her. She really loved Christmas, when she had her kids at home. One year I got up early, before all my siblings, & I started to open presents. I was bad, I didn't just open some of mine, I opened some of theirs (just to see if they got toys I might want to play with) & I tried to tape them back shut like mom did when she wrapped them, but it was dark & my only light was the Christmas tree lights & the kerosene heater that kept us warm. I remember when everyone got up, mom wanted to beat my butt. But she didn't. I love chocolate, I was one of the few kids who attacked my stocking. I knew it always had all kinds of good little chocolate treats in it. I definitely have a sweet tooth. Still do. I am a die hard ice cream lover. I could live off of it. I love anything peanut butter, chocolate, fudge, caramel, all the good sweet stuff. As kids, mom would buy the big 2 gallon bucket of ice cream at the store & we would make huge bowls of it. I would eat myself sick. I was just a little kid but I didn't care. I love ice cream. When I moved in with Justine, Once a week we would have ice cream together. She loved mint chocolate chip. But Dairy Queen is still in the back of my mind. Haven't been there since the late 1980's but I will never forget it.

It snowed here so there will be no yard today ): I hate being cooped up in here. I went to play with the puppy dogs yesterday, well just 1, & he was sleeping ): There are 3 black labs, but I am only friends with one of the guys who has a dog. So he lets me play with his dog, sarge. He takes the training seriously so I can't feed him yet!!

I went to talk to one of the psychologists. I have been very down & miserable. Just depressed I guess. Anyone in here who isn't, they are the ones I'd be worried about. We are getting 3 more puppy dogs in February 2017. So that will be 6 black labs being trained for wounded veterans,

I received a letter from my friend Paul. He is in the hospital for surgery. He has colon cancer. He is mid 50's so this is definitely serious. I just wrote his daughter & asked her to keep me updated.

I also called my aunt Cindy. She just learned that a close friend was killed. She befriended a homeless man & though she is fairly poor, she hired him to help her with yard work, house work, he refused to take a hand out, wanted to work for it so she paid him to help her. She said over the years he became a part of her family. Someone hit him & killed him in Deptford, N.J. She invited him for christmas dinner but was worried when he never came by to say yes or no. Then she gets the bad news. Well this is my day. Take care, enjoy Christmas, & say a prayer for my friend Paul. He doesn't deserve cancer. God Bless, ciao.