

10/1/2020

rgn6

Personal Journal

CA

9/25/2020

Hands are still hurting - my left hand is the worst - that's where they cut the carer out of. The back of my right hand is burning like hell now that I'm holding the pen trying to write. At least I don't see any bleeding. I just feel the need to write a few words - I don't feel right when I don't get any writing done. Won't be looking up many words in the dictionary - I can't hold it with my left hand. I got sick on my medication last night. I know it was the meds because they were the only things I took except a bowl of beans + rice earlier in the day. I got a message/comments on the blog from Back Street Boi; thank you for doing the transcription and the heartiest comment. I'm going to stop for now both hands hurting 😊

9/26/2020

Going slow 😊 Left hand is still swollen some hurts when I try to close it or pick something up with it 😊 or touch the back of it against anything 😊 The only one still bleeding is the one on my side - the R.N. said the doctor went deep. Didn't do anything yesterday except hang around the cell and day room - putting on some weight - I was up to 182 yesterday. I'm going to stop and rest - got no energy and I keep trying to put the words down wrong. It's cold here in the morning - not freezing cold but when the daytime

Personal Journal

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Temperatures are hitting 80's + 90's degree then anything in the 50's feels cold and it makes my ^{joints} fingers stiff and painful.

1/27/2020

I feel my lupus might be flaring back up, knees + shoulder and ^{my} fingers joints are hurting like hell in this little cold spell. I'm glad I don't have to strap outside in the cold to pick up my meds every morning but that may change again soon. If I get approved for pain medication now that's a catch 22. "I usually never complete a painting, I just tire of it." I was watching a show on the artist/painter Richard Estes and he said that. This is good news to me as I never know when I'm done with a painting and will continue to try to perfect it to the point of ruining it. I like his style of ^{painting} ~~more~~ and would like to incorporate some of it in with my own except I would never be allowed most of the tools he uses. Hell they only allow us 5 paint brushes here most artists keep more than a 100. It's coming upon 6:30 and still there is no sun rise - my hands are hurting so I think I'll just sit back and wait for it so as not to miss any of it - daydream of holding my love here in my arms - remember watch the sun come up during drive home in the morning I never realized how beautiful it was there.

Personal Journal

(3)

to have you beside me at the beginning of a new day - do you still dream with me. I never realized how much I would miss it - the warmth of the sun on my face, the warmth of your touch on my heart.

10/1/2020

A new month has begun and I've started this first morning with a smile on my face. I layed in bed late^{ly} feeling your warmth on my face. People are already moving around outside my cell on the tier and the dayroom floor. The smell of smoke back in the air - I do not remember fire season being this late in the year but then the temperatures are running close to a hundred degrees - did get myself to paint a little on the ~~horse~~ ^{horse} the last couple of days. I'm still afraid ~~to~~ of closing my left hand - it's still a little swollen. The only one still bleeding is the biopsy on my left side but all and all everything is beginning to heal. I've run out of words to write for now so I'm going to get this in today's mail. I want you to know that I am overall well even if I'm moving a little slow like grandma 😊. I hope everyone is doing well staying well. "Better safe than sorry" "no need in taking chances," "it doesn't matter who's right and who's wrong" "The food is still bad" Dottie, that was the name of the woman that James was living with at the beginning of '63. It just popped into my head 😊