

Personal Journal

9/11/2020

I went out to the Dermatologist yesterday. It was all the way down to Landford just before Bakersfield three and a half hour drive. We left here at 3:30 in the morning and didn't get back until 2:30 P.M. I got the cancer cut out from the back of my shoulder. That's all that was approved to do. The doctor wants me back to do some beopys - a couple he wants to freeze and one on my left side he wants to cut off. It was dark on the way down there so I just closed my eyes and ring along to the country CD's one of the guards had on. On yes the guard that put on the cuff saw the buses and put them on the best he could ^{not} to make it any worse. Riding back up 99 in the light wasn't so bad I remembered making this trips when we were young ^{hundreds} of times and there was red lights in most of the towns. This thing is hurting now - I had to change the dressing and my t-shirts twice yesterday evening - blood all over things. I put on a fresh T-shirt this morning but I'm going to wait and let the RN change the dressing. My dirty whites are in a bucket with soap - I got to get someone to wash them out for me. I got some messages night before last: thank you my love and I want to say thank you and good work to the good people who are always taking the time to transcript my post and leaving me a little message to let me know that there are still good people

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(:♥ Tigana & (:

out there: TEVANS; JOSIE; Kaylalee00; drosas02; and SINGLESERVICE. [Know that I for one love getting your messages. I will try to call you this next week my love. Reading your love notes really make me happy - singing + dancing happy - holding you in my arm happy; have to stop for now. ♥️ I don't remember getting any duplicate notes my love. I wake up many nights here after mid:night and lay in bed until 4 - 4:30 putting my thoughts together, what I want to talk about what I want to say about it. I have gotten up in the middle of the night to write a love note by the light of the t.v. and those are the better ones - I won't edit a love note more then twice and that's mostly to correct the spelling. I have lost many poems because I didn't get up and write them down when they crossed my mind. ♥️ I don't remember saying much during our conversations, how does it go, (couldn't get a word in edge wise).

9/13/2020

Sunday morning. I just spent five minutes figuring out what day it is. ♥️, and I haven't even been drinking. ♥️ then I was able to look up the date. The smokes not so thick this morning. Maybe I'll write later it's already after breakfast and I'm still not feeling it. ♥️ Can't think/remember what I was going to write about - haven't been sleeping very well.

Personal Journal

keep rolling over onto my left shoulder: coming back from getting my tray I hit it on the top bunk hurt like hell: lucky the whole tray didn't dump on the bed and this note:.

9/14/2020

I just want to sit here and embrace you in my heart for as long as it takes for the gates to open back up. It is hard for me to keep my eyes open at times. I saw a picture of the Alhambra the other day and I wonder how many times we slowed our pace to take it all in to walk pass - just another memory the Alhambra will always stand there for me.

9/14/20

My shoulder's healing up real fast I don't feel any pain at all right ~~now~~ now. I can't see it but they say it's about 6cm wide, 10 stitches and one big burst: The smoke is bad again this morning - I can smell it and taste it I'm wearing an E95 still my stomach is messed up: Not getting out and doing much. I did pick up a package for someone yesterday - finally got a new watch, with a face as big as a pocket watch: I've got 2 Ducats for this morning: one for the R.N. to change my dressing, I think the other one is for one of the doctors: it just says medical: I did get some painting done on the house painting the muscles in: I'm going to close this one off and get it out in today's mail: I'll start a new one tomorrow. Everyone take care - I think I'll take a nap it's still early. Food's bad:

Love Note

9/15/20

My Dearest Love:

When you are lying here in my arm, be it the middle of the day or the middle of the night I remember very little conversation from either one of us. We let the movement of our bodies do our talking for us, there's nothing we haven't whispered in one another ear before. We can read each other thoughts and one another body language. These are just a couple of the things that make us so comfortable in one another embrace. I remember once so many years ago we were sitting on my grandmas front porch swing holding on to one another like we were caught in a tornado watching the last stars of the night not willing to let anything come between us. For the last sixty years we've searched for that little white house with its white picket fence together. Here I am only just realizing that anyplace we are in together is that little white house. No need to lock the doors to feel safe my love for we are home and I'm still holding you in my arms on grandmas front porch swing.

I'll Love You Always
Forever & Ever
Your Stone