

A personal record for June 28 2008.

I just seem to have a "tiredness" about me not much matter what supplements I take, and I take some of the best anybody could find. I started feeling better somehow, deep inside, yesterday afternoon and it has continued into today, but the tiredness seems to be always there.

All my life when I drove a truck, I was sick then, my thyroid hormone incompatible with all my body cells, but I found the energy to go. My faith in God helped me a lot but I've come to also realize that having my wife behind me supporting me, or at least me thinking she was supporting me whether it was really real or even if it it was bipolar-imagined, but having that belief helped me keep getting going each day when **I had no right to have the energy to raise my head off the pillow.**

I lack that help now.

My faith has helped me in so many ways but it isn't a substitute for another person you think loves you and supports your efforts to go on. If I had that again ~with the health I have now being in some ways superior to what it was then~ I could accomplish great things. Of course it can't happen for various good reasons.

The youngest supports me a lot but my other child supports me little as he is very ill now himself, and my ex has erected a barrier against me that's like a wall that falls on me; it's always there and they make sure I know it's always there. No support plus that negative support purposely withheld equals a constant drag that, I guess, helps keep me tired, not that I need any help to be tired now that I have aged another 20 years since the accident.

I'm simply reaping what I sowed, a Law that applies to me as much as anyone else.

Satan makes sure I get my plate,
a plate I piled high while so ill.

I can feel it hitting me in the psyche, I suppose because of all the times I have suffered hypothermia. In fact, I sense coldness from people who walk by me and are sick or dying except from them it's more a lack of body warmth from reduced circulation, not purposed out towards me. I can stand near someone who has a coldness in their shoulder or coldness in the top of their spine and sense it.

In which case it's a Gift of diagnosis, but when I feel it from family directed toward me it feels more like a knife than any gift, but most the time it isn't that dramatic; it is more like a pall hanging in the air blocking the sunshine. I guess

they don't realize, they cannot realize, that I have this ability to detect their negative feelings toward me... so they can't possibly know how much they're hurting me.

Anyway, I don't see these issues within my parameters to change. I've tried. I treat everyone with love, respect and goodwill as best I can all the time, but I can feel the coldness. It reaches across through the air. At any rate, I asked for it by being such a living deadweight gone "on the road" away from home hauling freight to other families, so now it's coming home like any good boomerang.

It has become a tough row to hoe and I sure could stand some help, one day.

Sometimes good help just has to refuse to show up **just like I did to them since the only job I could work was sitting in a truck seat because of my broken vertebrae doctors never cared to diagnose correctly.** Ah, but the doctors who told my wife from 1970 on that there "**wasn't anything wrong with your husband" over & over & over,** tearing her apart with doubts that maybe I was faking and therefore yada yada yada must not want to work and wanted her to work for me that eventually destroyed her faith in me and ended our marriage, **a holy union they should never have been interfered with.**

For them a special angel will show up at that last day, and I expect to be there too to watch every one of those medical impostors and human slimeballs with their do-nothing medical practice offices and costly billing agents dressed in medical garb **eat from the plate of sorrows for decades they gave me and my family to eat from.**

Not in anger; in Justice. It's my Right to be there when those doctors who also call themselves Roanoke physicians are put to death.

Amen and Amen to that my brother, even if the
angels finish me next so long as I get to
watch is Righteous Justice
I look forward to.

I will see those who destroyed our "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness" die a righteous and deserved death at the hands and mowing scythes held by one of God's avenging angels. And then I will smile a smile of eternity even if I meet their fate, I will smile.

My time is coming soon, those of you who
decided to be my enemies.