

Personal Journal

(1)

12/11/19

I was up all night last night, nodding in and out. Ricky said I didn't sore at all so I'm doubtful I got into any deep sleep - I wasn't in any kind of pain to keep me awake, my mind was just racing. Mostly thinking about the painting I just finished of the little boy and little girl sitting on a short retaining wall watching the sun set behind the Pacific - reminds me a lot of me and my jeans - only thirty is I don't remember us ever being that young. I do remember the retaining wall below the Cliff House and the red & golden sun setting on us. The painting I've started on is of a young man jumping a train running away from whatever it is that scares him - if only there was a train going back to that point in time. Nothing like making a wrong turn and getting lost, a man can spend a life time lost in the dark looking for the next lighthouse. More rain, just a light rain but enough to keep everything wet. Yesterday I had both fans going on high trying to dry the cell out - the back wall was ^{sweating} bleeding water running down the window as the cold air from the fog hit one side and the warm air from the heater hit the other side. At least the light rain keeps away the fog so I can get out for my walk - I need to this morning to pick up some groceries I traded a painting for (a couple \$)

12/13/19

Life is good this morning I got a Christmas card from sister + friend Mel with some pictures in it of her, her kids, grandkids, great grandkids, now if that don't make you feel old what will! and me with a birthday coming up this next week (18th). What a ride this

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has been. I would have gotten off long ago but this bus never slows down. Got a docat for telemeds this morning - for the lung doctor I hope, my chest seem to hurt a lot lately and I coughed up blood twice over the last month. not sure what he can do about it if anything. I've been thinking a lot about my grandpa lately, my mothers father (Jackson Doyle Smith) He past away in 1961. I remember him in his black ten gallon hat wearing bib-overalls. He was a giant to me - he was a 100 years old, at least when I was born. He knew all the old outlaws and would tell stories about him & them for hours. It's funny how we remember things and people from our youth when we get older. Being poor was just a way of life - we didn't know anyone with a lot of money - we must have been rich as I don't remember ever missing a meal. I've been trying to remember some of the stories my grandpa told me - I know he knew Frank James in his later years in OK because he told me so, and he killed him many a pickerton.

12/19/19

Yesterday was my birthday - it was an alright birthday until mail call - then it was a great birthday. I got a letter from my Jeannie of course she send it before Thanksgiving. Talk about your pony express. I hope you are feeling well my love. I haven't written much in a few days, I haven't been able to close my hands in a few days - still can't, I just want to get this out in today's mail as nothing else will be going out until Monday. We've spent most of the last week in the cells for one dumb as reason or another. I haven't

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gotten much done because of my hands - watching nothing on T.V. and reading. I saw the pulmonary doctor last Friday - he thinks I might have a lung infection so he ordered me some medication - haven't gotten it yet. Good news my lung are still at 76% capacity - the same as they were in 2017 & 18. The weather here is changing everyday, one sunny day, one rainy day, one foggy day, one cold day - I love it.

Merry Christmas everyone and I hope every one has a great year in 2020.