

## Love Note

My Dearest Jeannie, My Love;

11-26-17

Good morning my heart. I hope you are enjoying your day. I have no clue when I became just about the oldest person on the yard. I got to be this age faster than I expected - like we were in a time warp. I'm not the oldest person on the yard but at 71 I'm up there near the top for old people in prison. A person is considered old in prison if he makes 50, that goes along with their bad food (food that's unhealthly, bad medical, (Doctor who have to fight the CMO for anything that want to do for you, most won't))

People mistake me for someone important, someone who doesn't care about much - that's untrue, I just don't have much to care about anymore. I worry about everything - someone getting in my face, a face I hide behind. In prison we live in a state of low-grade paranoia. No one can know who we really are. But, I can't hide from you, you know me, you know everything about me. you pick me up when I'm at my lowest. If not for your love I would surely just hide underneath a blanket all day.

For some (even tho I'm crazy) you are inclined to listen to me, smile with me, and laugh at my faults. Know that somewhere along our way we both became fascinating, charming, and funny at least to one another. Now my love we have reached the stature of elders. One of us still has imperfections and it is up to the other one to work on them ♡ ☺

I love you and miss you everyday we're apart. If we could do it over I would never leave your side. For now a sign my heart; a word. I've loved you always

I'll love you always

Forever & Ever, Your Steve