

Personal Journal

3-5-18
MON
Happy Birthday to my Baby Theresa. You can do no wrong in Uncle Steve's eyes - love you, miss you. A man gets up at dawn without complaint. Maybe he can lift his own body weight, maybe he can't. He knows how to move. He's taken a few punches, knows life it's not all that bad. He can handle himself. My father and grandfathers were so much braver and tougher. They did what needed to be done. Me, it seems I just sit around and complain afraid of what will happen if I stand up.

3-6-18
TUES
It's a clear morning out. I can see my grandpa's face in the moon. It is nice to know that someone cares about is always looking out, watching over you. In: In early 1924 the blue-bloods of Virginia found themselves with a problem. To criminalise interracial marriage, the state had drafted a law that classified anyone possessing even "one drop" of non-white blood as "coloured". Unluckwardly, that would include many of the so-called First Families of Virginia, because they trace their descent to a native American woman by the name of Pocahontas. I started painting yesterday afternoon but it didn't take long for my left hand to lock-up. I don't know who might have arthritis but when your finger or hand locks up it's painful. I just have some touch-ups to do on the picture of my brother James.

3/7/18
WED
Time goes by fast at times in here - when you're old and know you're never getting out. you just want things to move slow like you've learned

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3/7/18
WED

To do, don't get me wrong the days seem to last forever on some days, it's the weeks, months, year that just pass an old man up. Now Jimmy, wrong his time must seem like forever. He has been locked up for all of six months and has less than six months to go. I think I'm going to be depressed. I got my cell searched last night. torn down all my shelves - I tell other people not to take these kind of things personal, yep, it's personal to me - the skelue I had my paints sitting on has been up for more than ten years. Has anyone heard from anyone?

3/8/18
THUR

For some reason yesterday - somewhere between Breakfast and Dinner it became Thursday in my mind. I sit everything up after dinner like it was Thursday. So as soon as my feet hit the floor this morning I realize it's Thursday and not Friday, so what happened to Wednesday? What's done cannot be undone. I should have realized it was ~~the~~ Wed. as Jimmy didn't have any groups. He ~~has~~ groups the other four days, some days two groups - he's trying to get one hooked up on Wednesday. For every 52 hours of groups he gets one week off his time. With him having all these groups and school he's gone all the time during the week and he loves going to the dayroom and yard it all makes his little time go by faster - little bastard. I get the Texas Monthly from a friend of mind every month (yep he's from Texas) There was a story in there this month about the Guadalupe Mountains National Park

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3/8/18 It is preserved as is. There are no restaurants or bars, no hotel, no gas station, not even a shower. It is the highest point in Texas. They've just opened or will open in May a new 100 mile trail from the heights of Texas to the depths of New Mexico. It connects Guadalupe Peak to New Mexico's Carlsbad Caverns. The pictures look nice so who would like to take this little hike beside me, dream or dream on.

3/9/18 Friday An understanding of music is something I've learned to enjoy more with the years. I don't know if it's a deeper understanding but it's something you learn if they want to or not. I enjoy all music (except rap crap - it's just hate + disrespect). Like life music does leave its marks not only in your brain but in your heart and in your soul. Go back to 1963 - "I Want to Hold Your Hand," when that song comes on the radio I can't help but think about riding the bus in the rain and putting a big smile on my face. And yes I like today's music, rock + country, I like Brahms too. I finish the portrait of James yesterday - I didn't realize how handsome my brother was, I guess he did look just like me. 😊 Now I have to find something else to paint. I have a picture of my sister Calla I want to do but I don't want to do back to back portraits. I am working on a drawing of the Lucky + Love Lady if my hands hold up. Sometime I spy you from the top tier of my inner prison and I think out loud "Why don't you say anything to me?"

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3/10/18

SAT



I can still remember the days of my youth, I dream of them, remembering the warmth of love ones and friends, the days before the cold set in. Now I'm waiting for a break in the clouds so the sun can shine. Will I ever feel the warmth again? I can hear the music from somewhere down the tear. Someone is up besides me waiting for the morning fire - the sun behind the clouds coming over the hills the castle sits on - there are many colors of yellow, orange, and red it looks like the castle, the whole sky is on fire - beautiful. 😊

3/11/18

SUN

I woke up early this morning and couldn't figure out why but I force myself to stay in bed until about 5:50 when I looked out the window I could see all the guards coming to work that's when it dawned on me it's spring forward day - now I'm running late and waiting for my door to open. I set my one watch now but I'm going to have to wait for Jimmy to get up to set the other one - it's a touch watch someone traded me for a painting and I had it for a couple of months before Jimmy moved in and set it. Sunday morning, Spring, I think I'll just lay in and draw today. Someone wanted me to draw this skull and put roses around it - pencil - he paid me with cookies oh yes I can do that. If anyone's got a minute say hi and let me know someone is there.