

Brush Soap Journal

6-8-17

Notes - Rambling Poetry - Short Stories - Art - Ball - Steve

No matter how bad things get, life's not so bad when you've got someone to hold in your heart. ♡

It's said that the eyes are our windows to empathy and to the world and yours are such a beautiful brown

The tendinitis in the palms of my hands is getting worse lately - I can hardly hold anything with any weight on it. Pens, Pencils, + brushes I can manage except when my arthristis is acting up. ♂ Old age, but at least I'm still here - I miss my brothers.

I miss the laughter of all my friends. The sadness I feel without them hurt to the bone.

In the event of a life-threatening situation ten percent of us will face our fears rationally. The rest of you will run screaming like five-year old girls. ♡ ♡
 "You don't know about lonely 'til it's chiseled in stone (Van Hoolin)"

The day you came into my life was the day I became a believer in fate... Ours is a love that was meant to be ♡

The primary attraction in our dining hall is the small wildlife moving about on the tables and floor. ☺

If you want to see the gold at the end of the rainbow, you've got to go out in the rain.

I abhor to doing my doodling talking. So much so I'll ask someone I'm talking to for a blank piece of paper to doodle on. ☺ doodles are just reminders ☺ ♡ ♡ NO ♡

I love you more, more today than yesterday