[30th birthday letter](file:///C:\\Users\\aaron\\Creating\\Writing\\Pieces\\Family\\Whitmer\\2022.06.25.caleb_whitmer.docx)

[Primacy of the Good](file:///C:\Users\aaron\Creating\Writing\Pieces\Family\Whitmer\Family%20Documents\Primacy%20of%20the%20Common%20Good%20Paper_.docx)

这是太奇怪了。用中文在APP没用，用中文在DOC就可以的。。。奇怪。。。 今天的复习就是不错。快回到更收拾好的组织。

07/02/2022

You are a father of two!! This is really very cool. Congratulations to you and Morgan!! I hope the 4th trimester is gentle for all of you as your nest expands and you all acclimate to having little Patrick on this side of the Upside Down.

06/29/2022

Great videos of Morgan and Patrick and Alice. The 4th trimester. Settling into family time. Focused on that. Wherewithal to focus and take pictures and record impressions. This fleeting sweet treats. Beat their retreat off and out into the field of meaning. An endless feed streaming, the sustained flicker of the significant. The pummeling Nen drum of our little lives. Fires burning cozily all through the season’s night. Soft kisses and out stretched arms. Quiet moments safe from harm. Nonsensical annunciations, boundless charm.

Little sweet Gremlin voice, fairy voice, monster voice, goofy voice, cat voice, scratchy animating voice,

06/27/2022

Patrick born.

06/25/2022

Notes on trip to Gladstone

Strawberry moon

swimming in the bay and rope swing

meals out on the deck

girls scampering around the playroom and up and down the stairs

Great run around town with Helena in the baby jogger

wonderful beach run to the cowpath and the old bluff road

seeing animals -- bald eagle, chipmunks, deer, crayfish

nature activities-- hiking cowpath and old bluff road, hiking Days River, crayfishing at the Old Dutch Mill, swimming in the bay, kayaking

playing with Buckman's puppy Gus

road stops -- park in Marinette-- goose feathers and green lawns and pizza pastie, Port Washington for ice cream and shore walking and stare climbing

Rudyard Kipling, Jonathon Swift, Shakespeare11/15/21 | 0 | 11/15/21

^ Sleeting in waves at a quarter to grey in a late post Daylight savings afternoon. THe day is dying with the year. I realize I want this year gone. Buried. I want to carry its substance forward, but inturn its many poison dynamics. There is much to celebrate to see the passing of such a year.11/12/21 | 0 | 11/12/21

^ What a fall. Travel. and responsibiltiies and dehibilitating sickness. And health issues when responsibilities do not stop. What a seasoning season. There is a reason most parents are tougher than their children. Being genetically so similar I propose that it is this seasoning, these dragging seasons of travel and sickness, deadlines and dead mornings when we accumulate our grit. OUr red dust film, inurring us to weather to some extent, to accidents, to mysteries, head down into headline, we head long like crazed alchemists at the essences just beyond.11/10/21 | 0 | 11/10/21

^ Wednesday morning. Trying to fashion a web just right to capture my thoughts in flight. Morning light early, car sounds from the streets, low lowing of the cattle cud shuffling off to their offices. Me still out of work and ticking. Chasing writerly and coderly intuitions through digital deserts, isolated spaces. Fighting a lot of opposing thoughts. Ultimately feeling, generally, pretty delighted.11/10/21 | 0 | 11/10/21

^ Morning breaks and I am back hacking at my hyperlinked novella. Manic in my process of becoming. Unraveling. Cut off and under the gun. Bumbling.