

Personal Journal

I finished up doing the painting of Miss Riverside 1984 - a lot of details on a 6"x9" canvas. everyone says the horse looks real. I still need to do some touch up - my brushes are as wore out as my eyes. I've starting another portrait of the most beautiful woman I've ever seen in my 72 years - My Jeannie - Happy birthday my love. I think I have as many drawings + painting of her as I have of myself, my muse :-)

7/29/19

I read somewhere that life is a journey from birth to death. you buy a round trip bus ticket at birth. get on and do life until time to exit. where life takes us is the ~~choice~~ choices we make - let's live long and enjoy it. Remember you have to keep breaking your heart until it opens. Where have all the people gone - turn to stones everyone - now I think I understand or do I? Monday, woke up at 3 A.M. "I couldn't get back to sleep - the cell is very warm - now I'm thinking the vent might be off but I'm too tired or too lazy to get up and check." No light in the sky yet - my head is spinning when will the day begin. "My toes in the sand, my ass in the water, a cold beer in my hand" :-). How I know everyone gets lost in music at times - there's a song you just have to ring out loud to ♡ We had five days of 100°+ temperatures looking for another one today. When I seen the doctor Thursday my weight was 200.5 down from 247 lbs on Jan 3rd. Over the last few years I've shrunk from 6' to 5'10" I do believe now that old men do shrink. :-). One day they will come to count me and I'll be gone :-)

7/30/19

Tuesday

Another blood draw this morning - I had two last week - Monday + Thursday: There are two big ~~purple~~ purple spots surrounded by a yellow + orange

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bruise (yes it's still tender) 😊 It cooled down here a little yesterday - not getting much done by afternoon these cell are too hot to do anything, but lay under the fan - the paint dries on the bush. The heat stays in the concrete wall until well after dark. Still this cell feels twice as cool as the last cell I spend so many years in, 250 a corner cell, but I loved the peace there - no one walking pass your door all day 😊 Imagine, I have a vision of something in my head - I work on it a little bit everyday - then one day a beautiful painting sets before me. I need to stop worrying about how long the painting is taking as long as I feel it, touch it, look at it, work on it a little each day - the beauty in the art will shine just like the unfinished face staring back at me right now.

7/31/19

Adaptability is key. You must learn to adapt to all types of personalities in prison - there are a great number of inmates here who belong in a mental institutions but they've closed them down so the guards can abuse them and the guards allowed to do as they please and it only takes one. I better stop 😊

8-2-19

It's Friday 😊 slept in 😊 My cellie went home yesterday 😊 yea 😊 feel good 😊 I'm happy for the guy so long, good luck, don't come back. He just wasn't a cellie one would care for - he was as dumb as a turd - he didn't crack open a book the whole time he was in this cell - he didn't understand the words 'clean up after yourself', he was a pig pen 😊 enough, I could go on about this guy all day 😊 I'm not hating on him - I've had worse 😊 but I've had a lot of good cellies like Jimmy Lee, Willie (my first cousin) and I cell up for a few years at old

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Folsom, only got in to one knock down drag out, we were younger - it's good to live with family Tim and I cell up at Soladad in the last 80's until I ended up in the hoqd and back to Folsom. It took me most of the day to clean the cell yesterday I can only do a little bit at a time and I have to rest - still have to wash the walls - I hoped stay single celled for awhile. I did finish up a portrait of my love last night - just needs some touch up work done on it. It's good to be alone in the cell and able to keep the bright light on without thinking about brothing someone. I have the bright on this morning and my ^{radio} ~~radio~~ without the headphones.

9/4/19

I'm enjoying this single cell status - hope it lasts a few weeks - been there done that - we have a couple of dozen single cells but I don't endear myself to the guards - old as I am I doubt if my feelings are going to change there. Sunday morning, feeling well - just minor pain in my knees and my hands are still numb. Nothing going on here except AM's & PM's. I would say the food here is bad but I'm not sure it's food. The garbage cans are full after each meal and the pig farmer won't take it, says the pigs won't even eat it, must go to a land fill somewhere. I think this is going to be a nice day, hot, but nice. I would like to hear from someone - the mailman must think I've moved. Leave a message on the message board. Once again Happy birthday my love. Georgia on my mind. keep you light on for me. 'Here I am, there I go, turn the page.'