

"There comes a time in every man's life and I've had many of them." - Casey Stengel

Dear Readers,

12/18/17

Happy Holidays!

Things here in Petersburg are going OK. It's been unusually cold so far & we even got snow already, on Dec. 8. That was really early compared to the previous two years I've been here.

My latest crush, Travis, is in the Hole. He went the last Wednesday in November. I've missed him terribly & was really upset that I couldn't write or get any word to him. I was especially upset at first when I was originally told that he would be in there for 60 days. Fortunately, a couple of guys who were in there with him got out & said that he only got 30 days instead of 60. So, at the latest he should be out in mid January (it's 30 days after your hearing), & hopefully they'll be feeling generous & let him out a week or two early.

I was especially disappointed 'cause I was looking forward to spending Christmas with him & surprising him with gifts. I still got him presents & I guess he'll be really surprised to receive them late.

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OK, one of his presents is going to be a crocheted black widow spider, which I'm going to give to one of Travis' friends in his unit to put under his covers. It's not finished yet, but it's pretty large - the body itself is 10-12 inches long. Travis is deathly afraid of spiders, so that's why I'm making it. It's my evil sense of humor. I'm getting him other things too that he'll really love, so I'm not being completely evil.

We're getting our Xmas bags this week. Every year we get a bag full of junk food for Christmas. It's the highlight of the year.

I recently finished a "Publishing" class. I just took it 'cause I needed to have some programming classes to help get my points down. In any case, as assignments we had to write 3 things: ① a one-page description of a place (I did our patio/pod area at our last home); ② a description of a town (3 pgs. - I did my hometown of Corpus Christi); and ③ a 5-page short story (I did a memoir of when I moved to Austin).

So... I'm including my description of my home town, Corpus Christi, Texas. I hope you like it.

I wish you all a blessed & prosperous 2018!

Love & Blessings,



Publishing
11/14/17

Queen of the Light

Corpus Christi, Texas, will always be my home, even though we moved away just before my 10th birthday. Its motto is the "Sparkling City by the Sea."

Corpus is located on the Gulf of Mexico, between Houston and Brownsville. The downtown area overlooks Corpus Christi Bay. There are three ... docks, I guess you would call them, thrusting into the bay off of Shoreline Drive. They're there for personal use, as the main port of Corpus Christi is a little farther north where the Nueces River spills into the gulf.

In any case, you can drive on these docking areas - the T-heads & the L-head (called so by their shape - I can't remember if there's 2 T's and one L, or the other way around), and my sister used to drive me along all of them when I was little. Sometimes we would stop & feed the gulls.

The downtown area is really pretty, despite the fact that the gulf itself and the small beach downtown aren't really the cleanest. This is due to all the oil drilling in the gulf and the many refineries in the area. Well, at least partially it's due to that.

I know this sounds strange, but the smell of an oil always seems like home to me. Don't get me it's not as if Corpus always smells like an

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oil refinery - the constant wind off the gulf takes care of that.

When we lived there, it was in an area of town known as "Annville," out on the west side of Corpus near the airport. One thing that definitely sucked was that our house was on the flightpath to the airport, so you would often hear a plane overhead as it was coming in for a landing.

Our neighborhood was strange. You would drive past a cotton field on one road, or empty fields on the other, and suddenly come across a neighborhood situated on two longer roads with shorter cross-roads between them, and that was it.

When I was little, we lived right next door to my grandparents house, my mother's parents. My grandmother died when I was about four, so my main memories are of my grandfather living there.

We had a tradition in our family that on your birthday you got to pick which restaurant you wanted to eat at.

I always chose one of two places: either Old Mexico Restaurant on Leopard St., or Panjo's Pizza off of SP17, South Padre Island Drive.

Old Mexico had the best Tex-Mex food I've ever tasted. I grew up on Tex-Mex and could eat it every day.

③.

Panjo's Pizya also tasted like nothing I've had since. Also, not only was the pizya outstanding, but on the weekends they had a small band with a piano and a banjo, and they would have "sing-alongs" with a catalog of old-timey songs everyone would sing.

Down South Padre Island Drive you would eventually end up on the Padre Island National Seashore. We always drove down to where the road ended and even farther down along the beach.

The beach there was much nicer than the one in town, being a more secluded area and a preservation site. I used to love to hunt for sand dollars and other seashells when I wasn't playing in the surf.

Corpus Christi isn't a largely traveled city as it's located at the end of an interstate. There aren't any major highways going through the city, the highway goes to Corpus and that's it.

I know it's not for everyone, but Corpus Christi holds the fondest memories for me of my youth. I was devastated when we moved and miserable for years after that. It will always be "home" to me.

GREAT
JOBS!!!