



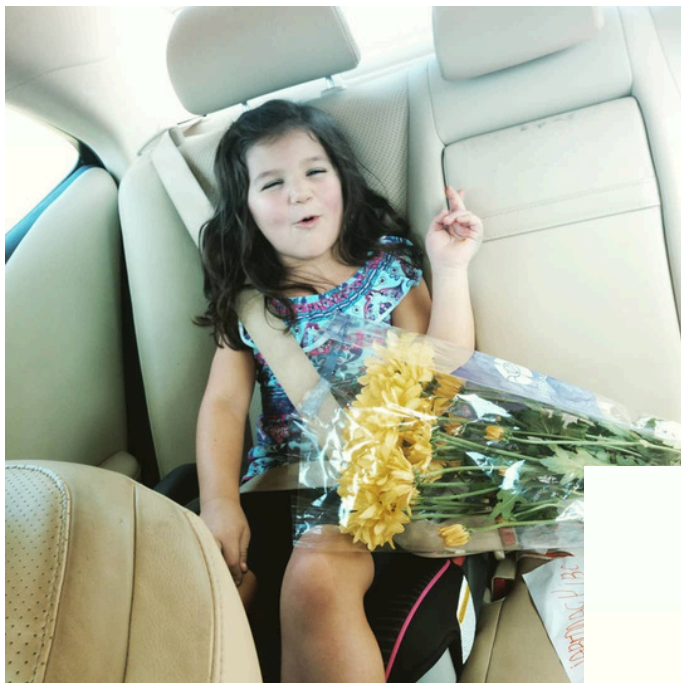
*Letters to Yahweh*

*sean mcheal*

Vol. 2019

**Daddy daughter dates  
put the other dates to shame!  
Second date for sure!**

**A Macy's first date - 2019  
#haikuBySeanMcNeal**



6-9-19

Future Sean,

I hope this letter finds you well. As you write this, you are staring at the Rooster hat from Kauai. I'm sure by now we call it the original Rooster hat. How many of those do you have now?

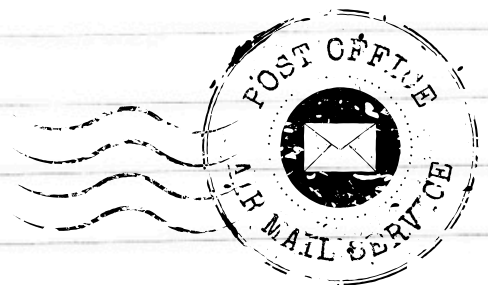
How did things turn out? Did you get what you really want? Did you try, at least? I know you did. Keep trying. I'm going to keep trying for you, future Sean. And for the kids. Find the one that makes you feel whole.

We have already learned so many lessons. How many more have you learned, brother? Remember the ones we have helped though? They make it all worth it. Spreading graceful thoughts. Spread joy and peace. We will help all some and not harm. Even the one's that harm us. Every scar on the heart will heal.

I wonder who we end up with? She better be awesome. I wonder if our list has changed or if the priorities are all still there. The problem is, the girls can be good at masking who they really are. Remember the ones that make you smile. And remember their smiles.

I hope the smiles look a lot like she did when she gave you that. We don't get many things, so I know you still remember.

Regards,  
Past Sean



7-8-19



To my future wife,

Thank you for loving me. Thank you for your grace. I remember the first time we met, I remember the first time you met my friends, my family, I remember when you cried to me about the ones you've lost. I remember crying to you,

I remember the first time I upset you, I remember vowing to do better, I remember the first time we went to church together. I remember praying for you long before you entered my life in a real way, knowing you were out there, kept me going.

Thank you for choosing me. I vow to not forget your choice. To never take it for granted. I vow to have asked God if you were the one for me long before I earned your trust. I promise to be on His path, or as close as I can stay in my flesh.

I will be patient, as long as I have your honesty. I will be loyal as long as I have your heart. I will have Grace as long as I have your understanding. I will guide us on the path as long as I have your hand.

You will have love and security as long as I have respect.

I remember our first laugh, the way your eyes look when you smile. But mostly, I remember the <sup>first</sup> ~~way~~ time we prayed together. I Love you Big!

Handwritten signature.

7-12-19



To my future wife,

Someone introduced me as their "future husband" to their friends at roccas. The <sup>timing</sup> of that seems interesting. I took it as a sign that I'm not weird and I'm on the right track. She does hold a lot of your characteristics from what I know: God, good mother, heart, humor, sexy! That's a good baseline. A good starting point. Probably enough for me if it's true and there aren't too many big problems.

I wonder how many times we went to Karaoke together. We did at least once, I'd venture. I hope we still go to see live music, whatever that entails in your time.

How did you know I was the one? I hope I showed you love, security, and patience and it was easy. I hope you showed me honesty, and I hope I reacted with support and grace.

From now on, my letters will be to you, future wife. Whoever you may be. Anyone that I see potential in shall be permitted to read them, but they shall be given to you. I shall talk about my experiences and how they shaped me as the tools for God's hand.

I shall make finding you and growing with you a priority in my life. I'm not saying I won't stray along the path, but once I have your hand in mine, we shall skip to the end of this path, before a glorious sunset.

I Love you, *[Signature]*

7-13-19



To my future wife,

I've been hurting, today, Broken and reminiscing on my past failures. Mostly the ways "the one's that came before you" have disappointed me. My failures, and sins as well, and how these contributed to the downfall of previous relationships.

I go over the top for women I love. This is not without careful consideration. Every time I set up walls and don't tell a potential about whatever is on my mind with no filter, God tells me to stop. No walls because to the right one it won't matter. Where they reacted with anger and highlighted their lies, projecting them, you will react with grace & understanding. Where they will think me inferior or unwise, you will understand.

Steady improvement for both. Not to say we won't have to go around some trees as we make our way to the path. We will certainly be bumped, scraped, and bruised along the way.

Once we have found each other, we will notice the benefit of another set of trustworthy eyes. The dangers to us will lessen, and we will have twice the vision to see obstacles in our way. This is how I shall know I have found you, on God's time.

I Love you,

7-21-19

To my future wife,

I wonder if I know you ~~yet~~ yet... If so, you probably got sick of reassuring me. I'm sorry I was so broken by people when you met me. I'm sorry for every time I projected my past experiences on you. I'm sorry for my trust issues and every time you had to reassure me. I'm sorry for moving things a bit too fast. It's just, when I see what I think I need, I move toward it with tunnel vision. If she needs me to, I think she will see me and start doing the same with the same tunnel vision. Until we are together,...

I, no doubt, expected you to be graceful, while I fumbled and bumbled. Thank you for baring that. Thank you for putting up with me. Not many people can.

I broke myself for someone today. She took the breakup so badly, I couldn't leave her like that... Defenseless. I told her it would all be OK. I told her there was nothing either of us could do. I had to coddle her through this breakup even though she was soooo bad for me. <sup>← both words apply, reader's choice.</sup> She was too embarrassed to ask for my forgiveness, so I had to supply it, and I hate that I still put her wants before my needs.

P.S. Listen to Kaleo - Can't go on without you.

I Love you,

PKW

I've had eye candy

to last a lifetime, what I need is soul candy!

A haiku for my future wife.

7-28-19

To my future wife,

Tonight two bad things will happen. On what has been an otherwise good day with my kids, at church, then the pool, I will have my heart broken. As a result of that, I think I will have to break someone ~~else's~~ else's. Not in a vindictive way, I promise.

But you see, my love, I can't let the new girl get close to me yet. She is nice, and kind. I can't appreciate her. Her goodness. Because I'm still mad at women. I'm upset with your entire kind tonight. She hurt me the one way I asked her not to. Makes me think I'm a bad judge of character. Or maybe I encourage bad behavior in others. Either is my nightmare.

I shouldn't let her even come over, but I think it will lead to some sort of closure for me. Why did she do these things? Maybe she will explain, but she will have to do it without my help this time. I'm more than a little skeptical. As to the new girl, I've told her to be skeptical of me. That I'm not ready, and I'm broken. She maintains that I can lean on her.



8-6-19

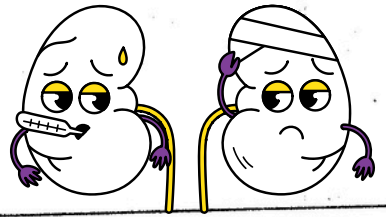
To My future Wife

I've gotten more comfortable calling you that. It was a little weird writing letters to someone when I'm not sure who it is. I bet you're hot! I promise you I love your boobs just the way they are.

I like hotels. I'm in one tonight. Not very often, but sometimes they can be nice. I like the alone time. Out of town with no friends. I got kinda tipsy at the Applebees here in Rome, lol.



8-14-19



To my future wife,

It is now Wednesday, I've been confined to my house since Sunday, I think I had a kidney stone. I dropped off the kids after baseball (where I pulled my back), and I was barely able to walk inside. Bested by fire ant. Somewhere around 7<sup>-sunday</sup> I tried to get up to go to the bathroom and BOOM, Next thing I know I'm laying on the ground.

I ~~lay~~ <sup>laid</sup> there about 30 minutes without <sup>the</sup> ~~being~~ ability to move or stop the pain. I was certain after an hour this is where I would be found, dead. No doubt soaked in my own pee. Suddenly, I saw the makeshift bed pan I'd planned on using for trash. ~~few~~

I worked myself onto my side and felt sweet relief. Next, I began trying to free myself from my shorts. I had landed on them, and my belt was taking its toll. I decided to roll on my stomach and suck in. After about 10 minutes I was free of my belt. As I tossed it, God showed me that he intended to be with me and help. I looked up to where I tossed my belt and there was a washcloth. I still have no idea how it could have gotten there. I cleaned my face of all the snot with dirt wrapped in it. Wiped the sweat from my forehead and my legs. Next I found a shirt to place under my head. A moment later I was able to reach cigarettes on the edge of the bed. The pain receded suddenly.

9-20-19

To My Future wife:

Its been a while since I've written you,  
I appologize, I try to stay on the path...

There is so much I want to tell you about my  
life. I have a dream of one day publishing these letters  
and meeting the love of my life. But for now,  
let them be only for you. Save a few. You will  
surely share a few with your dearest girlfriend.

Ah, but you thought I already knew at this point.

Perhaps, I had an Idea. Perhaps not. As of this moment

there is no one that I like that is showing me what

I like to see. I like to see that they are available

and that they love God and that they have something

they need and they have something to give. The

something to give needs to be wisdom and support for

me.

Where ever you are tonight, I know you are facing  
your demons head on, just as I am facing mine.

I Love you,

S

What haiku to write

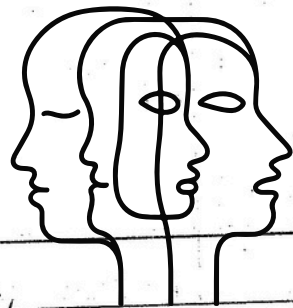
for Future, I asked myself

that day? This one... Hey!



10-12-19

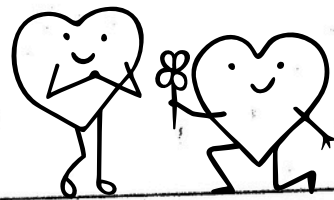
To God and my future wife,



I have been a bit of a whore/slut,  
Why do they focus on my slutty ways? They seek  
to destroy my righteousness and my integrity by  
saying how weak I am to not overcome my flesh.  
I am an imperfect vessel. My flesh longs to sin  
just as everyone's does. I am but a man! Does  
the good I do not matter to them? Since I sin,  
and admit it, they will not look for good in me.  
They only look for my faults. Help me to be above  
sin, Lord! So they can see how to overcome temptation.  
I avoid it, and the devil will send it to my house.  
He will have temptation waiting in my bed, Lord.  
I thank you, God, for the temptation. Thank you for  
your strength when I overcome it. I loathe myself when  
I give in. Does my sin define me, or am I more than  
that? Can I do righteous things as well? Or when  
I do good, will I constantly be labeled a hypocrite  
for doing good things while I continue to sin? I don't  
plan to sin. I ask for your strength, God. Strength  
to stand firm in the face of those that would fight  
the light that shines from me. Help me to not be  
ashamed of my light, simply because others don't approve.  
My slutty/whoredom doesn't define my worth. You  
defined it before any of us were born.

→ over

10-12-19 continued



Send me someone to be loyal to, that understands my plight, if you haven't already. Let them know my sins. Let me not hide from my past, but let me call it out for what it is. Let me know that it is paid for. Paid for by a gauntlet of pain and suffering that I cannot imagine. Let me not sin lightly because of the price that was paid. And let others start to realize that our sin does not define us. You do, Almighty God. Let me remember that your Love and Grace is what supports us in this world.

The adage is simple. No good deed goes "unpunished". God will give us good things for our good deeds. People mistake good things and "blessing" for money. It may be a simple feeling of hope. People scorn me for helping "ones who don't deserve it," and ask more about my motives than my actions. They think I am a whore so if I help I must be doing it for sex. What would these same people say of the hundreds I have helped with a hidden agenda other than God telling me it was the right thing to do. The angry ones won't hear about those because of the few I have secretly desired that I have helped. I didn't help them because I desired them. I helped them and watched them smile. I helped them all because I saw something in their hearts.

→ over

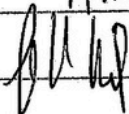
10-12-19 cont.

They all had the same traits. They asked me for help, and God told me it was good. He told me to help one who didn't ask for it. Or I asked Him, rather, He still says it is good. I don't ask questions of Him. I ask questions of them. Some of them answer so well, it inspires me to do more and better. Most of them use me for love and security as they mourn a lost relationship. That's probably my fault. I'm learning too, and I enjoy being needed. Or at least feeling like I'm needed. Makes it tough to find real love. The one's I've given a chance to don't deserve it usually.

Thank you for sending me the one who reads these letters, Lord. I ask you tonight to help make me a little more worthy of her each day. Until we are together. She is truly a blessing, and she knows why I do the things I do. Because you tell me to through the Holy Spirit! I Love you, Future Wife, and God. Thank You both for loving me.

In Jesus name,

Amen



# The Good Ones Are All Taken

# Elephants

# Who Knew

# If You Read This Far...

# Please Continue

My heart's in a cast,

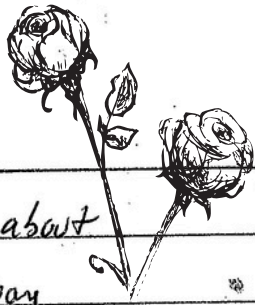
hardened from love, as it heals.

Should I take it out?

A love hurts # Ha'Ku By Sean McNeal



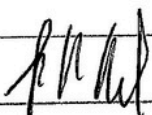
10-20-19 To God and my future wife,



It is late Sunday, I find myself thinking about someone a great deal, lately. She has made her way onto the mantle in my living room, and I've never even kissed her. I know you probably hate reading about this shit if you aren't her, so you are welcome to skip. You would like her. That is, if you aren't her. You, no doubt, share a lot of traits. Good heart, energy, she is a good mother as far as I can tell. Smart + wants to learn, Good work ethic. Beautiful inside & out as far as I can tell. At this point, if she is not who she seems to be, I would be surprised.

What's the problem, you ask? Why don't I know it will be her reading this letter? Because she has a boyfriend and has as long as I've known her. If I beg her to leave him, she and I will both always wonder. It hurts in the mean time, and leads to many nights like this. I'm certain she thinks of me, some at least. But she is cooler than I am. If I never get a chance to show her how good we could be, it will be a shame. What is meant to be, will be. If she is meant for someone else, I hope they deserve her. If you are not her, know that you don't have to be jealous. I'm as loyal as they come when I'm involved as deeply as we certainly are.

I will always build you up more than the rest, I know I'm our lucky guy to have landed you, future wife! I hope I tell you every day!

I Love you, Sean 

Continued from 10-22-19

To God and my future wife,

I didn't finish my thought process from the other night.

I have trouble submitting to God. Going at his pace. My ego is strong. I want to be humble, but he gives us all our struggles and obstacles to overcome. He keeps us grounded. I strive for righteousness; I want to be right in your eyes God! And yet I know that isn't possible. Not since our cursed sin. In the garden.

But God has given me a gift. It is one admired by most. He has favored me. More than I deserve. We can't deserve it. I have been blessed with 3 healthy incredible children. I have been blessed with the opportunity and ability to provide more than we need. I still want to think that I did something to deserve that. All I can take credit for, is remembering to thank God for it all.



Happy Halloween!

10-31-19

To God and my <sup>spooky</sup> future wife,



My mayoral campaign for 2032 ish will be composed of the following:

Imagine if we could eliminate the assholes from our town. Lower taxes the right way, By lowering spending, \$25K Mayor salary, Gov't jobs in our town pay next to nothing, Show them how to make it work. Gov't jobs will be there so your family doesn't starve. No one wants to work one as a career. Civil Servants! Similar to a volunteer position, Police force also,

The only thing you can be charged with in our town is being an asshole. The punishment upon conviction is banishment. The assholes will think it's funny and all accuse each other. They will be kicked out before they realize it's not a joke. Jury of your peers. Set an example for the world and watch the good people and prosperity flood into our little town.

You go to jail charged with being an asshole, we will let you out for free the next day with a shovel. "Fill in some pot holes!" we will say. Or leave our town forever. If you want to be a part of our community, you are welcome, but you must work.

Own property when you are kicked out? Rent it out or sell. There will be plenty of buyers who aren't assholes.

We could truly have streets paved in gold!

No assholes ever  
Ian Sean McNeal  
And I approve this message

#Mayor  
hai'ke

11-16-19

To God and my future wife,

I've been acting a damn fool lately. I'm hurting bad. I trimmed the hedges about a month or two ago, and I left one long branch on the tallest hedge. It was already longer than the others, but after I trimmed the rest it really stood out. It continued to grow and flourish. It was a full four feet longer than any other branch as of yesterday. Then the wind came... It broke off exactly where the other branches were.

God brought it back down to the same level as the others. Is He reminding me to humble myself? I love my neighbor. Thank you, God, for good neighbors. Good people all around. Thank you for being such a good vine dresser. Thank you for pruning us when we grow too fast. For helping us develop thicker skin and roots so we can grow again. Stronger and faster each time. And thank you for ~~st~~ telling us what you are doing, so we may know it is for our benefit.

I've been worrying about things not in my control again. Thank you, God, for reminding me that you got this. That you control the things out of my control. You do it easily. My job is just to stay in the Word, and trust you. Thank you for ~~loving~~ me.

Love,

Sean



The hedges grow best  
when it's branches grow full, thick.  
Take heed, dearest friend.  
A #HailKuby Sean McNeal

11-17-19

To God and my future  
wife,

My roommate, Bridget,  
attempted to read these  
and give me some advice.  
Bridget is 49, so she has  
some major life experience one  
can draw from. I have approached  
many for advice, but older people generally  
give better teachings. Last night was the exception.

However, Bridget did say she was going to get me  
a proper journal. That does sound nice. And she did  
give me some advice that I should heed. Indirectly,  
she encouraged me to seek out good mothers as a mate.  
Someone who prides themselves in how well they have  
raised their child/ren. Someone who relishes in their  
child's accomplishments, and encourages them to give God  
the glory. Someone who fills their child up with so much  
love & grace they cannot help but pour it out to those  
around them.

Thank you Bridget, and you should thank her too,  
future wife. For keeping me on the path of integrity through  
my struggle. And thank you, God, for all those you have  
sent to teach me your lessons.

I Love You,

*[Signature]*

11-18-19 To God and my future wife,  
Happy Day. Today I will start an upward trend.  
I plan to carry this trend through the end of the  
year. I'm lonely tonight, but that will pass. All  
things considered, it will be OK. And Marshall  
Tucker Band comes on. Can't you see, Lord, what that  
woman been doin' to me.

I won't call them tonight. The ones that would  
come, I'd rather talk to you in these letters. Think  
about the peace and good we will enjoy together. I  
know you probably wouldn't begrudge me the company  
since I'm single, but it's still not healthy for me,  
or them. Better to put out my little campfire in the  
back yard, eat a couple graham crackers, listen to some  
more music, and hit the bed early.

I'm sorta getting restless with a couple of girls.  
It seems I will have to push the issue and move on.  
Not fun, but with one of them in particular, I  
shouldn't be hanging on any longer anyway. Just being  
silly and letting God teach me lessons again and again till  
I learn. So I wait.

Love you,

Sean



#Snugglympics



11-19-19

To God and my future wife

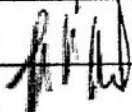
I find myself compelled to write a letter to a certain girl, tonight. It's not the first time I've felt this way. I will give it time. God, please remind me to be patient and realize anything that will happen, will happen on your time. Please let me have more days and nights like this one.

Learning from another struggling parent. One that works hard, loves her kids the right way, and doesn't take anything too seriously. Thank you for someone out there who shows appreciation and giving as soon as it's given to her.

Thank you, future wife, for showing me your heart, for sharing it with me. I promise to take good care of anything you give me if it's in my power. Thank you for responsible drinking & restraint. I know now you must have shown me that trait before we moved forward. Thank you for seeing my heart, the good, the bad, and the ugly. Thank you, God, for my heart.

Well, I find myself drifting, I am, remind me to tell you about playing cards for gents <sup>people (not girls)</sup> sometime. If we have a need, <sup>want</sup> thank you for the ability to get the resources to meet that need/want.

I Love you both, Thank you for loving me,



11-21-19 To God and my future wife,



I found myself very lonely laying in bed last night. So much so, I failed my kids. The cool thing is reflecting back on it and watching them quietly fix me, one by one. See I had been lonely and a little depressed all day. I'm still fueding with my sister. I worry that she is losing her mind. I'm not making excuses, I'm simply explaining how the happy, confident man you have come to know over all this time, also has h/s moments of weakness. Thank you, God, for moments of weakness! For showing me what my kids are capable of when they need to minister to someone who is in need. They ministered to me!

First AK asks me if I want the first song choice on the ride home. Then Blake tried to cook pancakes all by himself. I la'id there on the couch and just answered questions about the mix and the measurments, He kept asking me to do it, but when he was forced to do it by my weakness, he excelled. Lastly as I lay in my bed after putting the kids to bed, I was praying for God to send me someone. I was hoping my phone would ring and it be a woman I could hold. Instead Macy came down and asked me to snuggle her. She layed on my chest and it was better than any snuggles I've ever received. Even if she does snore like her Dad. Tonight AK called me after bed time saying she was weirded out. Hormones I think. I love you guys, Sean AKM

11-28-19 To God and my future wife,

As I sit here on thanks giving, at 2:00 in the afternoon, having just dropped the kids off, with no where to go, I am reminded of two things. One, I am not thankful for my family at this moment in time. Two, I have much to be thankful for.

On the one hand, my family (sisters) is a great source of pressure and anxiety for me. Ones that we must love. Ones that our very DNA says to take care of as your own mother. They always told me I didn't have one mother and 4 sisters, I had 5 mothers. Their words, not mine... So, I have, in turn, tried to treat them as my mothers. I have devoted a good portion of my time into making sure each of them is set and comfortable as a mother should be, if her son can provide. That is a great burden that, it seems, was a thankless burden, at least in my flesh. I'm  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the way through a fantastic bottle of wine. 2017 Clos de Bois. Pinot Noir. Marked down from \$120 to \$6 at Kroger. Like God put it there for me. To enjoy today.

A yellow jacket flew into the glass as I sat at the beach. He struggled with the grapes. So much so he was almost drown by them...



→ over to see if the yellow jacket survives...

11-28-19  
Continued



You see, fellow reader, I need to know, to myself, God, and my future wife, God first, <sup>(+pothere)</sup> that I remembered what to do. I enjoy my wine, I don't have much left. But as I sit inside, I need to know only that I dumped the wine to save the yellow jacket, I don't need to know if he flew away drunk and happy or lay there drowning on the leaves. I only know that I gave him a fighting chance. If he survives, he will have a night to remember and a story for the ages. I'm not responsible for his/her safety net.

It turns out, (my sisters) they don't think much of what I've given them. What God has given them through me. A safety net. My father (Dad) told me he would drag his girls, kicking and screaming, into a healthy retirement. "They can do with it from there as they wish, and the blessing will continue to the next generation."

Dad spoke the word, a ton. He just forgot to give credit to the Big Guy. He placed the burden onto me, and one day I will pass it on to someone else. Or maybe portions of it onto multiple people. Carry each other's burdens, Paul said in Galatians 6, but it seems they will deny me even the opportunity to ask ~~them~~ to take up some of the burden.

<sup>(my sisters)</sup> They won't be bothered with it for 45 minutes at Thanksgiving, while we are all together.

→over



11/28/19 Continued

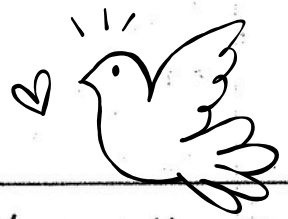


My sisters would rather ask their questions behind my back to each other. I hear their questions through the grape vine as each of them confide in me about the "others" questions. I answer them all the same. Let each of you who have a question for me, ask me, and get an answer. Come and ask me, as you would have me ask you. Love me as you love yourself. But, I have MUCH to be grateful for.

I am grateful for the nest egg that they all seem to want to fight over. Who shall step up and captain ~~the~~ our little ship for the next generation? Certainly not the children of the ones who have complained and talked behind the current captain's back instead of walking up and asking for the wheel. Learning to steer in case they are ever needed, what will become of them? But there are bright shining lights in the next generation, Brooke, Josh, and all the rest, in their own way.

I am grateful for your grace, future wife. You will most likely find me a broken man from the ingratitude I've seen. Not one of them has ever thanked me. Perhaps they thank God, but I wish they would at least let me see them do that. I've thanked ~~in~~ openly, more so lately. I've thanked them as well. ~~Even~~ they have acknowledged, in little ways, that I'm ~~doe~~ right by them.

11-28-19 cont.

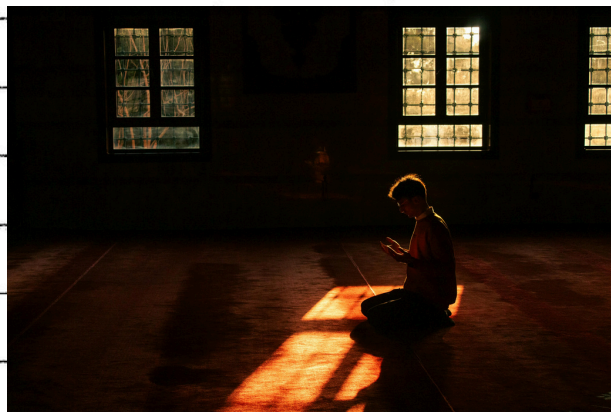


I struggle now, even writing down my deepest thoughts, to potentially send them out into the world to be seen. I know I am not above reproach. I have sinned. I am, by no means, a perfect vessel, but I do try to do God's perfect work. He's given us all the Holy Spirit to guide us through and reassure us. If you don't believe in the Holy Spirit, call it conscience. It guides us to and tells us what will give us happiness. <sup>→ can't have happiness w/out it</sup> We are fools not to listen to it. Ahead of time, we should think before we speak.

I'm thankful today, God, for restraint. For your strength. For using the Holy Spirit to help me forgive the trespasses of others, just as you forgive me when I trespass against you. Thank You God, for your restraint in not destroying us, and not letting us destroy ourselves. Thank You for always providing us a safety net when we fall. When we feel like no one else is there, I'm thankful that you are there, God and my future wife.

I love you guys, Happy Thanksgiving.

*J. M. H.*



12-14-19



### My Christmas Card,

→ Is quotes right here? → If they are right, why stop them there? → added + set for a building and suspen  
 "Me in sexy pose" "With santa outfit on" note in final draft. Include  
 If you're getting this, you are invited to Christmas at my house.  
 Oh! you're mad now, aren't you? this quotation mark just took over your Christmas Card.

"Me in sexy pose in front of my black friday take." → why put the period inside the quote?  
 You gotta see the black friday deals I got tho.

There shall be gifts for more than a few, but not more than 12. If more than 12 show up. I shall have to decide with a fun game like <sup>hmmm</sup>... I only ask, that if you show up, you bring one gift, no matter how low in value, that means something to you. Come with a story about what it means to you, and why you want to share it with someone that night. And give it to someone who makes an impact on you during the festivities.

Be prepared to receive nothing of value to you in return.  
 Be Amazed!

- # My Parents are Dead, are yours?
- # Go To Your Parents First
- # Share This Game With Your Family
- # If you Have No Family Come Share With US
- # Or Bring Your Parents Too
- # Kids Welcome 1000 Piece Puzzle Provided
- # Puzzle's Not for You Bridget
- # Shoot Come Christmas Eve
- # Even My Ex Wife Knows this will be fun

12-16-19

Hey,  
Future Wife,  
It's me Sean.

You ever have to pee so bad you get a huge boner?! Well I do... OK, I'm back. Sorry, had to pee. Just before I started writing this.

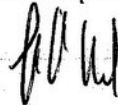
I miss you on nights like this. You build me up sooo much! I wanna build you up too! I hope I do. You deserve the best, period. If I'm still the best for you, I hope you stick it out with me through all my rambles about what's wrong with the world.

I like your farts, guaranteed. That's super rare. I hope you are ready to move on from whoever is in your past, and continue to build a better future, together.

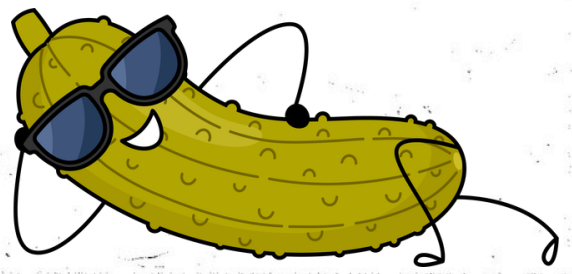
Late, sleepy, must do hashtags before sleep.

#HashtagsBeforeSleep

I Love you,



12-17-19



To God and my future wife,

I sent a group message to my sisters today, Referencing Luke 15. They all knew who I was referring to. They all probably felt like it was directed at them. In truth, it really doesn't refer to any of them in my mind. If God will allow us to be equal heirs with Christ, who am I to deny my sisters equal shares in what I toiled to build for my father. I was rewarded beyond my needs. Why not share with the prodigal sisters when they return. As it was shared with me how to fish. They had to learn it on their own.

But the prodigal son in Luke returns humbly and asking for crumbs. He receives the fattened cow. What ~~am~~ am I to do when the prodigal sisters return, self-righteous and asking for the cow. After my dad has passed on. <sup>← not away</sup> The good news is, the Father has not passed on, but is with us in Holy Spirit form.

Do ~~I~~ I redefine who my family/sisters are to include others? Do I simply devote my time elsewhere? Hank Rearden would walk away and light it on fire for them to rebuild at their leisure. Who is John Galt?

