

duat

Personal Journal

(1)

potter's field: Mt 27:7 : a public burial place for paupers, unknown persons, and criminals. I fill the bill for all three of those :-

6/14/19
Friday

Day break - there is light in the sky but the sun hasn't made it up over the foothills yet, black clouds in the distance. It's a cool morning, cool for this time of year. We had three days of 100°+ at the beginning of the week so now temps in the low 90's seem cool. 5:12 A.M. Now the red is creeping into the sky another beautiful day is on the way. I had a small heat stroke Monday but I'm alright now - I'll have to be more careful - drink more water :- I did get started on a new painting. A church/school from memory like the one I went to in kindergarten in 1951-52 :- I'm taking my time about doing things right now - I have to watch the heat :- but I am trying to keep my mind busy reading and writing, if I'm not careful I might even learn something - I ready for the MENSAT test again. (If he steers toward land he will be wrecked; if he steers toward the open sea, he will be wrecked. But he must steer toward either land or sea. Therefore, which is correct: He will be wrecked. :- I am a storyteller when I let my imagination run free, both in my writing and in my painting. "I remember nights when I danced with my love under the stars and watch the morning sun taking over the sky." The sun is up now - the morning fire has disappeared from the sky there is only light. :-

6/16/19

It seems I have missed something on my trips to old age. I remember my childhood not much Sunday to write home about there. There were cold night then warm nights. I remember different houses we lived in, the different schools I went

Personal Journal

(2)

to. People say we were poor, I don't remember it that way but everyone we knew was on the lower income. I remember a clapboard house on the Sacramento River when I was three. No electricity, no running water, no inside toilet, I remember how cold it was during the winter, during the night, when it was raining. We had a big stone but it did not warm the house. Me, James and ~~Kelly~~ slept on a mattress on the floor next to the stone. I remember the house we lived in when James fell out of the loft and almost die. Tim cried for James all the time - he couldn't sleep without James' arm over him so I would hold him in my arms while he cried himself to sleep. I want to remember these things. I miss my brothers. I'm thinking about writing a book about my youth, about my family, about my friends - the way I remember them. I had some sad times, I had some happy times to.

6/19/19
~~Wednesday~~
 Monday

I read the Gettysburg Address again yesterday. I hadn't read it since high school. It was in one of the Science of Mind mags. I've always thought it was a much longer speech it had such impact but it is only two hand written pages. Yes I read Science of the Mind and Popular Science. You would think I would be smarter with the type of books I read. I found this new pen on the road yesterday. I guess God thought I needed a new pen to write my book with. I like how dark the ink is. I could use a typewriter just saying.

6/19/19
 Wednesday

I think this might be one of those days where I'm lost. It was hot in here last night and I couldn't sleep. First of all I was having a good day yesterday let me tell you about it. I

Personal Journal

(3)

started off with a two hours walk at a good pace with little or no pain anywhere. It was one of those hot days, over a hundred degree but it was cool in the cell so I was able to get some painting done on the church school almost done. Did some reading in the afternoon and started a lay-out for the book about me 'Book One'. All and all it was a good productive day - then I went to dinner. It was all bad when we came back, the air vents were off and the cell was already hot and without the air from the vent we have no air, the windows don't open and the doors are solid. The fans don't help much as they're just moving around the same hot air :/ Now the vents came back on at 9:30, 10 o'clock but it took all night for the cell to cool down even a little bit. I'm still sweating - when the door come open I'm going to keep it open for awhile so the warm air can escape :/

6/23/19
Sunday

There is nothing much to write home about, a person cannot really get into trouble here. It is summer time the temperatures are in the 80's & 90's Old men get lazy when it gets hot, they find themselves a spot to sit in front of the fan and smile. I know who I'm passing time with and how she makes me smile but I think that old boy over there is just passing gas :/. Happy Birthday Steve; I love you son and I miss you everyday. Lost in yesterdays dreams wishing and I could go back in stay there. Waiting to hear....