

From Schaeffer:

Subject: My Sweatshirt

Hi Rudy,

This morning \$100 showed up on my commissary account. There was no name. So I don't know who sent it. But I'm grateful. My clothes are worn out. So I think I'll buy some new

ones. When they refused to hear our last motion, that pretty much meant I'm going to have to fight them for at least another year or two. So I may as well get some new clothes.

For the last 7 years I have had one grey sweatshirt that I wear all the time. When I wash it, I wear a green wool Army blanket until my sweatshirt is dry and I can put my sweatshirt

back on. I love this sweatshirt. When I first bought it, it was thick and soft. The inside was like velvet. It felt like a hug when I wore it.

Over the years I have taken very good care of it. It's one of the only things I have, besides my little tan teacup. Once I ripped a small hole in the shoulder when I caught it on a sharp window frame. The hole

was not even big enough to fit my thumb through. But I sewed it up with some dental floss and it has lasted the last 3 years.

The strings around the hem at the bottom started to come unraveled about 2 years ago.

But I cut and retied the tails and that repair has also lasted.

Now the problem is that the whole sweatshirt has just worn thin from gentle movement on

my body for years. It used to be thick and plush. But now it has become thin like gauze. I can see through it in places. It doesn't look like the clothes of a man; it looks like something a ghost would wear. It's wispy and lifeless. It is like the faint smoke of last night's campfire that still stirs from the ashes at the first light of dawn.

But this month, I will buy a new sweatshirt. And it will feel like a new hug. Thank you for your generosity and love.

--Schaeffer Cox