

TRANSMISSION

ISSUE - 04 : TRANSCEND

Let the day perish wherein I was born,  
and the night in which it was said, There is a  
man child conceived.

Let that day be darkness; let not God  
regard it from above, neither let the light  
shine upon it.

Let darkness and the shadow of death  
stain it; let a cloud dwell upon it; let the  
blackness of the day terrify it.

As for that night, let darkness seize  
upon it; let it not be joined unto the days of  
the year, let it not come into the number of  
the months.

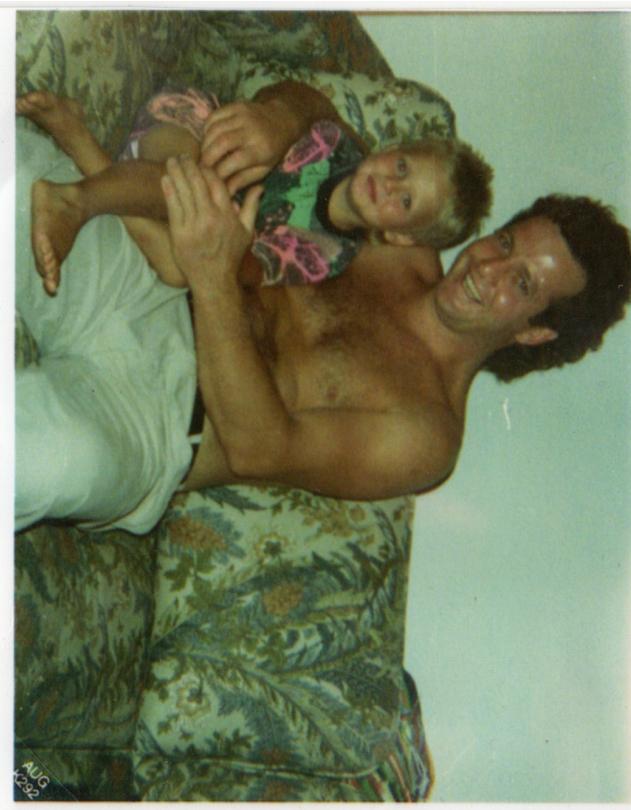
Lo, let that night be solitary, let no  
joyful voice come therein.

Let them curse it that curse the day,  
who are ready to raise up their mourning.

Let the stars of the twilight thereof  
be dark; let it look for light, but have none;  
neither let it see the dawning of the day:

Because it shut not up the doors of my  
mother's womb, nor hid sorrow from mine  
eyes.

Why died I not from the womb? why  
did I not give up the ghost when I came out  
of the belly?

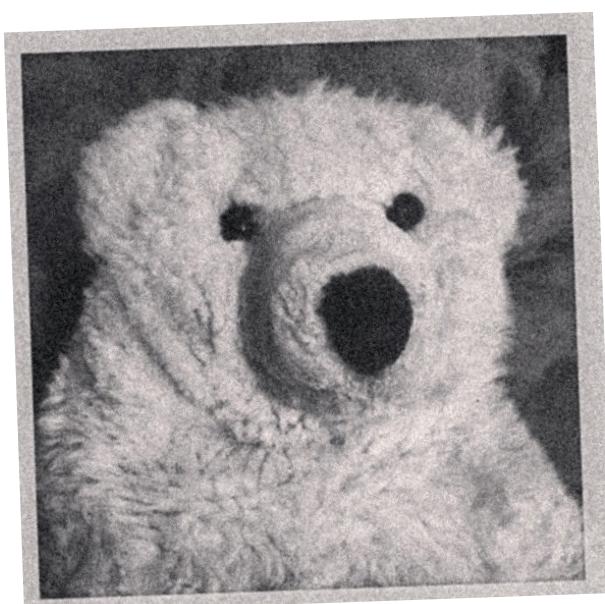












Vanity of  
Sloth the  
Vanity of  
all is v

Vanities,  
Preacher,  
Vanities;  
Vanity.



We weren't looking directly at each other but spoke over our shoulders.

Her left cheek rose toward my side while I could tell her right lay flat. As if her right saw that there was nowhere to go and kept her there, leaving her left to hesitate and doubt.

When there was a long pause of silence I'd feel her curious glance, less angry, assuming I couldn't see her out from the corner of my eye. She was much more childlike then, with wider eyes, studying me.

As soon as I'd make a slight move she'd abruptly turn away and prepare her scowl.

We sat on a bench together, overlooking the water.  
She spoke to me as if disgusted by me; as if disgusted by having to talk to me ... yet  
stayed as though she had nowhere to go.  
She at least liked to give that impression.

A scowl flickered on her face every time she was 'forced' to respond. Her left cheek  
rose and her brow lowered, coming together to tighten her face.  
She was sitting to my right.



She'd look to the ground, make it seem like she wanted to leave. Yet when I'd give her an escape—when I'd get up to go or make a closing remark—she'd always spark conversation again ... then again act angry as if it were I who had forced her to stay, and I who had chosen the topic of conversation which now bored her terribly.

I knew immediately that things weren't as they seemed. I smiled and shook my head. I too wrinkled my brow but kept my smile, more puzzled, like a dog with his head cocked to the side.

I enjoyed that she was different; I enjoyed the challenge. I wasn't bored at all.





I sat in silence, feeling her gaze. I used the best of my ability to come up with a question that couldn't be answered with a single word.

Somehow, she always defeated me.



We sat in silence. She couldn't figure out my smile.

I could already understand her so well.

I let my right hand fall down to my side, purposely brushing hers yet as if only by chance. She quickly pulled hers away.

She gently placed it back down ... not on mine, but close. A knee-jerk reaction had taken it away, but after consideration—knowing she had looked offended by something that appeared to be a mistake—she placed it back down calmly as if nothing had happened.

I could tell she wished she had left it there. I could tell she craved for her hand to touch mine, yet knew that if I touched her again I'd only achieve the same reaction ... only this time I wouldn't be able to claim innocence.



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3-12-92 Thurs

Dear Honey,

I really enjoyed talking with all of you yesterday. I think about you very much and I have pictures of Market Square Day, of you, Dylan + Tash on my mirror. If there's one thing I have done right it was finding you. We can build a beautiful future for ourselves with God + Faith. We have to do the foot work to strive for our honest feelings and to be the best we can!

I'm learning a lot about myself and I'm going to apply it and grow into the person I've always wanted to be. Learning down some walls I built years ago on a daily basis is the key to our growth. When I had ~~sized~~\* a day a young kid is when it all started. My defense has always been up, and I protected myself with anger + always having an answer ready. This in return never gave me a very good listening ability, because it was always running for my back a defense, he argues. I don't know if you understand that, but I'll explain in depth later.

②

3-12-92

I always thought it was I had a bad memory, but I never shut down to listen. Today knowing this and practicing slowing down and listening I'm much more teachable.

Your a beautiful wife and mother. Let's put the turmoil of the past to rest and get on with a bright future. Starting grateful and fresh daily.

Something enjoyable can be found in any situation, no matter how disagreeable, if we look for it.

If we try hard enough, we can even enjoy the drudgery of our work.

Don't make the mistake of post ponning your enjoyment until vacation time, or even till the week-end. Some people have to go to movies or night clubs for amusement, and laughs, when their own children, can provide more amusement than an army of MC's. Let's enjoy her and now!

I hope in time I can <sup>so</sup> you we both made the perfect choice in one another. I love you and our family with all my heart

ox ox

P.S. Tasha + Dylan can give your kisses + hugs until I can

Love, hubby ox ox

Dear Mom,

I know I haven't made life easy for us by any means, but believe me when I say this time around I'll go to any lengths to stay clean + sober. The remorse + guilt has been great for me when I leave my family. These Diseases of Alcohol, Drugs, + Gambling have taken from ~~us~~ long enough. I'm not willing to let it take anymore.

Here's what a Doctor wrote -

"It helps me a great deal to become convinced that alcoholism was a disease, not a moral issue; that I had been working as a compulsion even though I had not been aware of the compulsion at the time; and that sobriety was not a

(2)

matter of willpower. The people of AA  
had something that looked much better  
than what I had, but I was afraid  
to let go of what I had in order to  
try something new; there was a  
certain sense of security in the familiar.

This is the same with Drugs + Gambling  
as well as drinking with me and  
the familiar has hurt us long  
enough. I want to better  
for you honey and you for  
me. I miss you very much.  
I don't expect you to  
believe me instantly, but please  
try not to condemn me for  
what I've done.

I want to turn it around  
and regain your trust so that  
we can be happy together  
and grow. Love, Hubby, ok ok ok









Standing on the edge where the last waves had fallen and the sand dropped off, she switched between holding back tears and screaming.

"Why does it have to be this way? It doesn't make sense."

"I don't know babe, nothing does."

"Then I don't want to be here anymore. I hate it here!" A tear mixed with the mist on her cheek.

I looked at her as if for the first time. She stood out from her surroundings, as though even air couldn't touch her—the mist just perspiration. She was so close, with everything else so far away. I looked at her quivering and felt that I finally saw her.





“You know,” I paused, unsure if I’d be able to find the right words. “With every girl I’ve been with before, I’ve always felt like I was taking them away from something—removing them from the rest of the world and confusing them in my own. But with you ... I feel like you’re already apart from the world. Separate, like me. And that I’m not taking you away from anything. I’ve just found you.”

She’d been staring straight ahead, into the ocean; thinking, listening. But as I finished, she smiled at me through her half-closed eyes. She saw me. And she trusted me.









# The things that remind me of you:

Ice Coffees - You made the best

Taking charge of the grill

The Ice House and our Brownie ~~Sundales~~

Walks on the beach, looking for crabs.

Your funny jokes - your laugh, Your smile  
Wrestling with the kids

Calling me Honey-Bun

Breaking down on the bridge in Boston

Doing X-marks the Spot on the kids at  
Our wedding Day

Bed-time

Going to the Circus

Breakfast in bed

Market Square Day

The Fairs - and rides you couldn't handle

The beautiful letters I hold to my heart

Halloweens together - You loved it

Getting a kitten together

Making Snowmen

The "I Love You mug" You got me for my Birthday

Dancing silly

Singing off-beat songs to me

Doing "bubbles" in the bath to make the kids

Being there for me when my favorite uncle died

Hugging us

Being there for the birth of our children

Having dreams for the future

Telling me You would love me for the rest of our lives.

one dried

moderate acne.

**HOW TO USE THIS MEDICATION:** This medication is for topical use on the affected area only. Avoid using this in the eyes, mouth or nose or on inflamed or damaged skin.

This is usually applied in the morning and evening. First wash, rinse and dry the affected area. Then apply a small amount of the medication and rub in gently with fingertips or an applicator. Wash hands after use.

**SIDE EFFECTS:** Slight stinging, redness, eye irritation, itching, tenderness, dryness and peeling may occur initially. Expect this. However, if redness or irritation continue or become worse, notify your doctor. Moisturizers or cool compresses may help relieve the irritation.

Unless ordered by your doctor, avoid sunlamps, sunbathing or other topical acne medications while using this drug. Excessive skin irritation can occur.

This medication may stain hair or colored fabric. Use cautiously to avoid contact with clothing or hair.

**PRECAUTIONS:** This drug should be used only if clearly needed during pregnancy. It is not known if this medication is found in breast milk; consult your doctor before breast-feeding.

Tell your doctor if you have a history of skin disorders or any allergies especially to antibiotics.

**DRUG INTERACTIONS:** Tell your doctor of any over-the-counter or prescription medication you may take including any soaps or lotions for acne.

**MISSED DOSE:** If you miss a dose, apply it as soon as remembered; do not use if it is almost time for the next dose. Instead, skip the missed dose and resume your usual dosing

The most beautiful eyes in the world  
a smile to raise the spirits of the sad  
a heart filled with love  
one a brain that could see

The information in this leaflet may be used as an educational aid. This information does not cover all possible uses, actions, precautions, side effects, or interactions of this medicine. This information is not intended as medical advice for individual problems.

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what will I do without you-  
so far away  
So far in my heart but so  
far out of my reach  
I dream of holding your hand-  
but I can't touch you.  
I dream of touching your face,  
but I can't feel ~~at~~ you  
I dream of seeing your smile,  
but I can't be near ~~at~~ you  
So many days, so many months-  
and I can't let go of trying to  
hold you. ~~that~~ my dreams  
my pain is ~~about~~ my dreams  
Cant become ~~my~~ real ~~life~~ - so close  
in my heart - too far to reach.  
~~And~~ I love you <sup>and</sup> miss  
you. I need you ~~more~~ than  
my dreams.













Behold

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I went to meet you during your layover. I learned my mother had married while on the train. I hid my tears from the other passengers. I felt my problems were going away.

When I saw you I couldn't help from beaming. When I met you I couldn't restrain my lips. You later asked how I knew to kiss you. I replied that I couldn't resist.







Return

and I will

unto

into me,

in return

you.







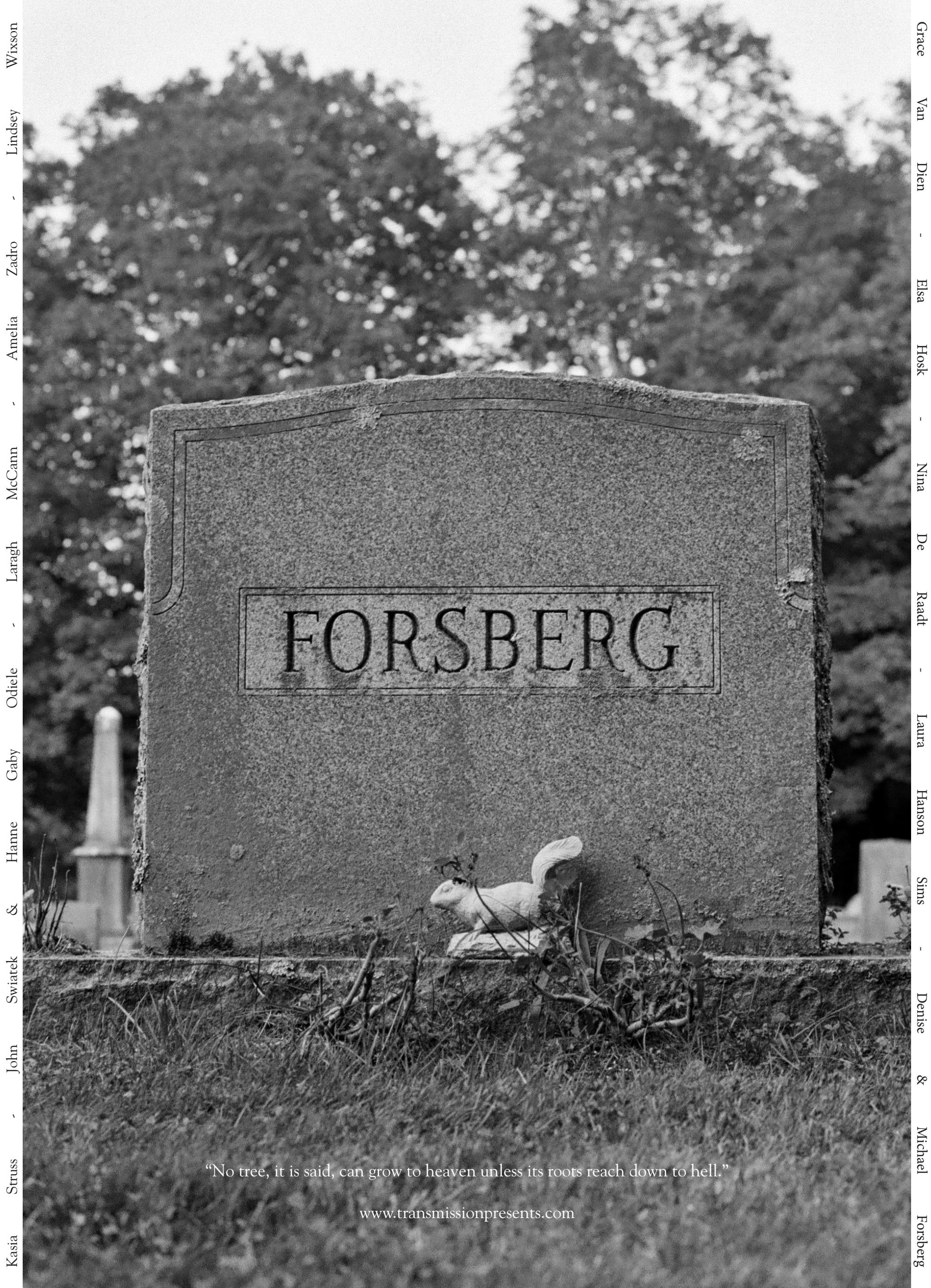
Darje,  
I'm very sorry  
about everything  
I did.

Love  
me





Who knoweth whether thou art come  
to the kingdom for such a time as this?



"No tree, it is said, can grow to heaven unless its roots reach down to hell."

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