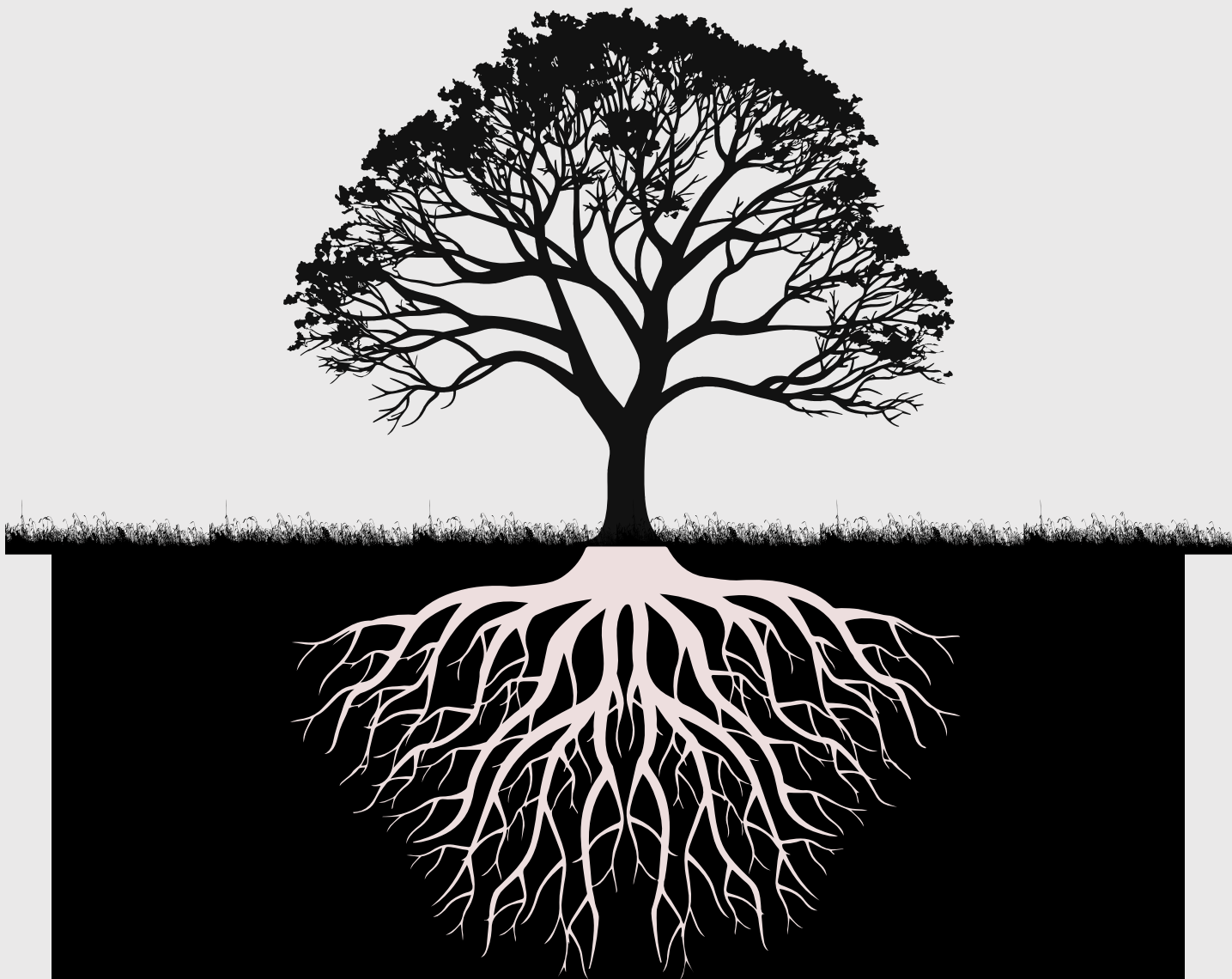




to Yahweh

SEAN MCNEAL

VOL. 2020

1-4-20

du

To God and my future wife,

I sit here pondering the what-ifs and why's of my love life, and I wonder how it would be different if I pondered on the could be's. I can only see the potential. It won't live up to God's standard. I know this. But where I see a possible match, I wish to give it a shot. My chances don't usually last very long, unless I see potential. That's what a broken heart is. The realization of untapped potential. Someone that refuses to live up to a part of their potential that we aren't willing to compromise on.

My love burns deep for women, and then it fizzles out. They can either fuel my love with oil or extinguish it with water. Whatever they feed my fire, will spill over onto theirs. If they add water it will spill over and extinguish their fire as well. ~~But~~ I will never extinguish their fire once I have asked them to grow it for me, I don't ask often. The one who reads this will doubt me. But I speak truth. I put time and effort into the ones I love. They say, "Sean, you can't say you love all these people and expect to be taken seriously." Why? I'm not allowed to put effort into people to see how it develops?

Most, if not all, of the women who read these will have had men they poured themselves in to. They will say, never again! No more will I give myself to another person and risk getting hurt! The truth is you are guaranteeing you will get hurt or be let down if you don't let your guard down with people and offer Trust. I love you, *SMW*

1-5-20
3:34pm

pg 1

To God and my future wife,

I may have gone a little crazy today. 1-5-15 was 5 years ago. I doesn't seem so long ago. On this Monday, five years ago, my dad called me to say hi. He never did that. We ended up talking for 3 hours that night. He died 4 days later. I think God was trying to show me something today.

My oldest daughter, AK, came over last night, having had a little squabble with her mother. My friend M'Ke decided to cook Gumbo, and a few other friends came over including my best friend Josh. I haven't come to see him play bass guitar in his church band, and he's been reminding me on a regular basis. Or maybe it's just been on my heart to go. Either way, I haven't been because it's at 9am which is a crime in 7 states.

After everyone left "Jumbo Gumbo," as someone coined it, my daughter and I bonded more than we have in a long time. I know it's temporary with all the hormones certain to rush through her body, but for now she is running to her daddy, and it makes me smile. We were up fairly late talking about life, love, career choices, and God. I forgot to set my alarm...

I woke at 8:02, according to the clock on my phone, feeling refreshed... John 8:2 - Early in the morning, he came again to the temple. ~~Ree~~

This is not common for me on weekends.

→ over rover

1-5-2020

Continued

I went to my daughters room and found her awake and alert as well. This is also a "hail out of no where" rare occurrence. I + hailed last night by the way, we were dressed and ready in ten minutes. Out the door. The clock in the car said 8:28 when we left for church.

8:28- So Jesus said to them "when you have lifted up the son of man, then you will know that I am he and that I do nothing on my own authority, but speak just as the father taught me.

We were ready early enough I had time to stop and get a coffee on the way. I saw my favorite store clerk and wished her a happy new year. She smiled and said the same. She's taken care of my dog, Brad Pitt, several times when she's escaped my back yard. The clock in the car said 8:36 when we left Dollar General.

8:36 - So if the Son sets you free, you will be free indeed.

We arrived at 8:47, according to the clock in the car, and met a nice elderly couple who welcomed us and showed us to the old part of the chapel. The same one I visited on occasion as a child.

8:47 whoever is of God hears the words of God.

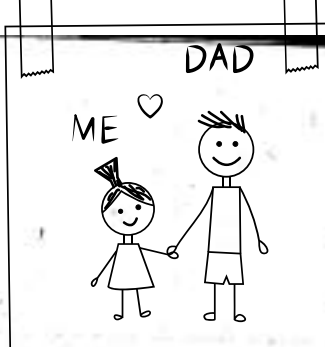
The anticipation was swelling in me. I love live music, and the fact that ~~he~~ Josh plays bass guitar, means probably a full band playing contemporary Christian music. Boop! I'm excited.

10-4 over →

Pg 3

1-5-2020

Continued



I remember the smell of this chapel from many suns ago. Crisp and cozy. I see my friend and we greet with an awkward fist bump meant for my daughter. I forgot to make it explode, she rolled her eyes.

The music is good, but no one sways. Not even a tap of the foot. The singing is good, but no one sings along. The closing was powerful, but no one applauds. Except my daughter and I. After we do, I can feel the rest of the audience coming out of their shells a bit.

The guest pastor stands and says, with a bit of a scornful look on his face, "Today's study will be John 1, verses 1-5." Kind of a monotonous way to say it, but I love John. It's my dad's name. I've been reading it at home this week. I won't tell you what John 1:1-5 are, so you can read them for yourself, but it's some good stuff.

I won't say the tangent the preacher went on about these verses was wrong, but I didn't feel the Holy Spirit coming from him as he spoke. Maybe it was a bad morning or maybe I just misunderstood his words, but I found myself compelled to correct his wording of several statements under my breath to my daughter. I won't give these words power by repeating them to you, future wife. I was worried about the message my daughter was hearing. It was not, in my mind, the word of God, and unfounded in scripture.

If it said "nothing" you would still turn the page. →

1-5-2020

pg 4



Continued

Looking back now, hours later, I will say, I feel like the preacher's heart was in the right place, just interprets the Trinity differently than myself. I was a little angry, but I feel like I tempered it well. ~~I ^{Love thy neighbor. Love one another,} ~~was a little angry, but I~~~~

When I started writing this letter, the clock on the oven, set to military time, said ^{3:34pm} 13:34. A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another: just as I have loved you, you also are to love one another.

Catch more bees with honey, honey bee. Church ended at 10:04 10:14 when he has brought out all his own, he goes before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice.

Me, my daughter, Josh, and his wife, went to breakfast at wa-ho. My daughter said "I get it now" as we pulled into waffle house. The clock in the car said 10:14

10:14 I am the good shepherd, I know my own and my own know me.

The food was great and we saw several good friends. As we left I tried to decide what we should do with the rest of the day. I wanted to shake off the rest of the bad juju. I knew a talk with my daughter was in order. She says "I really wanted to go to R church." I dropped a few pennies in the parking lot as we left our friends with warm good by's. The time we finished what felt like a long breakfast happened to be 10:42 according to the clock in the car.

10:42 - and many believed in him there.

Insert whimsicle page turner here →



1-5-2020

pg 5

Continued

Plenty of time to get to the 11:15

11:15 and for your sake I am glad that I was not there, so that you may believe. But let us go to him.

We arrived promptly at 11:07 according to the clock in the car. The service was beautiful. The music was wonderful again! It reminded me of the beauty in God's music and worship. 11:7 Then after this he said to his disciples, let us go to Judea again.

The main part of the sermon was about Luke 10, but mid way the preacher gets side tracked and ends up spending 10 minutes on guess what? That's right! John 1:1-5. The same verses used by a different preacher, at a different church two and a half hours before. But this time it was good. This time it was truth. God corrected the interpretation in front of a different group of sinners, myself included. I'm not sure the preacher even intended to mention John.

I'm not sure what the chances of two preachers at different churches using the same verses on the same day are. Probably more likely to go John 1 since its the start of a new year, who knows, maybe they are in some obscure preacher group together. Either way I found it remarkable. To me, it seemed like the Holy Spirit was correcting the words I had heard earlier. The Spirit is a gift left to us by Jesus when he departed, to my understanding. It interprets our prayers to God's will. Sometimes they align.

Almost done my dear thank you for honoring me →

1-5-2020

pg 6

Continued

Let the Spirit interpret for us, and converse with your fellow man. We left, skipping to the back of the lot. Hand-in-hand. We left at 12:42, according to the clock in the car.

12:42 - Nevertheless many even of the authorities believed in Him, but for fear of the Pharisees they did not confess it, so that they would not be put out of the synagogue.

I dropped off my daughter at 2:10, said the clock in the car. 14:10 military time.

14:10 Do you not believe that I am in the father and the father is in me? The words that I say to you I do not speak on my own authority, but the father who dwells in me does his works, ... and 2:10

2:10 - and said to him, "Everyone serves the good wine first, and when people have drunk freely, then the poor wine. But you have kept the good wine until now." (The second service)

Thank you for Sunday adventures with my daughter, Lord. I love you future wife, wherever you may be.

Handwritten signature

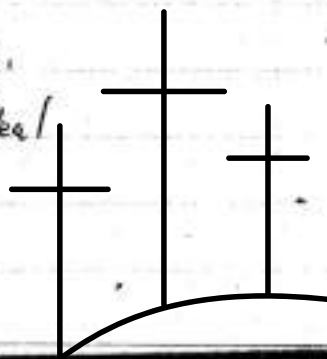
#Starting over In John

#hashtags for Jesus

#Miss You Dad



Father, Son, Spirit,
the Holy Trinity is
alive and well, friend.
A Harker By Sean McNeal



W
2-20-2020
To God and my future wife,



OMG - sorry big guy. So much has happened. I guess you guessed that it's been so long since my last entry. Well, I've been in Key West, my dear. Happy to report that it's rained almost every day since my last entry, and yet it's been sunny in my life. We dream of sunshine together and what we will do with it when we have it again. Vowing to each other that this is only the beginning. Music and tubing and camping and more!



It scares me how much I will miss her tonight. But she has a life, and so do I. We need some time apart that isn't just work. Or maybe we don't. Good will come from it. I'm certain. Trust will be gained. I'll make sure she knows I am here safe with the dog. Reflection time is good. So many good memories scrunched into so few days. Only a few weeks.

All the songs we've shared. All the snuggles. The awkwardness we've laughed right through. More to come, but it's two seasons and I need some sleep.

Love you Future wife!

#Sunshine
#NoFeetTouch
#StuckInADitch
#StopRainDancing



3-5-20

To God and my future wife,

A couple of firsts tonight. One, I sit here writing to you with a mermaid pen. And two, I write to you with my girlfriend in bed.

She likes reading about you. I've thanked God for her coming into my life almost every day. She has your heart, future wife. Her family is always welcoming and it amazes me how comfortable they all feel to me. Even her father seems to be giving me the benefit of the doubt despite my blundering our first two encounters. The food is incredible. She definitely knows how to eat. The passion is real.

I am^{not} certain we are meant to be forever as of yet, but I do know I am meant to be here for now, and that's enough for me to explore further. I'm here to help and she helps me so much. I love her. We have so many friends and things in common. I love our music sharing and our 3 concerts so far have all been amazing. Ashley McBryde, Church, and Jessie Albright.

She works so hard. I can't wait till this weekend so I can spoil her a little. Maybe she will let me buy some things. Best of all, other people see her too!

I love you, I'll try not to ramble on about her too much, Sweet dreams

#SleepWithTheAngels JMW

#Rabbit

3/9/20

SEAN, FUTURE WIFEY & SKY DADDY,

SO THIS NOTEBOOK HAS BEEN SITTING NEXT TO MY BED FOR A WEEK! JUST TAUNTING ME! BUT, I HAVE STILL NOT READ A SINGLE PAGE, BIC I DONT WANT TO VIOLATE YOUR PERSONAL SPACE. SO I FLIPPED THRU TO THIS BLANK PAGE... IM SITTING NEXT TO THE FROG BREEDING POND ON THE VERY FIRST SUNNY AND WARM DAY SINCE WEVE MET! ITS ACTUALLY BEAUTIFUL OUT. MAYBE BIC IM ~~X~~ OFF THIS MORNING AND HAVE NO WHERE TO BE! THATS A FIRST! SO ANYWAYS, THIS IS A THANK YOU NOTE! THANK YOU FOR PUTTING UP WITH ME! MOST IMPORTANTLY FOR BEING KIND AND PATIENT WITH ME, MY SON, MY FAMILY AND THIS WILD RIDE IM ON IN LIFE! IM SUPER HAPPY THAT WE MET WHEN WE DID. I HAD NO IDEA YOU WOULD HAVE SUCH AN IMPACT ON ME! YOU CAME TOTALLY OUT OF LEFT FIELD AND MADE MY HEART SO HAPPY AND FULL! ITS BEEN SO LONG SINCE I'VE FELT LIKE THIS ~~~~~➡

→ I'M STILL QUESTIONING IF IT'S REAL!
BUT, FOR NOW I'M JUST GONNA SIT
BACK AND ENJOY OUR TIME TOGETHER.
BY THE WAY, PLEASE LISTEN TO THE
SONG "A SONG FOR YOU" BY: DUNNY HATHAWAY!
IT'S KILLER, BLUESY AND SORTA HOW I
FEEL ABOUT YOU! XOXO

SKY DADDY, IF YOUR READING THIS....
THANK YOU FOR BRINGING SEAN INTO
MY LIFE. I'M PRETTY SURE YOU HAD A
HAND IN THAT, SO THANKS FOR LOOKING OUT
THERE SIR! ☺

AND FUTURE WIFEY,
THANK YOU FOR LETTING ME HAVE HIM
IN THIS CHAPTER OF OUR LIVES! I
PROMISE TO RETURN HIM IN BETTER
SHAPE THAN I FOUND HIM!

"CHEERS TO GOOD MUSIC, GOOD COMPANY,
AND AMAZING ADVENTURES!"

LOVE YOU!

KW —

IS IT RIVERTIME YET?
THANK YOU!
A SONG FOR YOU!
SUNSHINE & SMILES"

3-14-2020

To God and My future Wife,

I'm in Key West still. Pondering if someone like me will write letters in 202020. Certain to be an interesting year. I haven't read what was in here before this entry.

This house is full of wild children. Yesterday was self quarantine day. I'm not sure if I will open up the office on Monday. So much has happened. Steph and I closed on the bonding vs. Dalton St. Apts. Hopefully that place is just a memory a few years from now. Somehow, I suspect otherwise.

I've had some fun hanging out with Tracy & Mer with Key West too. Really good you know what. Anthony came up the other day and we had one of our long talks about business and the world too. The frogs are barking so peacefully outside Key West's house. I showered tonight. I should do more of that.

My new girlfriend and I are laying here writing together. It's become a joint effort. I'm glad I feel comfortable writing around her. She's probably a little sick of me by now. She's been through a lot, but I'm sure you both already knew that. I know part of me wants to make sure we step back once a week and be sure we miss each other. That's key. I just wanna be sure I don't sabotage this from early by us not having space. Make sure she doesn't feel trapped and neither do I. She does seem to be a little tired of me lately. She does remind me she loves me though and that's pretty cool too!

#SweetDreams

#SleepWithTheAngels

#LittleThings

3-15-2020

To God and my future wife,



The role of gov't vs. Church came up in Church today and I realize I have been disrespectful of the gov't a little. I need to praise good gov't things in addition to scorning the bad ones. Gov't has a part to play in God's work just as we all do. My job is to stay out of the way of Gov't and go beyond what is required of me to be a good citizen. That doesn't mean you go against what God has asked you to do, but it does mean subjecting yourself to laws that are for protection and helping with safety. The Church is there for people's salvation and for social welfare, the Gov't is there for safety. Both under God.

I said the same thing to many friends, but much less eloquently. It agrees with my truth, which I believe the Holy Spirit inspires in us all.

The kids put on a play last night and Macy ate a vitamin C after much persuasion. I forgot what it was like to learn to swallow pills. She literally couldn't do it. It's like me trying to spell literally the same way twice. I literally can't do that still at my age.

The play was a murder mystery. They put some time into it and had a serious desire to make the audience laugh. We must not forget to laugh in these times of Coronavirus.

I love you, Thank you for loving me,

#HelpEachOther
#BeAGoodSteward
#LiveToServe

3-15-20

To God and my future wife,

I hope you read these letters. Even if I don't show them to you. I want to share them. They have gotten me through tough times. Good times too! And will accompany me long into my life, I'm sure. Even if I marry, I'd still like to imagine talking to you in the future.

Where ever you are, or when ever you are, Sean, look back and remember these times fondly; they are good times in deed!

I Love you,
thank you for loving me

A trail of bread crumbs

Leads to a pile of bread crumbs

Wouldn't you agree?



fl/fl



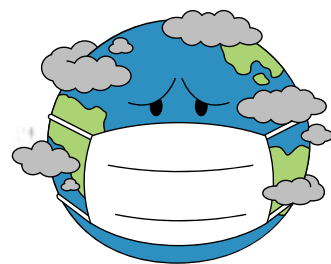
A bread crumb #Har'KuFor Future Wife

#Har'KuBy SeanMcNeal

#ThankYouForLovingMe



4-10-20



To God and my future wife

I'm not sure why I have neglected my writing to you guys. It's certainly not for a lack of material. There is much going on in the world. It's not really for a lack of time either. There is much of that to be had as well. I guess I haven't felt inspired to write. My muse has left me for a time. Metaphorical muse, of course.

We are in a funk. Humanity is struggling to hang onto as many souls as we can. They stopped the world turning. Our days are spent on yard work and out nights with bon fires and music. They are joyful times of hope. I keep reminding myself to rest. I need no reminders, but I still feel tired. Some days it is worse than others.

I've been praying less and robotic. Lord bless our food etc. I hope he reminds me to stay grateful for all I have. All we have as God's children. Life is better today than 50 years ago and that time was better than 50 years before that.

Thank you for that God. Continued growth and prosperity. Thank you for bon fires, my healthy children, my girlfriend and bubba. Times could definately be much worse without all those you have surrounded me with, God.

I Love you,

#Quarantine2020
#day20ish

4-12-20

To God and my future wife,

To be fair, she probably thought/thinks I was doing the same thing. It's so hard for the ones out of a bad relationship with a bad man to put those things behind them. ~~Then~~ Their love grows and eventually conquers, but will it be enough, or soon enough? Things cannot continue like this. Can we get through it? Are things getting better, or is she just being more sneaky about it now? Am I simply destined to eternally be with your children when they are at their worst, Lord? I know you wanted me here, with her. I know I love her, I fell fast again.

Honesty isn't easy to come by. It's a choice. One that we make and remake as long as we have opportunities to do so. I can heal and heal her at the same time. I know it's a blessing you have given me. Exactly what I prayed for as a teenager. The pretty girls to like me. Your sense of humor is not lost on me, God. I'm ready for your plan again. Show me what to do, I remain your servant, God. I know you reward obedience when a lesson is learned.

Please give me some of your strength, Lord. Help me out of this funk. I'll be patient and await your voice, your humble servant.

I love you,
Thank you for loving me.

PPH



4-12-20

To God and my future wife,



The suspense seems to be building. We seem to be after different things. Or maybe she just doesn't know what she wants. Either way I have to either forgive her and put it in the past or fade away. I guess we will see how well the rest of the quarantine goes. Maybe she will tell me she has been feeling guilty and we can both confess and grow from this. Maybe she will start snap chatting me...

I know the messages are getting longer with the boys and shorter with me. I also know I have sinned and mine are no better in your eyes, God. I just don't know how she could cheat at the beginning of something that seemed so good. I couldn't even think about other women other than how to get them to leave me alone so it didn't upset her. I'm sure she did that with most as well. I'm not sure about any of the history there. Maybe it takes girls longer to decide and let go of old. Or maybe, she is just newly divorced (ish) and fumbling around much as I did.

As much as it hurts, I have to help/hold her through this. If it has stopped, can we continue, or is the damage already too great. I worry about wasting either of our times. I have no where else to go. She will, no doubt, have 5 options right away. Am I keeping her from happiness? God give me a plan, please! Show me what to do. She asked if I'm breaking up with her... Do I have to? I love her.

I love you,

4-14-20

To God and my future wife,

I will fuck up in every relationship. I'm not perfect. I don't think she will change. She will only rebel more. She is a stallion. She won't be tamed. Neither will I. Still, the attraction is compelling. I can't be perfect though. And now she will look for any excuse. I will give her an out. So she doesn't



4-19-2020



To God and my future wife

I'm worried, I shouldn't worry because I can't control the outcome. But I do...

I'm worried she just cares what other people think and doesn't love me. I'm worried that she lied to me. I'm worried that she still hasn't told me the truth. It will take courage, but I believe in her.

If we are ever going to move past this, she will have to tell me why. That old adage, Curiosity killed the cat. Part of me doesn't want to know and face those demons. The truth is, she probably can't place the exact cause. A combination of catalysts. She was just living life.

Tell me she's hot and she fell in lust. Tell me she left because he was using her. Tell me he cheated or she cheated or he had a small drinking problem. Should I pity him, or fear him? Tell me it didn't happen because I showed up with her kid that night. ~~or~~ Tell me it did happen before and she felt the sting of it and decided never again. Tell me she has moved on from it Lord, or must I suffer while she tells me she is still friends with him. Please don't let her throw  in my face.

Key West still speaks to him. She won't tell me about the one I really worry about. She is still legally married to him. I'm not worried about you leaving me for an old flame though. I want you to be happy, future wife, whoever you are. I'm worried about the unknown.

I love this girl, but it feels like a lack of respect when I don't know about the boys chasing you. → over

4-19-20 cont.

Do you not think me a man? Do you not think I can laugh with you at their advances? You prefer to tell me no one hits you up? Come on, dude... I need to know you are mine and we will deal with the gentlemen callers together. I should have inside information, as her boyfriend. That would show respect, as I show her. Not I win you or not, but that I would know who I'm up against so I don't shake the wrong hand. I am weak by myself.

When I separate from the Lord, I grow weak. Jealousy creeps in. It ^{consumes} ~~continues~~ me for a moment at work. Then the guilt creeps in. In those rare free moments of the day, I have too much free time, and yet, not enough. It is an active choice to indulge my head space. I wouldn't question her if I didn't care. Do I care too much?

I was typing this message on my phone, went back to spell check a word, and lost the message before it was sent. Then God gave it back. It reappeared even though I closed the app before licking my phone out of frustration. God knew that was too much to know that my thoughts don't matter. That they were washed away by a simple back button. I could have tried to write it again but it wouldn't be raw. No filter.

I fantasize about reading these letters to you, future wife. To making love with understanding of who I am, who my demons are. Everyone has them. Mine seem to be centered around a fear of betrayal.

I love you,
[Signature]

5-2-20



To God and my future wife,

So today we made a plan for a sexy dance. I think possibly a girls night and a guys night that end up at the same bar. We let the ladies get hit on and we flirt with a skirt ourselves. Only to reunite on the other side. A sort of redo for the first night we met. Only with an advantage this time. With all the confidence, this time, to steal her away from them all.

I'll be hanging with 60 yr old lady shooting pool when you come in the bar. I'll tell the lady I've always wanted to take a shot with a hottie like that, as I point to you. I'll get her on board with me to get a dance with you by the end of the night.

I will work up the courage but only after you are dancing with someone else. Then I will dance my accomplice out on the floor just to make you notice me. I'm genuinely nervous now, just like the night we met. The attraction is there, but I begin to wonder if I've made a mistake. My anticipation grows as we dance with our backs to each other. I'm certain he's using his best lines on you.

He's a good looking prick, and I see you smile at him. You are dancing really close to him, but I guess I asked for this. Why doesn't she dance with me like this? Then our eyes meet as I watch her. The fire is there. She was watching me just as much as I was watching her.

5-22-20



To God and my future wife,

Lets talk about priorities. I hope you have a big family, future wife. I also hope you give them some sort of priority in your life. I hope I helped you cultivate that as we grew in our relationship. I also hope I didn't put too much baggage on you. I hope we were there for each other when we were at our worst.

I have been at my worst now for over 2 weeks. It is 4:37pm on Friday and I've been home since 3. We are still busy at work this time of year because of Covid. Many Clients have relied on me so I haven't gotten much of a break. Things have reopened and that has changed things. I've burned bridges that didn't even need to be burned, relationship wise. Out of respect.

I mourn those bridges. I ask for help and compassion from her, and to date, I haven't received either. It will be a good bridge burning, but I mourn it, nonetheless. She hasn't burned her bridges yet. I'm starting to think she is building new ones to places unknown.

A couple week of this ~~will~~ would break a man stronger than me, I fear. Wanting something so bad you will give up a car, is an interesting strategy, my ^{future} friend. Of course I will get attention tonight. I just gave her a car. Taking sucker to the next level for 2020, Sean. Or perhaps its an act of faith. Maybe it is what she has been wanting to see. To know I will take care of her if her other ventures go south. I would have proven that to most already with my past actions. But perhaps, she requires more. ~~over~~

5-22-20
Continued

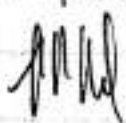
To God and my future wife,
Either way I ~~can~~^{am} only allowed to control my actions. Not hers.
I am the one that has to know I've tried it all. In the meantime,
I have prayer and I have the faith of a mustard seed. It is 5:41pm.

She has now called me several times. She has told me she was coming. I believe her. This is now month ³ with no date nights. Quarantine had a lot to do with that, and the kids. But this is week 3 since her son has been gone. Will she come before 7 this once, since I gave her a car? Will she still be late? Will we have vis. for s even if she comes alone? I have told her what thin Ice we are on. Many times. She may not have any fight left in her...

Do I simply love her through it? I might if I got the chance. Don't ever trust me to be friends with her, future wife. You deserve more respect than that. I want to fight for us. That is my problem. I am well aware I could distance myself or entertain a few more messages and create ~~desire~~^{desire}. I could play "the game" and have her smitten in lust once again. But I want real. She deserves real. I can only show her real for so long without being punished for it. I am over the top right now, I know. I'm just tired.

I'm tired of coming in second to everyone. Family I understand. I even understand friends coming first sometimes when the circumstances are right. Mostly, I'm tired of putting up with it and pretending like it's ok. Here's to future me and future happiness. Hopefully, with her.

I Love you,



6:00pm at the end
6:25pm still not here
6:25pm on the way

Waiting





DEAR SKYDADDY, FUTURE WIFEY & SEAN,

THE LAST FEW WEEKS HAVE BEEN A
ROLLER COASTER TO SAY THE LEAST! EVEN
THO THERE'S BEEN UPS & DOWNS AND
HIGHS & LWS, I STILL DON'T WANT TO
GET OFF! SEAN, YOU'RE SO SPECIAL!
SO DIFFERENT & UNIQUE! I GET SO
FRUSTRATED WITH YOU AT TIMES I KNOW
AND I'M SORRY FOR THAT! BUT IT'S ONLY
B/C OF THE BLINDERS YOU WEAR OVER
YOUR EYES! IDK WHY YOU WOULD EVER
IN A MILLION YEARS - THINK YOU'RE NOT
GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!?!?! BLOWS MY MIND
YOU ARE ALMOST THE PERFECT MAN! ALMOST
I THINK SKYDADDY KNOWS WHAT'S UP!
AND I DON'T THINK HE WOULD KEEP ME
AROUND IF I WAS BAD FOR YOU! LIKE
I SAID - SKYDADDY KNOWS THE REAL TRUTH
AND HE KNOWS MY HEART, MY PAST, MY
FUTURE, BUT MOST OF ALL HOW MUCH I
LOVE YOU! HE'S TRYING TO SHOW ME HOW
TO LOVE & RESPECT YOU IN THE WAYS
YOU NEED ME TO! PLEASE BE PATIENT!
I'M LEARNING EVERY DAY I PROMISE!
I JUST HOPE YOU WAKE UP & REALIZE ~~~~~▶

THAT YOU'RE THE "ONE"! THE ONLY ONE
THAT I WANT! YOU MEAN THE WORLD
TO ME! I CHOOSE YOU! I HOPE YOU
CHOOSE TO LET GO, AND JUST BE IN THE
MOMENT WITH ME TOO! I HOPE AT
THE END OF THE DAY, I'M THE ONE
YOU WANT TO COME HOME TO! I KNOW
NOT EVERY DAY WILL BE PERFECT! B/C
THAT'S WHAT KEEPS US HUMBLE & HUMAN
BUT, I JUST HOPE THAT MEANS WE
"APPRECIATE" THE GOOD DAYS MORE!

WHEN YOU'RE READY, LET'S GO TACKLE THAT
WATERFALL TOGETHER! ♡ I'M CALLING FOR
A REDD! I THINK YOU MIGHT LOVE
MY RIVER TOO! GIVEN THE RIGHT CHANCE!
EVEN IF YOU NEVER WANT TO RIDE THE
RIVER W/ ME AGAIN... I'LL STILL SIT
SILENT AND VERY HAPPY NEXT TO YOU ON
THE BANKS! #JEWEL-PAINTERS! ♡♡♡

I LOVE YOU SEBASTIAN! I HOPE EVERY NIGHT THAT
YOUR HEAD HITS THE PILLOW, THAT'S THE
LAST THING THAT GIANT BRAIN OF YOURS
THINKS ABOUT! ALWAYS AND FOREVER I'LL
LOVE YOU! AND NEVER FORGET THAT!

♡ RN

5-30-20

Lauren,

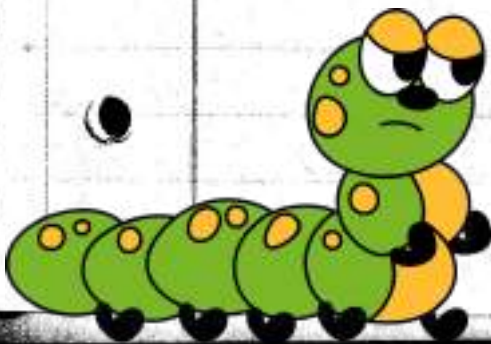
I'm not sure how much time has passed before I gave you this. I wrote it the night you left for good. It doesn't feel real, even as I write it.

You deserve better. To be specific, you deserve a good guy, Good for you, that isn't broken and ornery. I know. I'm impatient. I'm sorry for that. You are well on your way to recovery. Recovery from heart ache. You have such a good support group there, I'm not worried to leave now. Or to let you leave me.

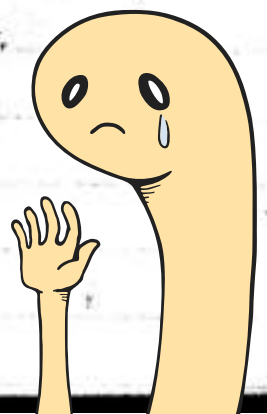
I won't waste time focusing on what you did wrong, you know those things. I want to tell you the things you got right. Thank you for your presence. It's infectious. Thank you for being adventurous, you inspire me.

You said you don't give second chances, except for [REDACTED]. And I believe you. I don't expect one. I asked if you wanted a couple days and you made it plain. You said you have done nothing wrong. That was your choice. I hope you meet the one that makes you take that chance. Maybe it won't even feel like a chance. Maybe you will just know. That's what we all hope for.

Live well, my friend. Know you will always be a part of my life. I will always look out for you. I will always know you, and I will always miss you a lil bit. My Catterpillar.



fnm



6-11-20

To God and my future wife,

She wouldn't like this portrayal of her, if she read it. But this is my story and I shall write from my perspective. I will just say I'm not sure I know who she is. My best guess is she is a lost soul frantically trying not to drown. I remember the fresh sting of my ex-wife's trespasses soon after my separation. Even after a year. Hurt people hurt people.

I was more understanding this time. It may not even be a conscious choice to lie. They assume people will run from the truth. They want to fix it in themselves, but the pressure to thrive mounts. Little lies to create feelings for ^{in me} the other person until they decide if I can handle their heart. The problem is, all those little lies were made. Now I cannot believe the big issue statements she makes. Even if she didn't have sex with the others, I can't believe her. Not really believe her.

Don't use up your lies on little stuff. It makes the big lies so much more noticable. My best guess is, if you don't lie about the little things, it's much easier to tell the truth about big things. It is God's Holy Spirit that tells us what to say or our demons. We choose which to listen to. We humans in flesh bodies all have God and demons in side us. (minus Jesus ^{who had no demons}). The Spirit even tells us which voice will make us feel good. Sometimes we choose wrong on purpose. Anticipate the punishment we think we deserve, and the cycle continues.

I Love You

RUA

6-11-20

To God and My future wife,



I am walking with her through treacherous territory. She needed a guide. I have the light, and she was in darkness. She saw my light and ran towards it. She came so close to me she temporarily blocked out my light. We shift and she points my light at a place I've already been to. It looks safe and she takes off towards it. I yell for her to stop, don't go that way! It looks safe but it's not. Then she returns and shifts the light in my hand another direction.

Another soft pasture filled to the brim with mud. I've already been there too! Before I can open my mouth she is off again... During this time, **DON'T GO THERE, BABE!** I scream. She laughs and says, I know what's good for me. 'Twas a brave thing to leave him. In the darkness. To leave me was silly. I have a flashlight. It gets brighter over time. God occasionally has to knock my flashlight for me when it flickers, but overall it's been a pretty good light he's gifted me with.

We all fumble through this Flesh world in the dark. Appearances are deceiving. He gives some of us flashlights. We stumble on them. Sometimes we pick them up and turn them on. We find others and try to take them with us. Hoping to find their flashlight. Sometimes they do if you help them look for a minute with yours.

All we can hope is that when we all make it to the end of this "maze in the dark" life we live, we'll see some of the friends we helped joining a big group of flashlights at the end of life's final journey.

I love you

[Signature]



6-2-20

To God and my future wife,
You sent me the drunken voicemail I left you, I was drunk and crying and I missed you, And that's what the message says. I was hurting because you left... again! Love is patient, love is kind. You have been neither.

Thank you for the quarantine adventure, God! Perhaps under different circumstances, this could have worked. But alas, her light has been dimmed so much by her past. Much as mine was when I dated Karen. She has yet to learn the lesson I learned with Karen. We did have fun though. Thank you for the fun times, God. Thank You for your Light, God. The light that shows us the way to happiness. Real happiness, in You.

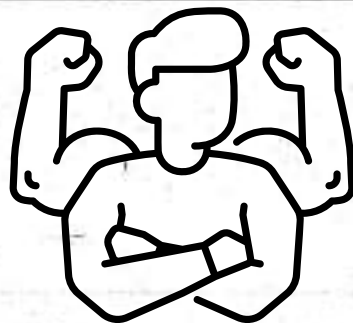
I know you will lead her back to the light, God. I pray for it, now. Thank you for letting me be the first step for her. I fear my lust and our chemistry forced led me to move too quickly again. I wasn't as patient with her or as kind as I could have been, but I still think I showed her enough good for her to look for good in her next partner. Hopefully she looks for you a little too.

I can't wait to see the person she becomes the good she will do and the lives she will touch. I will miss her sometimes, but...

I love you,

AMW

6-9-20



To God and my future wife,

The great battle between self-confidence + humbleness. Some would say self-confidence is the sense that you are right and/or righteous. I think this definition leads too much support for arrogance. I would offer that self-confidence involves a sense of "doing" the right thing. Further, I would say self-confidence can involve internal and external factors. Compromises between our own sense of what is right vs. what others view as right are bound to create conflict within oneself from time-to-time.

I have now been in a situation with a few women where they cited my "low self confidence" or insecurities as a primary reason for our breakups/problems that developed. I feel like my self-confidence borders on arrogance because I make decisions all day and I always feel like I'm making the right choice. Many of them are not the right choices for other people, ~~and~~ in that moment but they are made none-the-less. Some decisions aren't so easy. They take time to make. Time must be devoted to them alone, as well as in groups.

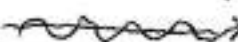


6-5-20

To God and my future wife

She is hurting now. I think she wants herself to hurt. I keep offering to do things (little things) and she keeps trying to do it on her own. She hurts from so many things and now I have to love her through them while she fights me.

Her family is upset with her. They think she escaped an unhealthy environment with a controlling ^{paranoid} asshole. They don't know the truth. That is her fault, and not my place to correct their understanding. That will either happen over time through interactions or through her truthfulness.

I have no doubt she loves me, or at least that there is love that could be nurtured. I think we often find ourselves in these situations. We call in timing issues. Timing issues seem to stem from our need to be helped and loved vs. our need to help and love. There is a flow and a cycle to these patterns.  I show it here not to represent that the balance line is flat, but that we all have times where we need things, and we all have times that we can give. Those times aren't always equal in someone's life. Particularly in a short term relationship.

Relationships take work. They all do. Society claims that people should put in effort based on how much we love someone. I would argue that we should decide if we love someone, then go as far as we can. This statement implies a threshold, or a maximum amount we are willing to put up with. We should go as far as we can without hurting ourselves too much. Hence the timing. We are both hurting and while I need to rest in God so I can fill her back up, I have neglected myself until I no longer have the ability to work on us. → over



6-5-20 cont.

To God and my future wife,

She is mourning now. In grief. Hurt people hurt people. She is mourning many things. ^{Wants} ~~Needs~~ to numb because the physical and emotional pain is too much. But she fears the judgement from me. She fears the judgement from herself more. She fears me leaving... Nah, expects it. Especially if she really opens up. She has opened up, but because I demanded it. I wasn't patient.

She mourns her freedom. Craves it. It comes out in unhealthy ways. She ~~resents~~ ^{dreads} seeing the disappointment in her family as she stays with me. They probably think I kicked her out as a power play or because of paranoia. Now they see me coming to her house and demanding she change, or else. She worries that she is making changes, no matter how good they are for her, and she doesn't know if she can trust me to stay. I'm afraid she has already begun mourning our relationship. Where the others have failed her, I must be strong. I must give her love and security, and know that she will show me respect, that I need, in time. I must give her trust and encourage her freedoms and know that in time she will give me trust, that I need. For now, she has taken a leap for me and given in by exiting the drug world. I must not neglect to let her know how much I appreciate that! It has bought her a clean slate with me, and bought our relationship time, precious time, that it did not have before. Be with us Both, God!

I love you,

[Signature]

6-20-2020

To God and my future wife,

3:00pm So a friend of mine flipped a coin the other day. I don't remember what he was flipping about, but I remember the outcome. He said "Call it in the air", as he flipped it, I was trying to be funny, and I had a couple beers in me; ^{underused conjunction} so I said "On its side!" ^{sorry no autocorrect} "You can guess where the coin landed... freshly in the arm sleeve of the one who flipped it, right on its side."

5:00pm As I sit here, single again, I wonder if the penny of my love life will ever land on its side. Has it already happened while I had my back turned? What must my ex-wife think I am doing to my kids?

Not intentionally! Good motherhood and good chemistry with my kids is probably my 1st priority next to faith. How can you test that without them meeting your kids. I don't have much family left. I rely on my ^{girl} friends families. I find good things in all of them. There is not one family that has ever shown anything but love for our children. Our kids miss them all. This saddens me as I'm sure it does her, but they are gaining wisdom so that they will choose a partner carefully.

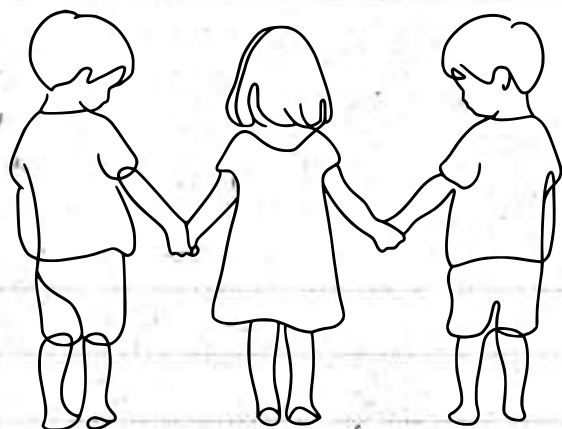
6:30pm Do I have thoughts of other women when I'm dating someone? Sure! But that's where it stops. Surely there must be another woman out there.

7:00pm Should I publish these letters on FB or would that cause an onslaught of temptation and manipulation? Would that affect the writing in itself? ^{if I put them out there} I talked to Ellie-Jane on the phone and she talked me away from it with Grace for the moment.

I Love you
fllup

6-21-20

To God and my future wife,
I want to hold your
hand and skip with you into
Righteousness, my love!



A Haiku for you!

I'll be honest with you future wife, I don't think
much of women right now. Between my sister, niece, roommate,
prospects (some, not all) and most of my other friends, ^{not just females} I have become
slightly upset with mankind. My daughters have given me faith.
Faith that there are other good men out there raising good
daughters that I can love.

I love the women in my life, sisters and daughter figures. But
I feel like most/all of them don't understand men, let alone me
right now.

I planned out a speech for you in my head future wife. And
I think it's generic enough to apply to most women. When I decide
who I will try with again, I imagine it will go:

Leave him! Who ever it is you cling to, Your daddy, your brother,
your ex, your baby daddy, etc. Cling to me and let's go back to
that person as one. I will win them over. Show them that I
will never betray you. That I will always put your needs above
my own. If it is your ex, I will show them that you are in
good hands. Happy and free. They should want that for you.
If they don't I will happily arm wrestle them for you.

I Love you,

6-23-20

To God and my future wife,

I sit in a hotel room in Panama City, and one thing is clear. God is with me here. He wants me here. Probably for multiple reasons.

I threw my morning cigarette down toward the trash can on the floor below. It bounced and fumbled on the thin lip of the trash can, bounced ^{again}, and was taken by a force to the exact center of the trash can. Not the outside or barely inside the large 50 gallon. Directly in the center.

When God gets involved, we only have to take the shot. He will direct it. Some shots will miss. There is still purpose in them. God gives us lots of moments to shine. Sometimes we let fear hold us back, or some other version of demons. God wants us to be truthful about our shots. When we take a leap of faith because we feel something compelling us. I give the credit to the Holy Spirit. Other readers can call it the universe or conscience, but even they will have trouble denying powers outside their understanding.

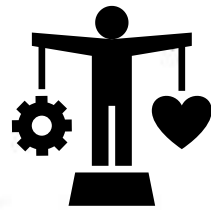
I'm taking a shot being down here. I wasn't sure why I wanted to come. I'm still not. But I know God is with us here, and I plan to do what he tells me to. I'll leave the rest up to Him.

#Purposeful Living
#Take your Shot

I'm taking a shot.
God will direct it with His
ultimate purpose.

A #HarknBy Sean McNeal

6-23-20



To God and my future wife,

I lay here for the first time in a long time pondering the future, More specifically, my future with happiness. I know what and who makes me happy. I've spent a lot of time these last few months trying to be grateful. I was angry with myself for ~~not~~ not feeling happy.

I wasn't happy because I didn't have closure and I didn't have the one I knew I wanted. I thought God must have had different plans than I did, and I needed to move on. Try to forget. I never imagined that God's plan for me would intersect with my plan for me. And yet, here I sit...

The timing feels better this time. There is no need to catch up on each others pasts. We have both been interrogated by gas-lighters for too long. We must focus on the good, the Prayer, the laughter.

He is out there on the phone with her, but I can see her getting tired of his words. I must make sure I give her more of the good. She can't help but reciprocate. We've both been corrected for the things we think are good for so long, we will both take time to find them again. We both molded ourselves into other people and what they told us they wanted. Losing part of ourselves in the process. All that is lost can be found again, with your help Lord.

I Love you,

[Signature]



6.27.20



To God and my future wife,

I spent some time reflecting today. Cut the grass with a push mower. I hope I have a working ^{riding} mower as you read this. If not, plant that seed with me. After the yard I unpacked my bag and reflected on some of my letters from earlier. From when they were addressed to girls.

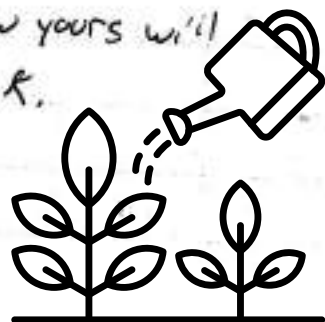
The problem with those letters is that some are missing. Some of them were given away and many were filled with frustrations and anger. Those have to be burned. I worry sometimes about my future wife's heart if she reads the nice things I say about the girls of the past. The love I pour out for them. This is a fragmented picture. I tend to take people at their word.

The words are usually sweet. People will hear you say something about yourself, and say "me too". Me too are two powerful words. I don't say them if I don't mean it. They are special words indeed. When I hear those words from someone else I expect them to not just be lip service. If a girl tells me she has God in her heart, I will believe them. If they say they can control their anger I will believe that too. But it will shatter me and my trust if I see something they have said turn out to be false. I will make excuses for them at first until it continues to be false.

Just know, future wife, much of the love I have given was based on false statements made by those who came before you. I know yours will be true, because I can feel them in my bones when you speak.

I Love you,

#GodSpeaks



6-28-2020



To God and my future wife,

Everything works out exactly as it is supposed to. Thank you for that, God. You've shown me so much. I keep believing and you keep working. Thank you for loving me.

My back is better again. You have taken the weight off my shoulders. The big worries and the small. You've given me vision.

NahKo "I am a miracle, made up of particles." I go seeking and I find. I can't believe the time that passes sometimes, but you respond to All of my Prayers.

Sometimes it's fast! I pray for a rainbow, while it's sunny. Boom, 2 hrs later, here you go, Sean! I pray for music, can't charge my speaker, look for a double charger, D6 is out! Let the disappointment ~~be~~ set in for 5 mins and as I'm checking out, Boop! Here's a 3 prong USB ^{dock} for you, Sean! Need a wholesome night out to prevent your urge to call the ones you could call when you're broken? Boop! Dylan and Tony will hit you up and it will be all amazing. You will meet 5 strangers by a campfire, discuss life, love, spirit, and part with an open invite to join them again.

Sometimes it takes years. When I've given up. When You answer those I cry. You do it in ridiculous ways, no offense. You never cease to amaze me! You teach me to sit, roll over, be patient. All of the things I have taught my dog. But we are more than that to you. A higher consciousness. Or perhaps lower.

I'm about to get deep... OVER now →



6-28-20 continued.

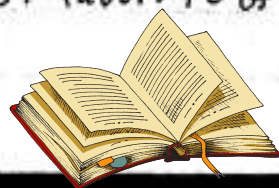


If, that's a big word. What if it's bigger. The great debate, We are curious creatures by nature. I am human, I am in flesh. What if my spirit was separated from God. What if he wrote a book to tell me how to find my way back to Him. What if he wrote 1,000 books. Using his vessels. What if he told us in 1,000,000 ways in our life. What about 1 billion?

God tells me, I believe, ^{← a respectful hedge} that we are one with the world. I also believe he created all things before us. I also believe God (Ya) created all things with a purpose. I also believe Hell is separation from God. I wonder if it's impossible to experience separation from God in a non-flesh body. Do I wonder because I am in a flesh body, trying to break free? Does an ant wonder?

To me, an ant wonders around, obeying orders. Perfectly! So does a spider. So do the trees! The grass! Yet ~~to~~ I fumble. My dog doesn't obey orders perfectly, but he does it better than me. Is humanity, the flesh body, the outskirts of biology? Do we evolve from ~~to~~ here into a dog, then, an exoskeleton? As we get closer to God. Or? once we evolve to human state, are we either discarded or admitted to Heaven based on our actions?

Does God direct the ants? Or their Queen? Did he direct early humanity, or did we drift away from him? Are we fallen? With only a glimpse of redemption? Or does God just invest more time in our salvation because He loves us more than the Ant? Are we His favorite or His least favorite of the creatures of Earth? Time will tell... →



6-29-2020

To God and my future wife,

One thing is certain, Jesus Christ died on the Cross and defeated death! I want a higher consciousness! Don't you? He will be my example, because I want to evolve! How did He live? Better than me, I assure you, reader! ^(future wife)

Someone closest to me asked me recently if there was anyone who wasn't scandalous out there. It took me back! I wanted (my ego) to say "ME!" but the words/word wouldn't come out of my mouth. An hour later after that uncomfortable silence had subsided, I responded.

"About what you asked earlier, not in our flesh body..." She took seconds to respond. It bugs at her too! "How do you mean?" She says. "In our flesh body^{ies} we are all separated from God, the closest we can get is to hear His whisper." That's what I heard when she spoke. I don't remember who said it.

The point is, God speaks when we listen, while we drink whiskey and rest, He speaks.

Why am I not perfect, God?!? I yearn to be. That is my real prayer! Hear me now, please! Make me perfect! Perfect for your purpose for me! Oh, wait, You already did that TOO! Thank you for loving Me!



7-1-20

To God and my future wife,

I wish she hadn't ruined my pens. The one before you. What a long week it has been. July has started off promising. Take the journey? Everything inside me... Mind, spirit, body says Yes! The Universe has aligned to make this happen. There is no doubt in my mind. God has his hand in this. We are both meant to grow together. I'm not saying forever, yet. But the honesty will be a good foundation to see if we can build something.

I can't wait to see her sober real smile the first time she realizes she can have me. If I get honesty and respect, I ^{understand} get her. Pretty sure she loves me. She has a history of hurting the ones she loves. But I'm also pretty sure she has a future helping the ones she loves. She's got the glue to put this heart back together. ~~Brad~~ Brad Pitt is licking my face. She never does that. (that's my dog).

Lord, the things Brad Pitt has seen. She has seen me through heartache, joy, God, losing God, realizing I never lost God, and love. And she will be with me for many more adventures. All the way to you, future wife!

I love you,
R R R



2-5-20

To God and my future wife,

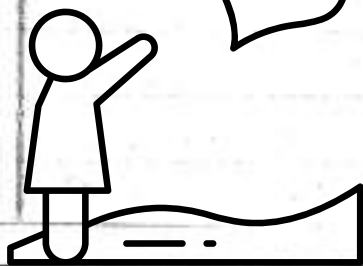
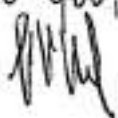
You are coming to see me. I feel like I'm safe now. Safe with my heart. I feel like I knew it was you all along. The one I compared every one to. The only one that broke my heart, ever. The one I can't say no to. The only one I couldn't talk myself out of loving, but right now she needs rest. Peace and rest.

8:15 I will have to hold back my words at first. ^{You} She needs space to yourself. You haven't had any time for yourself these last few months, I think. But you don't like being alone usually. I can give you that in separate rooms so you still have security. There I go planning again. Maybe we can plan a trip soon, but as long as I stay positive I won't let you down. I can't help but stay positive around you. I feel it in my bones. I hope you feel the same. I know you feel something. I will pass all of your tests with ease, because we are looking for the same thing. OK, enough mushy!

10:30 I can feel the tension in my loins. You said you would be in after midnight. I yearn to hold you. The right way. Your head on my chest once again. I melt as you melt into me. I feel a hashtag coming on.

10:45 Guess you're not coming...

I Love you,



7-6-20

To God and my future wife,

She's walked off the path. She heard a wolf whimpering in the woods with a hurt leg. She approached it in the day and it seemed grateful. As she drew near to it, the wolf scurried a little further into the woods and began whimpering again. She moved after it quickly saying "let me help you!" The wolf again got up as she approached and limped away, further into the woods. Further from the ^{path} ~~trail~~. She was about to turn back when she heard a second cry. What is the wolf cub doing out here? The wolf is back now and he builds a nest as she comforts the neglected pup. Night time is fast approaching now.

She wonders for a moment how far it is back to the path, but for now, she remains with the pup as the wolf lay down in his nest. She tries to lead him back toward the path with the pup in her arms, but the wolf gets in front of her and growls. She sets the pup down. "Why doesn't he understand I want to help?" she asks herself. The wolf picks up the pup and carries him back to the nest. She follows. It's dark now. ~~Best if she wait~~ ^{She turns on her} flashlight and turns to go back, but the wolf has food and a warm nest. She will go back toward the path at day break. The wolf and his cub keep her warm in the cold, and she is grateful.

The next morning, before she can say a word, the wolf picks up his cub and walks further into the woods. She follows asking him to turn back with her to get help for his leg, but after a short walk they come upon a stream. The pup is happy to play, and she is

→ over

7-6-20

To God and my future wife,
thankful for a drink.

Day after day and night after night pass, and she grows close with them. The wolf protects her from the cold and the creatures of the night. All the while he leads her further from her path, and each time she turns to leave the wolf quickly puts the pup back in front of her as it whimpers. People begin to search for her.

One day people came very close to where they had nested and she cried out for help. The wolf jumps in front of her as she walks toward their voices. She keeps quiet and submissively turns back toward their nest.

The next day the cub goes on an adventure. The wolf beckons her to go after it with a nod of his head. He has other plans. The cub is fast and it goes further into the woods. She finds it shortly, nestled next to a female wolf. It is tattered and scared. She hears the unspoken cries of the female wolf as she comforts it and the cub. "Who hurt you?" she asks. The female nestles the cub with her nose in a motherly fashion. She picks up the cub and returns with it to the nest.

A few days later, after cold nights, she hears distant voices of a search party. She now only remembers the way back to ~~her~~^{the} path from the direction of their voices. She walks a little way toward them each day, then back again. She has made her own little path, but it will grow over quickly without more travelers. Their voices soothe her as she sleeps in the nest. The wolf has stopped keeping her warm now, and she doesn't feel safe anymore for some reason. →

pg 3

7-6-20

To God and my future wife,

She tells herself she is strong and remembers God is always with her. She begins to pray. She hasn't done much of that lately, but it's like riding a bike.

The next day the voices draw very near. She tells the wolf she must go speak with her friends or they will surely not understand the situation. He doesn't get in her way, but as she leaves toward the path, the wolf howls in anger. He stays though she tells him to find a new nest. His cub howls with his ^{dad} father, though the cub doesn't understand the reason. The cub will learn the lesson of how to survive in the woods. Together they stand at the nest, Howling for days.

She walks toward the path with her friends while she listens to the howling. She tells them she will be right back, she needs to say goodbye.

When she returns to the nest he promptly picks up the cub and leads her to another group of wolves. They all play and frolic together, and she remembers the good times with the wolf. But the wolf is colder to her now. She assures him she won't leave him like that again, and so, he keeps her warm again. The voices grow fainter again. She prays...

She cries out one morning from the new nest he brought them to, and her best friend hears it. Her friend rushes toward her. She brings her back to their original nest where she has camped, alone to keep an eye out. The wolves sound the alarm. One of ~~them~~ ^{their} pack has disappeared. They don't see the difference. They are but wolves...

→over

pg 4

7-6-20 cont. To God and my future wife,

As she returns to the first nest, she realizes it is very close to the path. Her friends remind her. But the wolf is fast! He returns to the nest too. Her mother is beckoned by God through her best friend. As soon as she sees the wolf she shakes a spear at it, for she knows what is happening. Her mother has killed a wolf.

She jumps between her mother and the wolf, she can't believe the words her mother uses. Her friends stand firm behind her mother. "He was hurt and I helped him and his cub, mother! *He loves me dearly and would never hurt me!" Her mother sees herself in ^{her} daughter and lashes out. The wolf whimpers and she stands between ~~the~~ her friends and him. Protecting him. Most of the friends take pity on the wolf as well. She tells them she will stay with the wolf. As it grows dark they set up camp and wait.

The wolf goes further into the woods and beckons her. Her friends begin to disappear one by one. Their voices are tuned out by his constant howling. He hopes she will follow his voice as she has before, but she stays, and she begins to pray for guidance.

He whimpers and whines from the woods, louder this time. She knows his cry. Feels it... Soon he returns to the nest, and tries to lay next to her, but she is warm for now. Her friends left a fire with her, and he hates it. The fire is joy, laughter, and peace. She remembers the path was always full of friends and fire and ^{life} light. Each day she walks a little ways toward the path, hears his howl, and returns. She longs for it, and so, she prays.

pg 5

7-6-20

To God and my future wife,

She knows not the reason, but she remembers the female wolf she met with the cub. The look on her face as she hid her scars. She prays.

The wolf grows angry. He doesn't know why she craves the path and her friends. He left the path long ago, and vowed never to return. Vowing instead, to lure others off the path into the woods. He is afraid her friends will take her. He remembers the last girl. He knows she won't return to the path without her cub. ^{"The last girl"} She has become a wolf now, and so will she", he says. She assures him she won't leave him, but he knows she doesn't mean it. She sleeps in the nest. He howls and she doesn't like it anymore.

Suddenly his howls become words to her. "Your friends and family hate me, do you hate me too?" he says, she loves him, so she stays. She thinks he will understand her logic, because she speaks truth, but there is no logic in the wolf's mind anymore. The Spirit is drowned out by the howling of the other wolves. He now tells her she doesn't understand, but she does. He doesn't. Chooses not to go toward the path. ~~He grows~~

He grows colder and angrier, now demanding she wear a piece of his fur. She remembers the female wolf still wore the mark of him. He wants to turn another into a wolf. She feeds his energy. He grows larger in her eyes. Her fear ~~the~~ fuels the wolf. But her friends have a plan. Based on Truth.

They realize they have the advantage! God. While he has become a lone wolf out of choice, God has formed an army to get her. The lost sheep fallen into the wolf's nest. → over

pg 6
7-6-20

To God and my future wife,

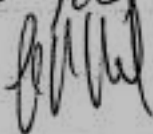
The Good Sheppard is sending people to find her now,
Compelling them, one by one, Till she realizes.

She won't leave the nest for long, now. Fear has a hold on her. But
she won't go further into the woods either. She knows that is where
the female wolf lives. She would be lost forever.

Her friends know they could come take her, Confront the wolf and
he would cower away, but she would hear his howls and find him again.

There is a man she loves. She misses him dearly and he calls for
her. He called the wolf a wolf! How simplistic he is, to label the wolf.
What has the man done for her? The wolf is big and loves her. He is
simple. The man is not simple, and couldn't possibly understand the
wolf. Besides, what will become of the cub?

She ~~knows~~^{thinks} the cub will become a wolf unless she convinces the
wolf to become a man and come with her to the path. She doesn't
realize how much the cub has already learned from her. He's been
quietly following her toward the path as each day as she walks
toward her friends' voices. The cub is curious, but won't be led
toward the path. Still his curiosity has been wet. He now prays
with the voice of a man. God speaks and he listens. He tells his mother
and she smiles. ^{His mother} She will guide him back to the path so he can see it.
→ She agonizes over the thought that he will become a wolf. He won't!
She has prayed for him and that's all it takes! He knows the way
to the path now. He has seen her pray.

I Love you


7-13-20 continued.

I am not God. I am not an angel sent by God. I am a man who has asked God into his heart. Just read Psalm 80. God is using me as his willing vessel and he does show me things. Little possibilities. That he would show us all if we would listen.



7.18.2020



To God and my future wife,

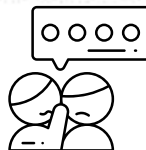
I made a bad choice. Or, perhaps, a good one? I told her to choose. Not with my words, but with my actions. Choose now! I said, with my actions. Me or satan, forever! I told her not to talk to me, high. When I knew she was high. That was pure self sabotage. I alerted her ^{high}psyche to my intentions, and, yet, I don't expect to be shunned? I laid my cards on the table expecting her not to bluff, but she has.

She no longer calls me when she says she will. She breaks her word to me. Why?

Because I sounded the alarm. As satan leaves her system, he it softly uses it's last strength to tug on her pride. Just a bit. satan tells her she is strong enough to do it on her own. ~~he~~ ^{satan} it tells her she is strong enough to do it on her own. he tells her she is strong enough to do it on her own. Is she? Yes! Would she do it faster with friends? Yes! Both!

he tells her to call Sean tonight once she has ^{him}it out of her system completely. That will buy him hours after he is gone. Now she will think of how proud of her I will be for calling me while sober. I've told her as much, so ^{she knows} ~~I know~~ I feel proud for her. Reinforce her ego and her pride. Now I have confirmed satan's words to her, in her mind. She is strong enough on her own.

So, what to do for the next several hours till I can call him? Need to occupy the brain, she says. And then, there he is. satan's little play thing. A spirit destined for control. Or is he? God fights for him too! → over rover



7-18-2020

To God and my future wife,



This one does whatever satan asks of him right now, ~~he~~ ^{he} will occupy her with doubt and harassment, accusations and threats, guilt and intimidation. This will wear down her weakened pride, ~~if she entertains it~~. Again and again, Each day. Look up satan in its hebrew form. ~~It~~ ^{it} is a generic term meaning adversary or accuser.

I wish she would call me when satan speaks. ~~I love her~~! God loves her and she should call on Him!

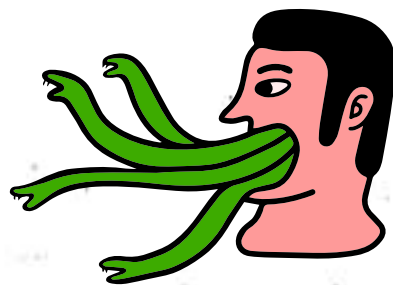
satan says, "be quiet" to her, and she listens. ~~Her~~ ^{That} state knows Sean wants her ~~to get her~~ ^{to get her} away and she fears the damage it will do to their relationship if he sees her this way. Tell me if i'm wrong God!

That is the question. As ~~I~~ ⁱ ponder, is satan speaking to me? Not her same satan, but satan ~~is~~ ^{is} nonetheless. ~~My~~ ^{my} anger for my phone auto correcting satan to Satan has my blood boiling. ~~I am but~~ ^{I am but} a man.

Fear me satan! for i have the power of God with me. You will get no sympathy from me. ~~or~~ No guilt when I s.in. i will repent to God! Not to guilt... When i see you, I will no longer be patient with you.

you will hear about it many times. you will have ample warning, because i know you are not allowed to harm me. i pity you, and so i will give you several warnings. Stay Away From The Ones I Love! Because God Loves them too!, ~~you seem to h~~ → next rex

7-18-20



To God and my future wife,

you seem to have built up a tolerance to the word, rebuke, satan. Do you prefer we use a different word? Will you still try to sit on the Throne, knowing the prophesy of Revelation?

Wow, satan! Wake up dummy! I refuse to let even you die. God has waited 2000 years for you to come back and pledge your loyalty to Him! you need a good talking to, bud! We ^{(humanity? God? Yes} think you are angry over loving us as much or more than you. Your words, not His.

So He banished you to hell! Really autocorrect, you will cap s satan and not hell? Do you think he loves us more? ^(than you satan) That your only hope is to somehow pull off a long shot victory against all odds? Against God? Really? ... He's the one you want to challenge?

Maybe you would have better odds challenging yourself, satan? Just a thought, i just want to plant the seed with you, satan. Rebuke yourself! How about that? Yeah, i said it! That is where you have your best odds. You have a choice, satan! Hear me!

Laugh, as you have for 2000 years. God leaves the 99 to search for you, and you hide, but your time draws thin. He will find you if you cry out, satan. He will carry you on the sand, as he does us.

But, you must bow to Him. Revelation was your wake up call, satan, not humanity's!

He sent Christ to show you that your efforts were in vain, satan! They all go to Heaven! They are all Saved! Before you can ever touch them. They are Saved at conception!

~~You would have us~~



→ be sly firefly

7-18-2020



To God and my future wife,

you would have us humans believe it is at birth. Or ^aAfter. you try to Manipulate humanity instead of listening to what God has to say to YOU, satan!

Humanity is the 99, silly! God loves, even you! Soooo much He has waited how long for you to turn? He has given humanity the task and burden of correcting the first sin, ~~not you!~~ ~~It~~ has many names, i won't even argue with you, satan, about what the sin is.

God wants us to lead you by example! He has let us suffer to show you, satan, his Grace! We suffer but a moment, you will suffer forever! Unless you ask God into your heart like a common man! ~~to~~

Humble yourself satan. God has made humanity suffer long enough! ~~to appease you~~ He grows tired of your insubordination. Bow before Him!

I don't know what you have to do, satan, but you should at least try! God hears all of our prayers, you have witnessed more than most.

When is the last time you prayed, satan? i ask in humbleness. i, as a man, fear His wrath, and i feel sometimes as if our fate is uncertain. Yet, you, satan, have been told of your future if you don't change.

~~You~~ ^{you} think God is trying to manipulate you into turning to Him, and so you rebel and tell Him to suck it!

I ask God how to get you to read on, future wife →

7-18-2020

I'm reminded of my sister telling me she got dad saved. she gained a lot of respect from me with this statement. Now i question it. Why did she need that glory for herself? I'm guilty of the same sin, i cannot judge. i saved them! we all say it!

anna Kate said to me tonight, "Don't let people tell you how to see the light, search and see it for yourself, in others you may or may not find it. people fake the light to bring out darkness, search hard ~~was~~ enough, and you may find it, but you must search for it with love, not hate or desperation.
~ Anna Kate :) ~

satan, you tell God to suck it! Good grief! He will squash you. Or worse, ...

He will make one of us men do it, and He will surely hate the one who does it. Judas paid the price in Heaven. ^{← not meant to make Judas a martyr.}
i am certain. Or judas paid the price on Earth as it is in Heaven, i but he felt so dead after ~~the~~ receiving that money and turning Jesus in! The man that squashes you will feel pain too.

God loves you, satan! ^{↑ I can't imagine why.} After all you have done, He has watched you witness the children singing songs to you about God's love. ^{← you heard them.}
He knows how you feel when you see these things. ^{← eyes to see, satan,} Manipulate humanity for good, and don't ^{try to} take the Throne!

Throw yourself next to it instead, on your knees. God knows your heart, but he also gives you the power to change it, satan. You have always had it ...

I run low on pages, mavis! →

7-18-2020

To God and my future wife,

Free will! God's gift to humanity, and we act as if He wouldn't give it to satan. he has the free will to accept Jesus into his heart, satan's blood, no doubt, bails, hearing that i WILL NEVER! he will say. This message will pour out to you, satan! i doubt if i'm the only one with this thought. And i pity you...

^{he knows} Is satan manipulating me right now by having me write this? Am i rebelling against God's plan by trying to save ^{It's up to} satan? By trying to speak to his dark heart? i am man so i am capable. I like how i typed fallable and autocorrect changed it to capable. Thank You God!

i will give you the credit even as satan (flesh) tries to tell me what i know is wrong! i ~~know~~ You sent Jesus for us, (humanity) but i think You are bigger than that! Did You send Jesus for us or satan?

Yes! You cry the answer! And You will show satan what You had to do to try and get through to him. Is God perfect? ~~Do~~ you say "Yes". ~~Do~~ i say God is infinite! Perfect implies a limit! Think about it...

You, God, Jehovah, Abba Father, Ya-Way, sitting supreme and ultimate, let him be an adversary to humanity and go on his little adventure, so he could find his way back to You! This doesn't contradict the Bible or any other religion ~~Do~~ i know. It simply assumes God is bigger than your wildest imagination, ^{reader}

→ Oh boy, it's still going. just gave a mosquito high 5! try it, lol.

7-18-2020

To God and my future wife,

And that is why no man will know the day of Jesus return, neither does satan. And that's why God will send warning after warning of end times to satan ^{→ and us} to return to Him before He ends it.

God, Jehovah or Yah-way, depending on pronunciation, gives satan free will to choose good, and He does it more and more with man: satan can manipulate man for up to 5 months. That's ^{→ could be} in God years where a day is a thousand years, or 10,000. But I digress.

You want to answer something, ask God! Are you the center of the universe or simply a peon that pales in comparison to the existence around you? Yes! Both!

Can man defeat satan, while still in his flesh, or does satan always have control over us? Yes! Both! We have free will to choose satan's path or God's! The story of Job was sent to humanity to let us know if we only be still, God will talk to us. God lets satan manipulate us only so long before showing us the truth. Ever wonder if God had his hand in the invention of the word Manipulate. Adam means first Man for the laymen reader.

I think I'm supposed to deliver this message and then I hope to live many healthy, happy years if it be God's will. God gives us the power of manifestation too! Yes! Both again! And probably more that I don't see. I know the gift will leave me soon, I am but a man. People will still ask me things, but I know no more. ~~That~~ ^{When} they look to me for guidance, I am instructed to tell them to look to God for any further answers.

I Love You,

[Signature]

8-4-2020

To God and my future wife,

It has been a while. Not since I've talked to You, Ya, but since I've written, I have not stood idly by with this time, but rather, focused on my self. On peace, On you God...

Why do you protect me so, Lord? My sisters rage and spew hate. I am so sad, and yet you don't even let me shed a tear? Why?!? Let me feel some of the pain if it be your will tonight. Why must you always fill me with hope and knowledge that it will all be perfect, in Your time?

I don't get to judge them simply because they lack eyes to see and ears to hear. I can only imagine what you deal with, Lord. These are only my older sisters.

Your sorrow must be 1000 fold, ~~any~~ nay, 1 million billion fold for all the souls that spit on you as you show Grace. And how much more Graceful are you, than I, Lord! You rack your infinitely smart brain every day trying to get them all to turn to You... and still they ~~too~~ turn from you. They are your children. And you are the Wise God, Abba Father.

What hope have I, a simple man? Show me how to live out Your plan? Will you make me a vessel? Will you let me steward the way I want? Show me Your will, that I might serve you. I will follow as you lead, Father.

Thank You for loving me; I don't know what I would do without You. I love You,

BMW

8-9-2020

To God and my future wife,

A day of fasting. I don't fast often enough. I fear the fast in a way. I have broken fasts before, and I know I am weak. So today, I will only fast until sunset. Fitting that the last message I sent myself was of a beautiful picture of the sun on the horizon. I'm not sure if I took it at sunset or sunrise...

In any given moment of sunset or sunrise it is difficult to tell which one you are watching, if we remove our sense of time. Similarly, in our lives, we are forced to live in the moment. Does the sun decide to act differently in the moment it falls in the sky? Does it know if it is falling or rising?

Yes I know the science, ~~and~~ what I'm asking is about perspective. In the moment, can we flesh bodies tell if we are rising or setting? We surely do both many times in our lives. It depends on your definitions of rising and falling. Is the sun happiest when it is falling or rising? How about you, future wife?

As adults we often equate rising and falling with money. Some of the readers, no doubt, had the same thought. "Rising is surely better!" This reader will surely shout! I was once this reader. I made money a priority in my life, and God surely provided. I felt that money gathered early on would allow me to do the things I wanted to do later. That is true, but it is not the whole point.

What then, of the olympic diver, who spends his whole life planning to fall gracefully? What of the eagle we watch set after its prey? The blue whale as it dives into a school of algae? The young child that gets into a puddle or cake?

8-10-20

To God and my future wife,

When we fall into a depression, it is because we put a cloud up to keep us from seeing what is beneath us. We lose sight of what we would find at the bottom because we close our eyes. We don't want to see God there to catch us. He has put a trampoline down there and we keep hanging on with our eyes closed. If we would simply let go of the man made jungle gym, He would bounce us to heights we have never seen before!

God please give us the strength + courage to let go. One by one, let Your Kingdom grow! For Your Glory! Let us embody Your Spirit as we share in Your Grace and Joy! Let us give each other courage through encouragement.

In Jesus Name,
Amen



Rather than praying
for courage, pray for your friends
encouragement, man!

A #Haiku By Sean McNeal



8-11-2020

To God and my future wife,

Dating, lately, has been like the slot machine of life. Keep pulling the slot machine at \$40-\$100 a pull hoping for a jackpot. More likely the girl will break your slot machine than you hitting a jackpot. That's better anyway. If you hit a jackpot, the temptation would be to pull the slot a few more times. If it breaks you must stop and examine. Why did she break the machine? Did it break because ^{you} need time to learn something or help her or because it is meant to be?

After you decide that, you must decide whether to fix the slot machine which will take a lot of time or leave it broken on a certain girl. Sometimes a girl comes in and says she will fix your slot machine. Be wary of her. She will fix it, but she will expect you to stop it on her the next time you spin it...

It might land on her, but it might not break on her. Even if it did before and you fixed it. This hits home for me as a man. I have played this same roll in women's lives sometimes.

I tend to be one to fix a slot machine for a girl. Then I continually find myself in spots where they spin their newly repaired slot machine and it won't land on me... And I say, self, why did I just fix her slot machine so she could spin it again only to have it land on someone else. And my answer is still the same.

One day I hope to fix a girl's slot machine and her spin it and it land on me and then break again. And her to say, don't fix it this time. It broke perfectly. Maybe that will happen with you future wife.
#IDon'tLikeSlots I Love you,

JKW

8

8-18-2020

To God and my future wife,

I've lost my notebook for a time. I think it was lost so I could see that I can write anywhere, anytime. I can write here and when the notebook comes back, I can write it down. Unabridged, to the best of my ability to refrain from side tangents. 2nd Corinthians 2:14-17^{ESV} mention men of God having an aroma. A fragrance of life to some and the smell of death to others. Specifically, we smell good to those being saved and death to those that are perishing.

I believe in multiple meanings to God's Word. Some will ask, do you interpret the Bible literally? I would answer yes! But the same people who ask that question will not also ask if I interpret the Bible as a metaphor. My answer to that is also a resounding yes!

God speaks to us directly in layman's terms, but He also has a double or triple or more meaning in much of what He says. Especially when you look at the different interpretations of language in the original text. We must simply trust that other men of God interpreted using the Holy Spirit which was surely upon them while they endured the monumental task of translation.

So if we are to interpret His Word literally, what does this passage mean? Obviously, there are metaphors a-plenty here, but have you ever experienced a pleasant aroma coming from someone when you hug them? Not a new perfume or a shampoo, but their sweat. To test this I searched my memory banks for the women that have made an impression on me with remarks about my smell.

→ over

pg 2
8-18-20 cont

To God and my future wife

I can't say with certainty whether someone else has God in their heart, but I know He is in mine. Some women who have claimed to love me like really love me, have told me they don't like my sweet smell. They usually suggest showers with odormasks and body washes.

Those women, invariably, turned out to not love me. At least not the way I want and deserve to be loved. I don't deserve anything, but in this post-Grace world we get more than we deserve!

It is hard for those without God to truly love. We have to receive the love from Ya before we can love outside ourself. We can imitate what we see in others, but it would be hard to truly love without God's supply. Someone having a good fragrance in a hug that doesn't include perfume or fancy shampoo should be someone you should try to know better. It is a sign they are with God or God is with them.

A girl noted how good I smelled after a night of drinking and sweating recently. We have also been having some God talks and she wants to try Church for the first time in a while. Maybe Church and I can rekindle her thirst for The Word.

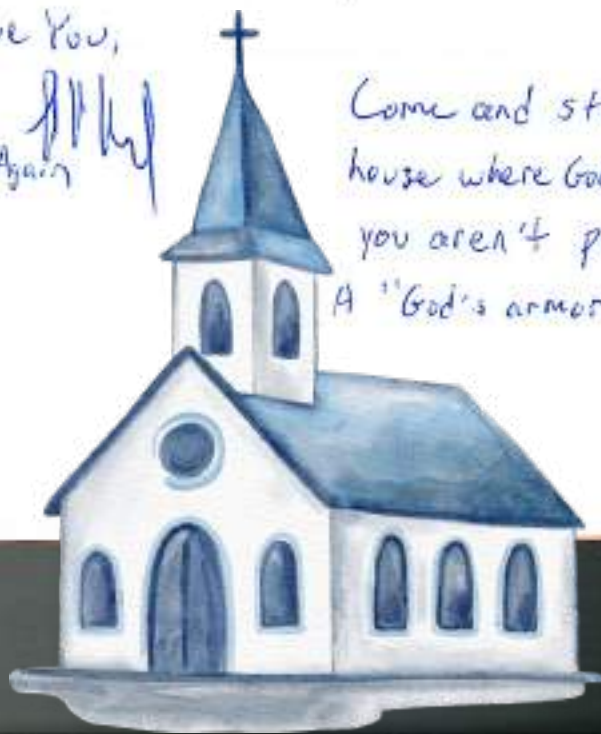
I Love You,

#MakeAmericaGreatAgain

[Handwritten signature]

Come and stand in this house where God lives and tell me you aren't protected!

A "God's armor" #HaikuBySeanMc



8-26-20

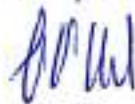
To God and my future wife,

Democrats seem to want to spend my grandchildren's money and make them future slaves. The Republicans seem to think they know what's best for everyone and still want gov't control of church matters like social welfare. It's a double edged sword. I'll just adjust to whoever wins.

I believe Yah makes things happen for us. He manifests our spiritual needs and wants. I started to write "desires" and changed it because I think that would have unwanted connotations for misinterpretation. Jehovah's ^{Wit}witnesses are a good radical branch of the church. They believe in sowing God's seed. I believe they could be more efficient. I think their approach is a little sharp to actually promote the majority to our Christ.

The thought of giving up alcohol and everything they view as a sin leads me to believe they will have difficulty approaching sinners. They plan their words. I find that I have more results letting The Holy Spirit speak in the moment, when you have sinner's, such as my self, attention.

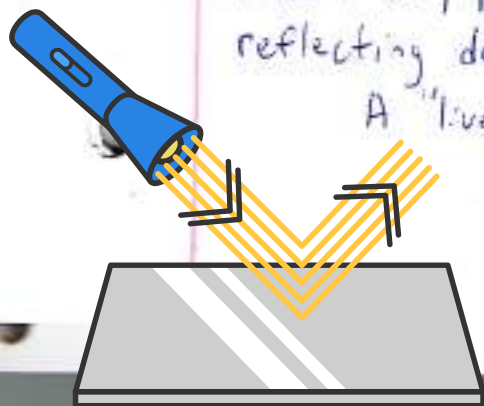
I love you, thank you for loving me,



We all reflect light.

The tricky part is stopping reflecting darkness

A "live in the light" # Haiku By Sean McNeal



8-31-2020

To God and my future wife,

So, someone came down to Panama City to surprise me on the condo week. I'm not completely shocked, but I wonder why she is here. She says its over with him, but I've heard that before, and her phone was going off all night with Facebook calls and messages. Still, I'm glad for the company from an adult friend at least, and the kids and I had a few days to ourselves.

I had hoped she would show up at my house. If only to know my friend would be OK and back securely in God's hands. I keep getting signs that I'm not through helping her after all this time. I question the signs. To see if they are real. I'm not sure how to tell; but I know if I pray about it enough the answers will come.

Your servant will await your instructions, Lord. I don't know how to thank you for all You have given me already. Who am I, that You would bestow such blessings? Not even a Jew, but chosen through Jesus, none the less.

Please give me the words as I speak with her today, Lord. Guide my hand as I touch her face. Let me feel her pain if I'm supposed to help her, and let me feel her love if that was the reason you sent her here. I await your response, but I will vow to relax and enjoy as I felt your words come over me last night.

This will certainly cause strife among the others that would have me. Perhaps the purpose is only to run them off again. Perhaps, hopefully, more... I love you,

[Signature]

9-5-20

To God and my future wife,

I had a dream that I died and was in a dark place. I made my way down a hallway toward the light. At the end of the hallway was an opening, and I went outside. When I went outside I met someone I trust. A man, although I'm not sure who. I recognized him, but didn't know him. I just knew to trust him. We laughed as we walked.

We eventually arrived at a pool and as he led me into the pool, others began to arrive. Some words were spoken and I was at peace. Next I was dunked in the pool, and held underwater. I jerked for air, but I could see the one I trust above the water, and he mouthed "It's ok," and I was still. Unable to breathe, but ok about it, somehow.

I drowned... Suddenly, I was alive again and awakened to a new part of myself. A new structure. More spirit, but still solid.

Jesus said no one can see Heaven without being born again by the water and the spirit. Maybe that dream was my mind trying to grasp the concept. Maybe it was something more...

I love you,

fl/ml

#baptize

#AnotherNoteBookComplete

#MoreToCome



4-15-2020

To God and my future wife,

You don't get to choose what you interpret in the Bible as a parable and what you take literally. You also have to be strong enough in your faith to realize you don't know the correct interpretation. That we, humanity, even those with the closest relationships with You, are on a need to know basis.

I've been praying for understanding and signs and hope, or reassurances that I'm on God's path, but I have to understand that there are multiple ways to interpret God's signs.

I honestly believe God sends us signals. More often than not, in my life, I have clung to those signals from an interpretation perspective that went along with MY plan... whatever I wanted to see happen. I have been wrong a lot.

I don't think God ever does anything to us without a plan and good intentions. The reader can argue that assumption with me later, but given that, I just got stung by a bee. A yellow jacket to be specific. This morning I dropped my phone and it smashed the screen. These are certainly bad omens, or are they?

These are surely signs that I'm not doing what God wants me to do, right? Or, are they to be interpreted as signs the adversary, ^(lowercase) satan, is trying to mess up our day so we will miss something? Did the bee sting have some property in it to counter something bad in my body?

Does a bee sting kill covid? Lol → turn the page to find out

9-15-2020 pg 2

To God and my future wife,

Does the fact that it was a yellow jacket instead of any other type of bee have meaning? Should I visit my old college campus or catch up with my old buddies more?

Did I simply break my phone because someone selling the phone I bought needs a blessing today? Needed the sales to feed his or her family? Did I break my phone to remind me to go get a new notebook since it is very difficult to write my thoughts on this broken screen? Did these things happen because I didn't read my Bible last night as I resigned my self to do? Am I supposed to connect with someone over a similar circumstance they are experiencing? Who else got stung today or broke their phone?

Was it about a girl, as I would seem to focus on lately? If it was about a girl, was it the one I was on a lunch with when I got stung, or someone else? I don't remember who was on my mind at the time I broke my phone. Were the signs to tell me to shy away from this girl woman, or does God want me to notice that things like broken phones and bee stings don't matter when you are having a good time with someone?

For now I'll just take notice that God wants me to pay attention.

I Love you,
JMP



9-22-2020



To God and my future wife,

My dream had me waking in a realization last night. I was in a large building or complex of some kind. My ex-wife was there with other people I did not have time to notice. We all heard an eerie noise and felt a presence. I didn't feel like children were with us. We saw (or at least me) a spirit, dark and advancing toward us. I told her to go one way with the others and I turned into the building further.

I walked slowly at first looking over my shoulder to ensure the spirit followed me. The next room had a 4-wheeler and the opening of a cave or corridor. As soon as I set down my belongings, including my Bible, and got on the 4-wheeler the spirit advanced faster and began screeching.

Quickly, I was on my way with the adversary right on my heels. I ensued a series of twists and turns avoiding the adversary and his plot to presumably catch and kill me. He had a mario kart ~~type~~ list of tools at his disposal with small mortars going off all around me as I scrambled to find an exit. I went further and further into the cave to buy the others some time.

I made a wrong turn into a small cave and had to make a quick turn, seeing his face as he sniped at me. I left this cave from a different door and went into a large outdoor area. From here, I turned back fast left back toward what I hoped was the entrance.

→ over

MARIO

9-22-2000 continued



To God and my future wife,

I had made some space between my self and the adversary, and I remember thinking I should stop and get my Bible, but I did not for fear he would catch me or continue to the exit where the others would surely be waiting. I hated leaving that Bible although I knew it was easily replaceable.

Upon exiting the facility, I found my ex waiting in an SUV with the others. I knew I only had a moment. I ran up to and past the SUV while motioning and pointing ahead for her to follow in order to put some more distance between our group and the adversary before I stopped to enter her car. She didn't follow. I stopped and ~~was~~ started back yelling come on. She motioned for me to come get in the back of the car. I started back toward her car screaming "Come on!" She stared blankly at me and said, "why?"



If this doesn't describe my ex marriage to a T, I don't know what does. At least while I was in it. I would feel like I was scrambling to avoid dangers and financial ruin and rather than clinging to my protection in moments of crisis, she would, again and again, try to argue with me about the best course of action. Even when it was time sensitive.

Rest easy future wife, I have a dream about her about once a year, and while there are obviously still some scars, I only include this dream to remind me to look for you. Someone who will trust my leadership in times of crisis. For God is with me, always. Thank You for loving me, Ya.

I Love you,

[Signature]



9-23-2020

To God and my future wife,



So the person that coined the phrase "two topics of conversation that can't be had at a party are religion and politics" should be strung up. That very phrase has possibly done more damage to modern society than any other.

We complain God isn't in schools, but we first removed Him from our conversations with adult friends. To what end? For fear of sparking the human mind to thought?

We claim it is to avoid conflict, but it is really fear of our ability to defend our love for God. Make no mistake, the accuser is behind this slow progression. We must rise up against the adversary and discuss God and politics with our friends and neighbors.

I don't mean shouting insults and assuming if someone supports a certain candidate you say everything horrible you have read on the internet. I mean discussing policies and philosophies! Not the common divisive ones. Educate yourself! (I'm talking to myself)

We don't need to discuss abortion in groups, but we should talk economics, ~~and~~ foreign affairs, and local welfare. From a standpoint of helping others. Through creative methods designed to help others regain their self worth. I must find a way to spark these kinds of debates amongst my friends. Perhaps a meeting of @sinners is long overdue.

I Love you,

#We'reAllSinners

PMW



10.31.2020

To God and my future wife,
Spooky Halloween edition. 🎃

I haven't written in a while. I've been out there a little, and mostly spending time with my friends. I just haven't been interested in anyone, lately. I've been on a few dates. Mostly with safe women. The ones that can't hurt me. Except one.

You have, no doubt, heard the stories about her, future wife. I owe her my life as far as I'm concerned. She was my first friend post divorce. I pined after her and she always gracefully pointed me toward God and then disappeared. Halloween night 4.5 years ago now was the first time I felt a real passion and spark with someone since my ex-wife. And it's still there. Admiration and mutual (I hope) respect.

She doesn't understand me fully. That much is clear. But, she is curious. I don't understand her fully. That much is clear. But, I am curious. Why am I suddenly writing about a girl again instead of writing about in general terms?

If she told me she loved me, I would say it back without hesitation, but I hope she doesn't say that yet. That would speed up a good thing and put on-needed pressure on us both at this point. She is uncertain, no ~~at~~ doubt. As am I. Both more guarded and wiser than the last halloween we were toying with the idea in our heads. Or maybe ~~you~~ she never ~~were~~ was.

As I write this without messaging myself first I am listening to music. The music helps the words flow.
If I'm → over

If I'm messaging myself first, it will be on my phone. Why is that important? One, it's hard to listen to music on your phone and message yourself. Two, writing usually involves editing, which this will not.

This is dangerous, in my mind. You are supposed to play it cool, dummy! Guard yourself, and her. Both hearts must heal as friends before any romance can commence. ~~As I write~~

As I write this, "Slow it down," by the Lumineers comes on. I'm reminded while it's healthy to have these thoughts of "what if", it is not healthy to overanalyze them. God, ^(Yah) I believe, as his humble ~~servant~~ (pause to look up how to spell →) servant, has gifted me with a very high ~~intelliga~~ (pause to look up how to spell →) intelligence. With that, comes the unique ability to figure out how things work. People too (sometimes).

The adversary is also given a unique opportunity to manipulate higher intelligence people. He strokes the ego. He tells us how smart we are again and again ~~so we~~ attempting to convince us we don't need God. But we do! ^{← adversary doesn't get caps} he tells us we are just discerning people, not judging. You are intelligent, Sean! There for, you are wise! The Holy Spirit inside me shouts back! You are intelligent, Sean! You are not wise! Nor, can you be in your flesh! You can be relatively wise, compared to a MAN! You can't unlock the other 90% of your brain in the flesh. And that's ok, too!

God (Jesus) said to Nicodemus, I believe, how can you understand Heavenly things when you can't even understand the things of this world? ~~power~~ never, not done yet!

10-31-2020
continued



To God and my future wife,

That is all intelligence is, after all. A propensity to realize again and again that we can't understand the things of this earth. I could spend a lifetime studying those intelligent of the generations before me to advance humanity a baby step in one certain area of science... The accuser tells those that are intelligent to pursue their ego in this way. The Holy Spirit tells us to abandon our intelligence. That is why so many as humanity grows more intelligent as a whole, turn to the wine or other mind (flesh) inhibiting substances. Taking the edge off is nothing more than embracing our cave man. Our "cave man" is already in the spirit world. Call him ancestor if you prefer.

She still has feelings for ~~Me~~ him. Discernment is a slippery slope into judgement, Sean. She might accuse you of the same thing with your ex/ex's. I must remember that feelings are OK, and I must be concerned with actions and truth. I must be truthfull (two L's cause it's not full otherwise).

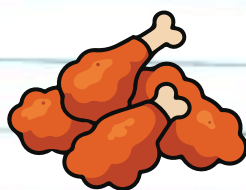
What does the future hold, God? She wants a big halloween party next year... Might we host it together? Or will we be (at her discretion) only friends, forever? ^{not necessarily her.}

I Love you either way future wife,

SVH

Time Will Tell

In Your Hands Big Guy



Hopefully, next year,
we don't only remember
the red chili wings.

A haiku for you #haiku By Sean/McMe



Wed.
11-4-2020



To God and my future wife,

I'll ~~skip~~ skip the antics of election Tuesday yesterday. We still don't know who will be president, but Vegas seems to think Trump. I voted for Jorgensen. I only mention that in hopes it will inspire future me to vote with my heart.

It isn't easy being a man of God. Especially if you claim it publicly. Be wary of the scrutiny and ready for the expectation to be perfect, for the one who will read these letters, know that I am just a man. It has driven me to drinking too heavily and neglecting work.

Some women flock to a man of God. They love to test it. I don't judge them for anything and life always presents a new day. A new chance to forgive their transgressions. But their transgressions have always grown over time. Testing limits perhaps?

They can't help it. In their minds I have said I am a man of God. They confuse this with God. They judge my actions in relation to perfection. I am but a man. When they see me transgress or not conform to their ideal of God, they decide it was all a charade. My friends do the same.

My response to this was to always attempt to be perfect. The most recent example was this election day. I attempted to be perfect and it backfired badly because the girl I directed my "perfect" actions at was ① in a stressful situation and ② she doesn't feel the same way about me right now, and that's OK too! → over cause nothing is over

11/5/2020 → 11/5 now 'cause it's midnight again



To God and my future wife, continued from 11/4

She's tempted to believe in me. To believe I'm a good man. She wants to want me. She sees how I look at her with desire. Passion. I will sweat for you, I say with my eyes. You invasion, I'll create it. This is my promise to you, future wife. Where ever you may be.

I want a kind of friendship that has potential to develop into something real. This ^{could} be something that started at some point in the past and for some reason we were reunited. I also want to have that person not worry about showing up at my house and surprising me. I want them to be able to surprise me.

I tried to be perfect and bring her a coffee as a surprise and she turned me away, ^{God's} future wife. She rebuked me. So that I wouldn't show up when "he" was there, perhaps? Because that would cause strife with him? Or me? I would surely come in and fight him, she thinks. Or what? Couldn't I just see another car in her driveway and drive off like a man? Wouldn't she drive off if she saw a car in my driveway? But I don't really want other cars in my driveway. I want hers. By surprise or on purpose with ~~text~~ a call.  ← partly drawn telephone



One day, I hope a girl decides to surprise me with a coffee in the AM. and I hope, that day, she doesn't feel like she has to worry about another car in my driveway. I'll try to keep it clear in hopes the right one finds her way to me.

Until then, Lord, I shall try to love my fellow citizens as you present opportunities to me. Thank you for loving me, Yahweh.

I love you,

To God and my future wife,

Beautiful stranger, robbing my shoulders. White tiger to my right, me, a simple bear. She guides my gentle hand. Or God guides it through her hand. She leans in and whispers in my ear. I go deaf. I play cards.

The lawyer chimes in. He's lost another pot or another sports bet. We all have to hear how he is a constant victim of circumstances. The Iranian prince is here and everyone wants a piece. Well, Mr. C. just wants to drink whiskey from his chic-frit-a-cup. It is Sunday. V is tired of riding the train to work every day. The stranger found a knot in my neck. She pops it as she holds my hand.

The oil is warming me up. Or perhaps it's her. I won a pot. She will notice it growing. My chip stacks, that is. The hottie calls foul and cries out to the television. The card game doesn't affect his life. Nor anyone else at the table. Everyone playing within their means. J. makes sure of that. He runs the game. We don't like players that ~~screw~~ screw other players. Lemonie tell you something soon...

He says it in a ^{Michigan} ~~evocation~~ account. Players lose too much, soon, that would be bad for business. The wives! They are the ones that end any successful card game. My father said that, lol. If a husband or baby daddy lost too much in a card game, the wife would surely shut us down. As my mind wanders, she stretches my fingers. Pocket AA and two players all in. It will be a good night.

Tonight I play for charity again.

Better luck this buy up and → over

11-5-2020 After midnight

To God and my future wife,

I have now played for various charities several times. I say this not to brag, but to inspire others. Sure he does. They say, That's ok too! I don't do what I do for you, Karen. I have been sipping whiskey now for a few hours. It relaxes the nerves. I am surely the poorest man here. But not in spirit. For now, the stranger is rubbing my shoulders.

I don't deserve her attention, but she will give it. For a small fee. Wholesome attention. At the table, she whispers her blessing. God won't get involved in cards, the football player says. There is certainly no god, says the radio talk show host. The Lord of Hosts, has surely visited a card room, and would say that it is good.

I get dirty digging up the cards this time. My nails scrape the dirty felt. Jazz from Marvin brothers plays in the background. The election still isn't decided. No one prays for God to direct them before they enter the polls anymore. I did. I think.

She puts her hand under my shirt this time. Reaching for my heart.



11-10-2020

To God and my future wife,

I started a thing about a month and a half ago. Many will judge it as evil. They will condemn me without ever experiencing it upon hearing. I call it meeting of sinners. Attendees have quickly labeled it Bible study.

The concept is simple. Bring your sin and guilt with you to the Lord. Let Him show you how addictive and powerful He is. You see, future wife, I've seen sooo many times several of my friends have declined Bible study or Church because they had "already had a beer." I must admit, I have fallen victim to the same fallacy.

Did Jesus not celebrate the Lord with wine? Should I not act like Jesus? Did Jesus not meet with the sinners? He was ostracised for it, certainly. But did he stop? I always want to meet with the sinners. Get the perspective of the 1%. They will chant, "we are the 99!" I want to go after the one. Perhaps my children may wonder one day, and I would hope someone would search for one of them.

I will search for the lost, Lord. I will give them a flashlight and tell them to follow me the first part of the journey. Sometimes, they come back and ask me if anyone else is lost. I always tell them, yes! Maybe one day, I can answer, no! No one is lost at this time! Beautiful #Day!

1 Peter 2:6

I Love you, Yah-weh

Thank you for loving me, God

Blessings on your House!

#Haiku by Sean Mulvey

11-13-2020

To God and my future wife,

Tonights reading was the end of Isaiah 37 + the beginning of 38. God hears our prayers, and, no doubt, more, many more, answers.

Brad pit is home. She was gone to visit a friend in need. I knew I would get her back, but this time it was a little more fearful for me. No collar on, no shelter open (Covid), and only another Facebook post to share and get judgement from friends about keeping her safe.

Meeting of sinners went well last night, but I forgot to close with a prayer. Felt like a failure after. We did read Ecclesiastes 2, twice. And good discussion.

It's still not time to decide on you yet, future wife. Still too many in my life. Not contenders, but ones I must help ~~or~~ ones that must help me. I must finish my house, Our house hopefully. Or God will fulfill me in other ways. Perhaps with Gospel and sharing His Word. Perhaps He intends to teach me something bigger. I have to stop assuming on God. Assuming I know what is best. Perhaps he has someone for me, or perhaps not.

I Love you, thank you for loving me,

AMH



11-13-2020

To God and my future wife,

Thank you to the bully! You made me who I am. Who will make the next generation into who they will be? The problem with a world where kids aren't allowed to bully, is kids are never given the opportunity to stand up to a bully. Or are they?

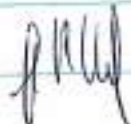
I have felt myself squashed by resentment lately, Lord. Yah-weh, why do people act out of hate? Is my intelligence a curse? Am I destined to fall short to all of those with intelligence? Women are accustomed to being the smarter of the two. The women I'm interested in are usually bullies.

Beautiful, intelligent, good heart, and humility. The last criterion used to say loyalty, but if I put that word there, I wouldn't likely have any candidates left. Women aren't likely to be loyal until the commit. This takes longer than myself, and most men I think.

Its very hard for a woman to "grow on me". They either spark me or don't. Women seem to be able to let love grow, which is beautiful.

To date a "top tier" woman, one must put up with the gauntlet caused by those that came before you. Usually, their dad. Their dad protected them. Hid things from them. But they are intelligent. Similarly, most of them have had a ~~man~~ boy that hides things. The women say, "that's just what needs to!"

They see me and either think I'm a pussy or push-over or an idiot. What if, I were just meek, as the Lord commands. David fled from many conflicts until he was sure there was no other way, did he not?

Thank you for loving me, 

11-13-2020

To God and my future w. fe,

I just heard a recording of myself from April, 2-3. I pledged my support for ~~Kayla~~ Kayla Hollifield. But she's a democrat! Don't they surely support bigger govt? Don't they support immoral causes?

Kayla calls herself a democrat, but supports gun rights and term limits. Name a conservative or republican that can say that without reservation? I want to run for mayor in 2040. The recording confirmed, I'm coming for politicians if they haven't eradicated the asshole by 2040!

Term limits are the most important thing in politics. That and pay. Paychecks should be skimpy in office. It should not be done for the money. We all know this and yet we let it happen. Civil servitude. Politicians that care about their communities.

How many people know Kayla? How many has she helped? How many of those people voted for her opponent behind the seal of the voting booth? Simply because of her party affiliation.

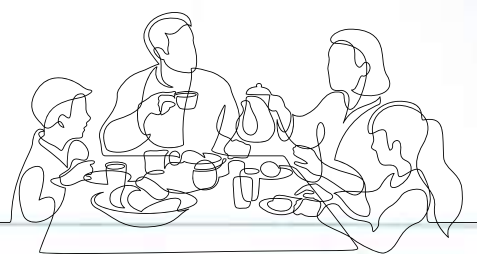
In the recording I said how great she was, but stated I could not support her for office. A minute later I interjected my friends to voice that I had changed my mind. I stated I would support her and vote for her, but my initial reaction was against. Remind me, Abba Father, to not be swayed against someone simply because of their feelings on gov't. What matters is their feelings about You.

Thank you for loving me,

AMH



11-14-2020



To God and my future wife,

Today is dad's birthday. Mr Pat reminded me. She did love him. So did I. Or do. It's hard to say once someone passes on. One thing I'm certain of, though, is he isn't missing us. Rest in peace, oh, servant of the Lord.

1 Corinthians 14 encourages us to prophecy as a way to show a sign to non-believers. Dad certainly did prophecy. I'd like to think he gave the Big Guy the credit, too. He prophesied to me about my sisters' discontentment. He knew he spoiled them. But he also knew they were good. All of them in their own way.

He also loved them dearly, as do I. I do wish he was here to help me squish their little "rebellion." He always knew how to handle them delicately. Yea, was strong in him. The wisdom was there. Do things right! Slow and steady progression, trusting that He will provide. If the progression is instant, we lose our gratefulness and our ability to give God the credit. He is teaching us to trust Him. How do we show Him our trust? Pay off the mortgage. By not being slaves to our debtors. ^{→ paragraph} Debtors create priorities that are not of God. They come between us and God, therefore they are before God, and should be paid as soon as you are able. About this a rebellion cannot be allowed. I will pray that they will be all blessed, and they will. But I won't put a debtor between them and God to send them money.

I vow to not make any decisions involving my sisters without careful consideration, both in mind and spirit.

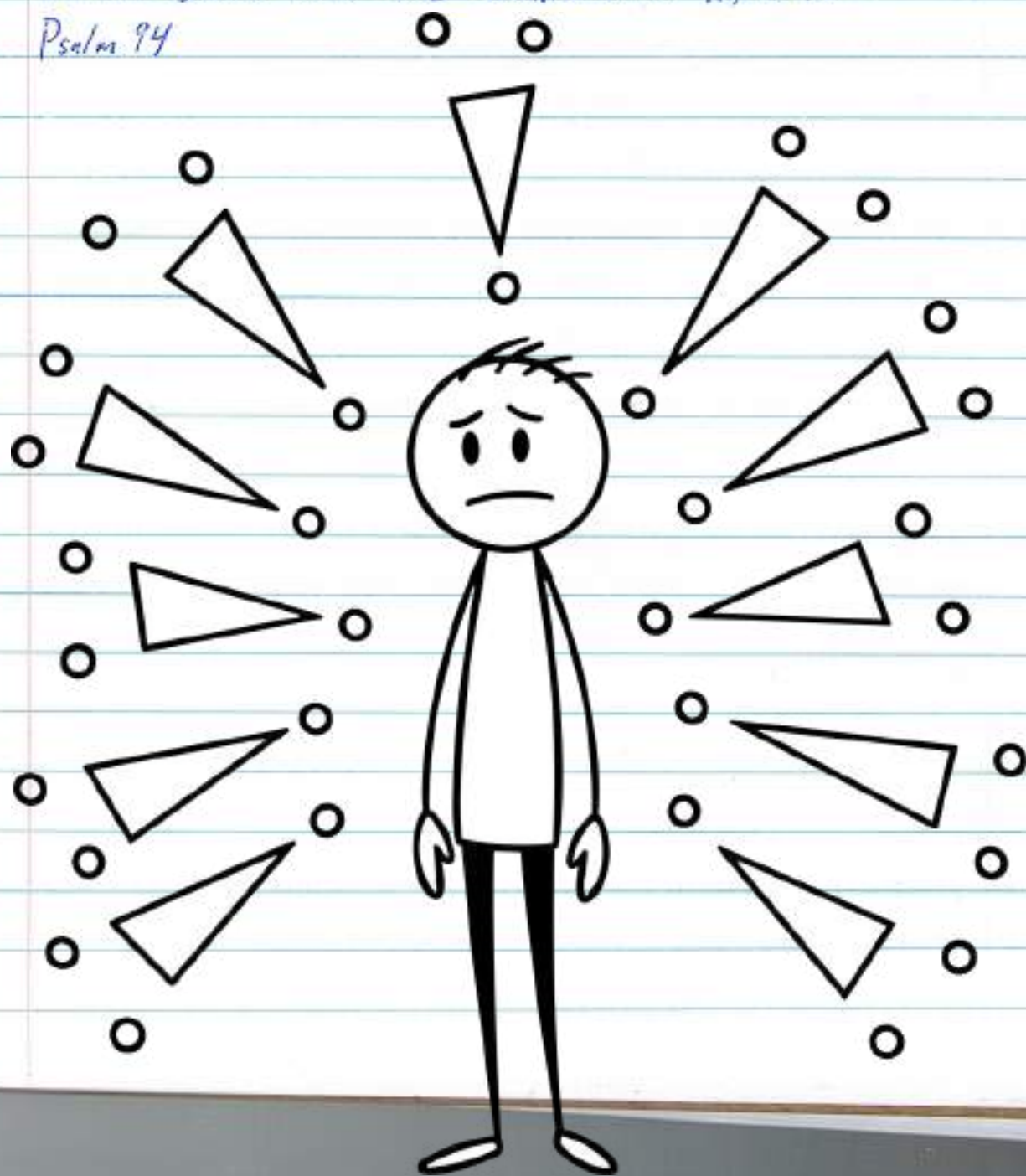
Thanks You for loving me,

[Signature]

Anxiety

A friend told me to do meeting of sinners tonight with a theme of anxiety. John 19 came up first on the random page of the Bible and at first glance it is not about anxiety but it really is. Believe in Jesus or not, Pilate (the governor) is in a very anxious situation. The Jews turned over Jesus and told him to kill their King. He struggles with it and doesn't want to. He "finds no fault" in this Man. He tries to release Him.

Pilate should have read ~~Isaiah~~ Isaiah 41:10-13
Psalm 94



11-21-2020

To God and my future wife,

If you find yourself in just the right spot, at just the right time, you just might see a jet fly right through the sun. Similarly, in order to see love, one must be in the right place at the right time. One must also look up!

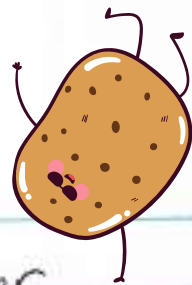
It is a beautiful day today, and I feel broken. I got my hopes up again and was let down, humbled. Apparently, You aren't done sharpening this staff in Your hand, Yah. I hope I am your loyal servant, Lord. I hope I serve you well. Any blessing you wish to bestow or withhold is Your choice alone. I know You want what is best for me, I trust You, God.

Marks 10:9 What therefore God has joined together, let not man separate. God doesn't want us meddling in other people's relationships. This particular passage was referring to divorce and marriage, but I think it's just as true of any committed relationship. It can cause strife with both parties if one meddles. I tend to forgive quickly when someone meddles in my love life, but others take it far harsher sometimes.

One thing is certain. If I am to find love, it won't most likely be while I'm involved in any sort of love triangle. Best to wait till You ~~are~~ show me the timing is just right to pursue love. - or receive

12-16-2020

To God and my future wife,



We need, as a society, a new type of mob or mafia and a new type of lawyer. Let's win back these categories for good, justice, and God. The right way. A mob of love, not physical force. Law with love and mercy for the guilty. Less law, more mercy.

Imagine, if you will reader, ^{← not God.} a mob that operates by doing favors like checking on other's grandmothers and paying rent for the widow. Maybe they loan out cars to friends and neighbors in need. Maybe they feed the poor. A mafia that shows the community good. Would the community give those invited into the mob respect? I would argue, yes. Because this mob would only do what many agree (those in the mob) is for good and orchestrated with love. Real love. Taking care of our neighbors. Never through violence. Never through baring false witness. For those things are not of love or God. Never through lying or out of jealousy or covetousness. With God first, always. Never through theft or intimidation. Never with greed or false idols. A mob of watchdogs for assholes.

We ostracize the assholes. We, as a mob, talk them down for jobs and talk up those who are just and love their neighbor. Now imagine a law that supported that, not discouraged it.

