Cookie

So, I like have this super cool pen, and it's blue! :) Thanks for my newest contraband! I have to get used to having something so sturdy to write with. You should see my try to sign something with a regular pen, and add handcuffs - it's comical. The boys always have a good laugh at my expense, I mean, with me. Ha! I can't believe how much we've written in just a few days. That's what happens when one, or two in our case, is starved to open and honest and unsensored conversation. I definitely agree with you about everything, especially the horrible feeling of betrayal and not wanting to ever betray someone you care about. We've both had to deal with a lot of that since last summer and even well before all of this, but it never gets any easier. Even knowing that God is on our side and we will ultimately have the greatest rewards, at what cost? In order to have life we must lose our old lives so that we may be reborn. Cheer. The light is clearly shining at the end of the tunnel, but how long is this tunnel. I'm not the biggest fan of overly dark places. Scary things hide in the dark, especially bugs, spiders. Gross! Speaking of bugs and spiders... our exes sure are winners aren't they! At least I know, well, am 99% sure that Cays isn't Jesse's. We had a paternity test done when she was a couple weeks old, and it took forever to get the results back, which I've been told shouldn't have been the case,

and according to the paper he brought to my house in Late Sept. '05, Jesse wasn't the father. Joy to the World! The strange thing is, Baez asked for him to give a sample of his DNA, and he refused! We wanted to see whether or not the test results from 4 years ago were true. Drama. I despise that loser, and I pity him and his self-righteous "Christian" family. His dad claims to be the "right hand of God". Hate to burst his bubble, but Jesus sits there. I totally know what you went through with Sam's dad. Same exact feelings J's dad had towards me. And no, they aren't Spanish, something almost worse - Italian! Ha! I've always like Italian guys, but I've come to realize that I need to stick to my roots and go Irish. They may be drunks, but at least they cook and know how to properly treat a woman. Can I get an Amen? Boy do we have tons in common! And as far as us being "partners in legal crime", I'm not sure where I was going with it, but I'm glad you enjoyed it! That could be one of our bumper stickers! RV pricing will be fun. It will be custom designed, all colorful and creative. I wonder what will happen when you put two photographers/artists together in one RV? We'll know soon enough! I know I'm skipping all over the place again tonight. I feel like I'm on a huge sugar high. Thank you 3 packages of Cocoa! I was only engaged once, 6 months. Planning a wedding was terrible, that I have to admit. I'm glad that you never married Sammy boy. Someday I'll meet the guy and I promise, I'll play nice. I am extremely

protective of those that [redacted] especially my new sister! You have two [redacted] very intelligent kids, and I know how [redacted] you, and I can only imagine what they're going through. You will prevail and you and Mady & Josh will be closer than ever. Just don't give up hope. Keep encouraging them and showing them the real you. They'll see through whatever Sam says, even if (sadly), he is able to manipulate them. In the end, he'll be the biggest loser because they'll see what kind of guy he is and they'll know how important it is to trust God first. I'm sorry you're going through even more useless drama with Clay's Momma. She obviously made up her mind a long time ago and is being stubborn. Pray for her enlightenment. And Clay's grandma, she's old school, like my grandparents, and in their eyes, the wife, girlfriend, daughter, whomever the female is, is ultimately to blame. Definitely messed up, but that's the way things were for them. If their husband cheated, it was the wife's fault. You get the point. Sexist and unlawful, but it is what it is. At least this generation isn't like that and there are men out there that will sacrifice life and limb for someone they love. There's always hope, especially for you and Clay. Like you said, you've made it through so much over the years. You obviously love him, and I'm glad that you can admit it without hesitation. As I've said before, do what is good for <u>you</u>. I got your back girl, no matter what!

You don't know how deeply I respect you for all of the strength that you possess. You've experienced so much and I'm in awe. I am truly honored and humbled that you shared all of that with [redacted] will I judge you! There is nothing you [redacted] never say or do that would or could make me feel uncomfortable. And you know that I will take these things to the grave with me. It is between me, you and God. I couldn't help but cry reading about Hamilton and Sam and all of that. I'm just so glad that you made it through everything and that you're in my life. Abuse is nothing to joke about, nor is it something to take lightly, and it is definitely something that will stick with you for the rest of your life. Believe me, I can understand why you hold things against Sam more than David. And I respect the fact that you held your ground against the feds. I know that wasn't easy. And again, let the similarities roll on. My situation with living at home with Cays and my folks, staying home all day and going out at night looking for Mr. Right, same exact situation. I don't know one single mom who doesn't try to get their freedom regardless of how old they are. That's one of the biggest things that truly cuts me when I hear them talk about me as a mother - I was a great Mom! and I love my daughter with every thing that I have. I would give my life to have her back even for 5 minutes. Its so frustrating! I had a miscarriage in '07 that only a small handful of friends knew about. I made the mistake of telling Lee, and the week of my 21st birthday, he told my Mom. Lovely. I may have a big mouth, but I can keep

a secret. Obviously most people aren't that loyal. Oh well. We live and learn, stumble and fall, and we dust ourselves off and keep moving forward. It's a comfort to know that other people have BS. too. How right you are sis. The name game... I ♥ Alyssa and Alexa, and Madison was one of the names I was thinking about for Caylee, and Riley. It's funny you said Alyssa because for years I've been told that I look like Alyssa Milano. I'll take that as a compliment. Alexa is close to Alexander-my Romanian grandfather's name. Adding on a name is a good idea. I'm going to give it some thought, but your ideas and suggestions are perfect, as usual! You do know me very well my dear! I absolutely love Madi's 3 names! Mai Li is really pretty. Honestly, that suits you too. Because you have that exotic look, I say you embrace it. Sorry about the bad dream. I've been having some about my Mom. Not pretty. Clay's ex, that tussy! You know your man loves you and he needs your support. Have you thought about writing him? Question... if money wasn't a factor, do you think Clay would want to try to appeal his sentence? I'm praying for him. Now Mr. Italy, Mass., Sorry, but I'm really not interested. He "seems" nice, but loony. I'll show you the cards & letters. You'll see what I mean. His name is Al. And Mr. Melbourne is Rob. And no silly, I haven't written anyone. Are you kidding? I'll have too many theme

you's to deliver / send out when I'm home, but until then homie don't play that. Did you ever watch IN Living color? Wow! One of the best comedy shows ever! SNL and Mad TV have nothing on TLC. Jennifer Lopez was one of the Fly Girl dancers. Too many of the Wayans' were present. Jim Carey was his regular self. I wonder if I could download some episodes? Curious. As far as my plans for when I leave, besides trying to entertain your behind until I get to drag you out of ~~of~~ wherever, I'm not sure. I'll start getting things together for our RV trips and such. By going home though, I don't think I'll be "home". I don't know if I'll be comfortable going back there after everything that's happened. There's much to share, and I promise, before we're separated, I'll try and fill you in on everything. Another subject change - sorry about your lip! Canker sores suck! And yeah, you are a wuss, but I love ya! ☺ You've had two kids and you have a killer tattoo, not to mention all of the other badass things you've done. The little pains are always the worst. I have a couple of paper cuts and I want to cry when I wash my hands, yet when I slammed my leg into a chair in the classroom, I was fine. Madness! By the way, we're getting tattoos. Not like in Dude Where's My Car, but something to that effect. (") Now that you mention it, I have noticed that 5 ? 10 don't argue! And you're right, there is no way the devil would argue with himself. He's got a few screws loose and I'm SO not a fun! Baby talk... I always wanted to adopt a baby or child from another country - is it selfish to want one from Ireland? Accent and all?

If I do do it someday, I'll adopt local-U.S. wise. So many kids and teens are homeless and that's something I want to target. And yes, missing children as well. That sits too close to my heart and I wish there was something we could do to prevent it. In the coming days before the Rapture, more kids will go missing. Such a terrifying thought! I'm struggling too with trying not to take matters into my own hands, but if I do, it may not be all for God's glory. Nice guys may finish last here on earth, but in Heaven, we are all winners. A satisfying thought. I can't help but read over parts of your letter, and every part of me wishes I could take away all of that pain you went through and the pain you still have. Whether it weighs less than an ounce ~~of~~ a ton, always remember that you can always unload that weight. Your secrets are my secrets forever and for always. When I tell Cays how much I love her, I've always ended it with "forever and always" I still do to this day. I talk to her throughout the day, as I do Daddy, and it brings a sense of peace to my heart. Thinking about it brings tears to my eyes and a smile to my face. I'm an emotional wreck. I've gotten good at hiding how I feel with most people, but I can't with you, nor do I want to. I trust you with my life and with my secrets Big and Small. And for the same reasons you were worried about making me feel uncomfortable, again, I know how you feel. It's hard to unload a burden and

to do so without feeling like you're burdening the other person. But as always, we have so very much in common, both the good and the bad. I know how it feels to be physically, emotionally and mentally abused. And I also know how it feels to be sexually abused. It's taken a long time for me to forgive and I've been somewhat successful in doing so. The worst part is, when I tried to confide in someone before - Jesse, my Mom, they turned on me. I was to blame for my own brother walking into my room at night and feeling my breasts while I slept. I woke up night after night with my sports bra lifted up over my chest or if I had on a regular bra, it would be unhooked. Even if I was doing karate in my sleep, that wouldn't have happened. I woke up many times to a flashlight on my face, and he would be sitting on my floor, in front of the bed, staring at me. This went on for over 3 years before I finally stood up to Lee and told him if he ever came in my room again, I'd kill him. I was 15. It started just before I turned 12. When I told my Mom about it two years ago, she made excuses, saying that he was sleep walking. Not only did she say I was lying, but when I explained everything her reaction was literally like a knife in my chest - "So that's why you're a whore?!" I don't think having had sex with 7 people makes me a whore, but I could be wrong. Over the past few months, I've been having really vivid dreams, and it's obvious that they are dreams of things that have already happened. I think my Dad used to do the same thing to me, but when I was much younger. I can see him in my room, exactly the way it was when I was in elementary school,

and everything gets fuzzy. But I wake up feeling both sore and sick to my stomach, the way I used to feel growing up. That's part of the reason I haven't been sleeping much or very well lately. Maybe that's part of the reason why I have so much anxiety with my parents. I was able to get passed things with Lee, and it was far from easy. I saw a doctor on my own when I was 18, no one knows that I went to get help except for you now. I found the courage to finally tell him that I forgive him, and you know he never asked me what I was forgiving him for. I think he must have known. That's why we're more friends than brother and sister. It's easier to look to him as my friend, but even with openly forgiving him, part of that pain will always live in me. Not knowing about my dad, it's opened up a whole new case of insecurity and I don't know if I want to know but I think I need to. Please, pray for me. Why after all this time is this all surfacing? Sometimes the cynical side of me keeps saying "Jokes on me". If there's more to this, is it possible that I purposely tried to forget? I grew up trying to be everything to everyone and trying to please everybody. I put on a good front but inside, I was constantly falling apart. I don't know what I would do without God and my relationship with him, or my relationship with you. I know I'll get through this, but I have so many questions,

that I don't know how to handle them all at once. I am strong, and I am confident in who I am, but I don't like looking back at who I was, or what I was made to be. I've always had issues trusting people and I know that started when I was a kid because of my parents and their relationship, but I have never stopped trying to give someone the benefit of the doubt, and even after they screw me over 100 times, I'll give them another chance. 70 x 7, huh? Blah. What if I don't wanna? I've had to forgive what happened to my Caylee, but I'm still angry. If it weren't for God, screw where I'm sitting now, if it weren't for him and for my unconditional love for my daughter, I would end whoever is responsible. It's not my battle. You want to know something, I know that Caylee's nanny, the "real" Zenaida, the girl who was my friend for 4 years, I know in my heart that she's not responsible. And I don't blame her for not showing her face. Would you want to be sitting here with me for something you didn't do? Considering the circumstances, you technically are, and it sucks. And I know this goes without saying, but outside of myself and my legal team, not a soul knows this. I was going to take Caylee and move away. Unfortunately, my plans got beyond tangled when Zany wouldn't tell me where she and Cays were. I had asked her to take Cays for a few days so I could put the rest of our stuff together, money I had saved, new clothes, new everything. That's why I waited to report her missing, because she was and wasn't. I would give anything to go back to that day and to not have let Caylee out of my sight.

I have no more secrets. Just a small, empty place in my heart that only God and I can fill. But you're there, right next to Caylee. Someday... Someday.

Now I'm depressed and sad but relieved that you know my heart. Now beginning to I can't wait to get out of limbo - worst game ever. I miss your nervous laugh. Sincere thanks for visiting and putting up with me. You really are the best friend I have ever had, next to God and Caylee. I couldn't ask for anything more. I've already asked for [illegible] headaches and the big man and I have come to an agre[illegible]

Oh! Well, May[illegible] more secrets unless I already told you this. I started having seizures when I was home in September - we think they were caused stress. I've had a few others while being here. So if I ever complain of a headache, please remind me to take something for it. That was the only sign before it happened - and always in my sleep.

I'm a mess!

Thanks again for my favorite pen ever! My hand doesn't even hurt. Good job sis! I'm going to stop my rambling for now. I'll write you over the weekend.

I love you Robyn!

and for now, I will call you Lily. Not sure why, but it just came to me. :)

G'night!

Muffin

13595

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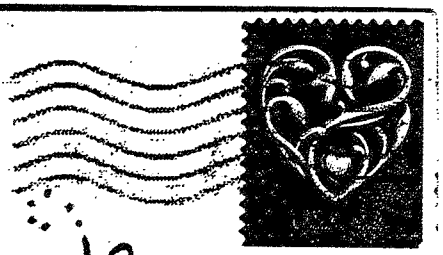

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13596

"He will sit as a refiner and purifier of silver..."

Malachi 3:3

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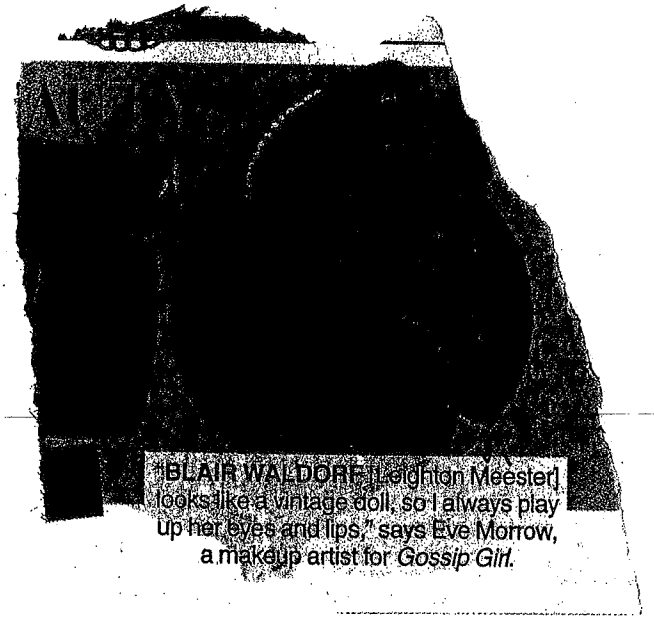
I am being made, like silver burning in the fire until I am pure—
The refining moment will be when the maker sees himself in the shine, but first the heat is endured.
—Robyn Adams

13597

13598



*BLAIR WALDORF [Leighton Meester] looks like a vintage doll, so I always play up her eyes and lips," says Eve Morrow, a makeup artist for *Gossip Girl*.

13599

From your deeply concerned, and ever-present friend:

For the moment, I completely disregarded my other letter, seeing as how you need more than those words could have offered. I'll enclose it, along with another, probably tomorrow, in case we don't get the chance to talk beforehand. In any case, my heart absolutely is breaking for you. I'm both sad, angry, and then frustrated, and even sadder. I keep trying to figure out what else I can do to help you. I knew this fact before, and it has stuck with me, however, I believe it even more strongly – we were put in each other's lives for a reason, during the most difficult part of our separate journeys, because God doesn't want either of us to feel alone. Yes, we have both grasped His hand, His love, and we've both begun to see our deeper purpose in life, especially being moms. But, in your moments of greatest weakness, to have a physical shoulder to lean on, is one of His greatest comforts, and one of His greatest gifts. (Sorry, my pen is acting so darn silly today!) I really wish I knew what I could do to help you, besides ramble on about some of life's greatest philosophies, and completely butcher the greater half of the English language in the process. If I could give you a hug, believe me, I would. I'm crying with you, for you, and I'm praying even

As you told me: "But blessed is the man who trusts in the Lord, whose confidence is in him." – Jeremiah 17:7
*Never lose faith!

13600

harder for your miracle. To be completely honest, part of me wants to smack your attorney for not giving a damn about you, your life, and fight until you're fully exonerated. I've seen how self-ish some attorney's can be, court appointed or not. Just because someone has money, doesn't mean that someone not as well off, as you, or myself even, isn't entitled to have someone fight just as hard, if not harder for their rights. I'm so angry and disappointed in our country's legal system, it makes me sick. Whatever it takes, I will continue to fight for you, pray for you, and offer you my undying friendship. You will get through this, and you will get your miracle, if I have to personally see to it myself! There is a light at the end of the tunnel, no matter how deep and dark the tunnel is, nor how faint the light may seem. Never, ever give up!!! I'm so sorry this is happening... but you will get through it. Cry it out sista! Always remember that God is your strength, your father, and your redeemer. He is always with you, and will continue to make you stronger, especially in your moments of weakness. He loves you, and will never forsake you. Anything you need, don't hesitate to ask. Hell, your talking to your own personal paralegal, or so I was told last night.

I'm my own secret weapon, and I am fully at your disposal! I so ya huh! Stay strong, and carry out all of those inhappy thoughts. I'm standing for us!

13601

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13603

We rejoice in our sufferings, because we know that suffering produces perseverance, perseverance, character, and character, hope.

Romans 5:3

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I stay close to the Lord and His love so abundant -
As his promise says that Mercy always triumphs judgement. - Robyn Adams

13603

Hey BFF! I love you & miss you terribly, I can't wait to see you again! By faith I know that we will hug soon because God is going to deliver me from here, I know it! Since I can't talk to Caysee Anthony anymore, she started writing me notes and we leave eachother notes in books that are on the shelf. I cannot keep them here or throw them in my trash so I am sending them to you to keep for me. I try to encourage her to lean unto the Lord for strength, guidance and hope. For some reason, she has chosen me to confide in, but that's O.K because I love to encourage and inspire people, I just don't want to get in trouble for having her notes in my cell. I'm trusting you with these because it is so high profile - Never mention this on the phone when we talk and I will keep sending them to you to store away.

I love you ♡

Robyn ♡

13604

Hey girl!

Just thought I'd check up on ya. I've gone the entire day without napping. For some reason, I have too much energy. I guess that's not a bad thing. Can't be sad and mopey everyday.

Keep your head up! Hope you're doing okay. I'm here!

You're in my prayers!

(I'm going to write a joke on the back, one that was sent to me today. Clever!)
-Some of my new friends are silly. You'll understand why! ♡

13605

A fraternity brother confronted a junior member, telling him, "A sorority girl is running around campus, telling people you have a small dick."

"Yeah?" the junior member replied. "Well, she has a big mouth."

enjoy! :)

13606

I feel like a little kid, passing notes in class, or writing letters to a pen pal. It's comforting. I'm warning you now, I'm a terrible joke teller, but it won't stop me from trying! If I can make you laugh at least once, then my task is accomplished, even if just for one day.

I find myself wanting to talk about any and all things random... like the letters and cards I received over the past two days. I can't help but think these people are crazy, but I love them just the same. It's funny the friendships you can acquire in times like these. In any case, we are strangely blessed! ♡

Are there any new songs I should be warned about? I got rehooked on the same music I was listening to before all of this happened, and I was scared to listen to the radio, when I was home. I listen to a little bit of everything. But I'm a rock girl, true & blue.

13607

One recommendation, before I close this off for today... read - God in Popular Culture.
-Andrew M. Greeley

I think I'll slide the next note in there.

Take care hun!

If you need anything, please, let me know!!

Until next time,
Adieu! ♡

302

13608

Hello my dear friend!

I'm hoping things are looking up. I know the last few days have been extremely emotional, and girl, I don't blame ya! Know that I'm here, even if our communication is limited, it's great to have someone to confide in, nonetheless! Want to hear something funny? Today I filled out my first sheet for commisary! How sad! Hahha! I can't wait to have shampoo, conditioner, and a jar of peanut butter, among other things. The simple pleasures that help to ease one's mind... even if for a moment. We'll get through all of our troubles, because God has given us strength. No one can understand why things happen, especially bad things, but what good comes from focusing on the negative? (you turn into the cruel people around us, that feed on making other people feel worse about an already terrible situation) those are the people I really pity! I'm sorry that you and your family are having such a difficult time but I'll be honest, Robyn, I in no way pity you! You are a strong woman-daughter, mother, and wife. Continue to be strong, and never be afraid to ask for help or advice.

13609

That's what friends are for, right? I don't like the circumstances in which we've met, but I know in my heart that it's a blessing. Each day is hard, and unfortunately it only gets harder. On the brighter side, we're one day closer to being back where we belong - with our families!!

Man! It's hard to write with these crazy pens! My hand is killing me. Haha!

Who is this chick above me? the new girl that came in a few days ago... what a mouth she was blessed with! (Sadly, I miss pinky...)

What kind of things should I order? Such a variety of choices... I almost hate to tempt myself by ordering snacks, but I really am craving something incredibly sweet. (hints the peanut butter!)

What do you like to order?

I wish there were books on those lists. I'd probably blow all of my money on a few good books, and mouth wash.

Oh! random thought... the book I put this note in is actually pretty good. It's filled with old southern humor. I honestly laughed throughout most of it.

AUTHORITIES. GOD, PASTORS, CHAPLAINS, OFFICERS, PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES, AND my PARENTS. I PRAY FOR THEM TO LEAN UNTO GOD WITH EVERY DECISION THEY MAKE.

ING FINGER THE WEAKEST FINGER F ALL REPRESENTS THE WEAK THAT ARE ROUND ME. I PRAY FOR GOD TO GIVE THEM STRENGTH, PEACE AND COMFORT. - OTHER NMATES, HOMELESS AND LL WHO ARE SUFFERING FROM TRIALS.

my POINTER FINGER REPRESENTS my FRIENDS AND ALL THAT HAVE TOUCHED my LIFE AND CONTINUE TO SUPPORT AN PRAY FOR ME, I REMEME TO BLESS THEM DAILY AT WORK AND THEIR PERSONA LIVES TO PROSPER.

FINALLY, my ITTLE FINGER EMINDS ME TO RAY FOR MYSELF BECAUSE IT IS GOOD TO PRAY FOR OTHERS IRST BEFORE MEETING ny OWN NEEDS.

I ASK GOD TO DELIVER NE FROM my JAIL/PRISON SO I CAN BE REUNITED ITH my FAMILY SOON, VERY SOON. I PRAY FOR PATIENCE, STRENGTH, FAITH AND DISCERNMENT TO KNOW RIGHT FROM WRONG.

THE FINGER CLOSEST TO my HEA I PRAY FOR THE ON CLOSEST TO ME, FAMILY AND CLOSE FRIENDS, THAT'S YOU! FOR PROTECTION, TRAVEL MERCY, LOVE, STRENGTH AND HEALTH, ALL TO BE FOUND IN THE LOVING ARMS OF CHRIST.

THIS IS WHAT I CALL my 5 FINGER PRAYER, EACH TIME I USE IT, my LIFE IS BLESSED A LITTLE BIT MORE AND I HOPE THAT OTHER PEOPLE REAP THE BENEFITS OF my PRAYERS FOR THEM TOO.

♡ YA!

— ROBIN ♡

13611

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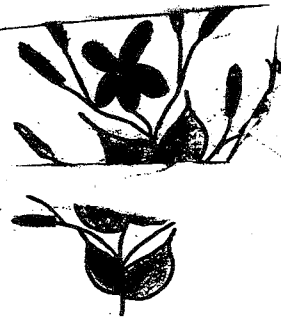

my times are in your hands; deliver me from my enemies and from those who pursue me.

Psalm 31:15

13613

– from a card sent by a
dear friend, recently adopted
into my family, Joyce Story.
The woman has a heart of gold!

13614

May your day be brightened by
the loving thoughts this brings,
And may the angels brush away
your cares with gentle wings.

13615

He did drive back this past weekend when everything went down with my padre. Good thing Tampa is so close. My Dad is checking into a facility, almost like a rehab center, so he can continue talking to someone and get some help. We need to keep praying that he reconnects with God along the way. I'm glad he's taken this step voluntarily. My Mom seemed very pleased with his decision and she'll be able to visit him regularly. I got a letter that he wrote to me yesterday and his spirits were lifted, and for him to admit that he needs help is a significant step. God is good! My stress level has been teetering back and forth since Friday and it hasn't stopped swaying as of yet. We're going to set the date for the service sometime this coming week - the first week of February. I'm extremely nervous, to say the least. We'll finally have a little bit of closure. Is it wrong of me though, to not really want to know the truth? I'm honestly scared of the numerous possibilities. She's safe. She's in God's loving arms. In a lot of ways, I'm content by the fact that she will never have to have her heartbroken, or see the constant negativity that our society breeds, nor will she ever be abused or taken advantage of. The clock is ticking and the end of days is near; I can feel it. It's difficult enough trying to make sure that my brother and father are both saved. My Mom is on the right path. Glory to God! There's so much to think about and so [illegible]

13616

cool, huh? I never imagined myself a warrior before, although I know I've always been a fighter. What a feeling and a responsibility, to know that we're part of God's army and that in the end, we are victorious! What a feeling of satisfaction; I'm so humbled by those thoughts, but more encouraged than I've ever been before. Are you doing any Bible Study Courses? I've really enjoyed the ones Chaplain Gonzalez brought me. It feels like my eyes are seeing things like never before. One of my favorite verses, Matthew 6:22, "The lamp of the body is the eye. If therefore your eye is good, your whole body will be full of light." Everyone has been telling me how different I look and that it's as if I'm glowing. Those words didn't hit me until I read that passage on Friday, and instantly I felt that connection. This was during the time I needed comfort, after hearing the news about my Dad, when I also stumbled upon Job 23. Of course, the first name that popped into my head was yours. The more I read, the more I felt his presence and also saw your likeness to Job. Crazy stuff! I'm able to memorize passages and verses so much easier now. I think I was more focused on reading and interpreting than memorization, but with memorization comes a whole new understanding of those words. I started looking at the pictures I have taped to the inside of my bible, and this wave of peace touched my heart and I let out a really deep sigh. I feel better. You're to blame for a lot of that ☺ I love you Sis, and I'm so very grateful for our open lines of

13617

communication, even if it's sneaky-sneaky. I'll write more later, not that you're not already bored with my rambling. :) It's almost time to watch my stories.
Hasta pasta! ♥

Just so you know...
you're new nickname is
COOKIE

uuuuuuuu

13618

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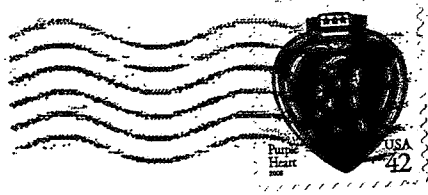

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13619

I LIKE MONKEYS

I like monkeys.

The pet store was selling them for five cents a piece. I thought that odd since they were normally a couple thousand each. I decided not to look a gift horse in the mouth. I bought 200. I like monkeys.

I took my 200 monkeys home. I have a big car. I let one drive. His name was Sigmund. He was retarded. In fact, none of them were really bright. They kept punching themselves in their genitals. I laughed. Then they punched my genitals. I stopped laughing.

I herded them into my room. They didn't adapt very well to their new environment. They would screech, hurl themselves off of the couch at high speeds and slam into the wall. Although humorous at first, the spectacle lost its novelty halfway into its third hour.

Two hours later I found out why all the monkeys were so inexpensive: they all died. No apparent reason. They all just sorta' dropped dead. Kinda' like when you buy a goldfish and it dies five hours later. Damn cheap monkeys.

I didn't know what to do. There were 200 dead monkeys lying all over my room, on the bed, in the dresser, hanging from my bookcase. It looked like I had 200 throw rugs.

I tried to flush one down the toilet. It didn't work. It got stuck. Then I had one dead, wet monkey and 199 dead, dry monkeys.

I tried pretending that they were just stuffed animals. That worked for a while, that is until they began to decompose. It started to smell real bad.

I had to pee but there was a dead monkey in the toilet and I didn't want to call the plumber. I was embarrassed.

I tried to slow down the decomposition by freezing them. Unfortunately there was only enough room for two monkeys at a time so I had to change them every 30 seconds. I also had to eat all the food in the freezer so it didn't all go bad.

I tried burning them. Little did I know my bed was flammable. I had to extinguish the fire.

Then I had one dead, wet monkey in my toilet, two dead, frozen monkeys in my freezer, and 197 dead, charred monkeys in a pile on my bed. The odor wasn't improving.

I became agitated at my inability to dispose of my monkeys and to use the bathroom. I severely beat one of my monkeys. I felt better.

I tried throwing them way but the garbage man said that the city wasn't allowed to dispose of charred primates. I told him that I had a wet one. He couldn't take that one either. I didn't bother asking about the frozen ones.

I finally arrived at a solution. I gave them out as Christmas gifts. My friends didn't know quite what to say. They pretended that they like them but I could tell they were lying. Ingrates. So I punched them in the genitals.

I like monkeys

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of something good, or something positive to hold onto with my bare hands. I don't know. God is constantly telling me to keep it together and to have faith. I have no choice but to agree. He's right. There is a season to everything, for everything, and this has been one of heartache, depression, and mourning. The next is forgiveness. That one must stand alone. It's a big one, no doubt about it. Throughout all of this, it's been one long season of growth - spiritually, mentally and emotionally. I'm drained! There's a song by Shinedown called "Second Chance", amazing song! It brings tears to my eyes and chills to my goosebumps every time I hear it. The song of my current life situation(s). Something to hold onto. I heard it for the first time early in November, just days after I ordered my radio. I seem to flip to 101.1 as it's starting most nights - a sign? And "Sober" by Pink, I ♡ it! I don't listen to much music anymore, but when I do, my timing is usually very good. That's a part of myself I will never lose and it's one that I would never want to part with. No matter how I feel, I get so much satisfaction from a good beat, or powerful lyrics. Peace. Memories. I look at my pictures of Caylee so many times throughout the day and can't help but smile at my little Rock*Star. I miss her, more than I can ever express in words. Somedays the tears just won't end, and others, I can't stop giggling and sighing and smiling because of her beautiful smile, BIG hazel eyes, and the belly laugh that still remains in my ear. (I just sneezed my confirm-

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behind from day. ☺ I've been doing this a lot lately. Very
rarely do I just "sneeze" anymore. It tends to follow a
thought, action or spoken word - prayer, praise, even the
occasional joke. Rarely can I blame my whacky allergies on
them. One of the few things I actually like the cold weather
for - it stifles my allergy attacks. I do like wearing cute
boots and a leather jacket. And hats. Mittens. I want a
leather bomber jacket. I can picture it in my mind. That
and an awesome pair of biker boots. Of course, the
quote that comes to mind is from Dumb and Dumber:
"Killer boots man!" - Jim Carrey - Lloyd Christmas, to the
cop that pulls them over. I miss that movie - the stupidity
and the laughs. That's one of the first movies I want to watch
when I finally leave this place. That, and the new Batman.
Did you hear about Christian Bale's outburst on the set of
the new Terminator movie? Uncalled for yes, but quite
comical. The second Transformers comes out this summer.
Something else to look forward to. And aren't they making a
second Sex and the City movie? I actually want to see the
original movie, just so I know what all the fuss is about. I
trust your judgment. Want to see it with me? Well, rent,
or download, or catch on one of the movie channels.
Man! Our friend has ended her silence! It was too good
to be true. I almost feel sorry for her sometimes, until she
starts making demands and cursing at everyone. Makes me
so mad, and I can't comprehend how people can deliberately
be so rude. Not my style, not by any means. I really think
that's one of my biggest pet peeves. I may be impatient but
I'm the farthest thing from rude or disorderly. I try my
hardest not to let it show. I pride myself in my politeness. ☺
Well friend, I'm going to rest my hand, digest my lunch, and
watch some time! ♥ 222's. See ya later! ♥ ya!!

13624

You're on the phone, I just finished my snack. I wish we could talk. I ♥ Seinfeld! Won't it be great to chill out on a big, comfy sofa, drinking hot tea or whatever nighttime beverage suits your taste buds, watching reruns of classic shows, like Seinfeld, Friends, King of Queens? Or a movie or three... a normal life - you with the munchkins, me with my adopted sister, niece and nephew, and our dog (I need someone to cuddle with). Jose did say I'd have a guy to love me. Get a male dog or cat and mission accomplished! I miss having intimate moments - laughs, hugs, cuddling time, back rubs, and the occasional kisses. (sigh) Soon enough. I can't wait to cook a big meal, a big breakfast or cookout with burgers, kabobs, the works. This of course will have to wait until we hit every buffet in town, starting with the big GC for breakfast, Sweet Tomatoes for lunch, and CiCi's for dinner or China Jade! Yeah! Pizza another day. I want to be in a good food coma for at least two days. And I swear!!... the moment I'm free, I am never eating ramen noodles again! Yikes! I can't take it. I didn't even order anything extra this week. I've really tried to back off all the junk, but I've had a HUGE craving for chocolately goodness, but not really candy. More like chocolate milk, maybe Yoohoo. Strange cravings at the most random times.

tacos, egg rolls, quesadillas, hot wings, white pizza, breadsticks (from Fazolli's), and a can of black olives - I eat them like candy! I'm totally a fat girl at ♡. I'm really happy though that my tummy has calmed down. I don't know why it was achy for over a week. I hope I didn't have the flu too! :(It's not great, but it's better probably nerves, besides to cookie overload and the overly yucky food. Ha! Oh man... silly thought - No soup for you! the soup Nazi. That would be a hi-larious name for a restaurant. Or a soup kitchen. I crack myself up! The crack head down the block needs to know her role and shut her dangflab mouth. Yay for the nurse! Is it bad that I enjoy when they rip her a new one? Some of these ladies I really like and it pisses me off when she's rude to them. Ugh! To each their own. That woman has a sickness, and it's called being a rude, compulsive bitch. Father forgive me. So should I go red or blonde? I'm trying to decide how extreme I want to go with my makeover. I will get colored contacts so I can change up my look from time to time. Who is this Casey Anthony you speak of? If you could change your name, any name, what would it be? I've been thinking about that a lot lately. Ideas... many ideas. Well, you're off the phone, and I'm going to potty and pass out. I love you Cookie! ♡

Peace and hair grease!

13626

sit! you're getting skinny! I am Mucho Mucho proud of you!
My ass is exploding, and not like that. ew! So big. Stupid Squats.
Oh well!

cookie-cookie bo-bookie
banana-fana fo-fookie!
me-mookie. . . cooke-foke. me, me-my-me-my-

Hello dear! How's my fiesty sister? Boy oh boy! You've been in rare for the past few days. Granted, I've been told the same thing since Friday, but still! You make me laugh. :)
I completely understand your frustration though and it's taken all of my strength not to curse out that crazy witch, but you beat me to it. Kudos my friend! One has to vent every once and a while and we both have way too much boiling inside. This too shall pass.
Thanks for all of your help and your advice. I have tried all weekend/week to put myself in everyone else's shoes. Actually, I've been trying to do that this whole time. In any case, I'm completely at a loss for words and it's all in God's hands. He keeps telling me to move on and move past it, so I must do what I'm instructed. I feel a bit better, and a lot of that is your fault. :) I got a big smile x10000 when I read your letter/encouragement. So thank you my darlin'. You've always got my back. You know I've got yours, always. I don't doubt that we'll be able to continue to be upfront, open and honest with each other. I'm looking forward ~~for~~ the day that we can talk all day and all night over great meals, spas, and beverages, in our pjs, going-out attire and everything in between. I'm extreme-

ely grateful to Mike & Michelle for taking your case. And
Gabe speaks nothing but the truth. He's my adopted brother.
Mike & Michelle wrote a couple appeals in my case, that
were nothing short of phenominal. I put all of my
faith and trust in their abilities, and I know they
will pull a great victory for you! I demand it. ☺ I'm
also very glad to hear that you've heard from Clay. He
is a strong man, and with God in his corner, the
mountains in front of him can be moved as well.
We all need to take our own advice and give it all up
to God, no matter how big or small. Keep your heart
open to His word and don't be afraid if those doubts
of your marriage surface. Just remember the blessed
vows you exchanged back in June, and hold on to
the love you and Clay have shared. You've said many
times that you two have been best friends, not just
lovers, and there's no replacing that. I have faith in
you, Clay and your future together. Even if your
marriage doesn't concure this, 13-17 years apart
is an incredibly long time to be apart, but that doesn't
mean that you can't still be there for him, as his
friend or otherwise. Trust your heart, your gut, and
most of all, Our Father. He has filled you with so much
love and compassion and the ability to see the good
in someone. I love you! It's that simple. You are
"Special", "making icecream" - silly girl! I never had
a Snoopy Snowcone Maker, but I wanted one too!
We should totally get one! I heard about it one the
radio weeks back, and it made me laugh. Good times.
And thank you for being my Valentine! I feel Loved ♡
In bay - Super Troopers... would you ever eat a whole
bag of weed? YIKES! NO way!!! Have you ever tried to insert the word "Meow" in
to a sentence? Fun drinking game. And I have ALWAYS wanted a litter of cats.
Classic greatness! Keep yourself calm and relaxed. I'm here, always! Squa!!
Mattie

13608

Sometimes, it's just good to look back and laugh. I've even thought about discussing some of my female friends, old, new and otherwise, especially because the combined number is so tiny, but there is always a funny story or two shared between women. Why not? I refuse to name drop, so everyone will have their nicknames or some other direct reference. Can't give anyone their 15 minutes of fame, nor can I indanger myself in any possible chance of lawsuits or useless drama if names aren't used. So I talked about someone? It will not be gossip or hurtful, nor will it be deceitful or malicious in any way. Comedy? Yes. I have the right to share my stories, right? You may come up in more than one of my books... if that's ok with you. Should I go with Cookie or Cookie Monster? Kidding! Cookie is a possibility. For those I may directly name, permission must be granted, and it will be done legally-contractually, you are guaranteed. And because I am protective, nothing will be written that isn't consented on and agreed upon with said individuals. Does that seem fair enough? I sure hope so. I know I've yammered on about this Forever and I apologize for being a complete turd. I really should have tried to sleep. It feels like it's too late now. Why nap for an hour and torture myself? The only good thing about 8:30 court is being able to come back early, shower, and pass the heck out. I already fixed my hair in a smooth updo and a nice bun, lower than usual, and I'm boycotting my glasses. The sexy librarian look doesn't go well with navy blue scrubs. A shame. My Mom brought me clothes, but from the sound of it, a jacket I've never heard of, a sheer white shirt and navy blue pants. Really? !!! Keep my blue

(Friday morning @ the wee hours. Kinda mean, but at least you know I'm thinking about ya! ☺)
Some kind of incomplete but I will finish later

13629

wide awake. I'll be leaving for court in a couple hours, and I know I'm going to look like hell. I had every intention of going to bed early, waking up early enough to get pretty, and then I was going to sit there impatiently until it's time to go. Not the case - obviously. I started writing one letter around 12:45, and then started writing a Foreword to one of my latest creations: the "Lovers and Friends" book, cleverly stating that it's "not your average KISS-AND-TELL story". Inquiring minds want to know and boy, are they in for a treat! The moral of the story: none of my relationships would have survived or will survive without putting God at the center of each and every one of them, every step of the way. :) I've learned so many things about myself and why not share some of my super silly insights, including my sarcasm, cynicism and the truth about God. I'm really enjoying putting various works together and being able to put my thoughts and feelings into words. Plus, it always feels good to set the record straight about certain topics/issues or even people. I promise to let God lead my hand as I write and my mind as I recollect various memories. Since my heart is no longer involved in most cases, I can be fairly ~~[illegible]~~ unbiased when it comes to some exs - friends or otherwise. And even if it never gets published, whether or not I'm going to try will obviously come later, but it won't be for nothing. Sometimes dipping in the past and telling a story or two brings finality and closure. And

13630

I just got really creeped out, and I had to share. A group came in a little bit ago, I barely glanced, as usual, but I saw someone, or think I saw a ghost from my past... I never pay any attention to the groups of gawkers that pass through, but the past two times, I've just showered, gotten books, and settled back into my room, and then they appear. I was fixing my hair, and out of the corner of my eye, look "out" in my mirror, and see the crowd. Oh goodie :) Anyway, like usual, I finish what I was doing, and take a 2 second glance out of my window, and I saw him, or someone who looked remarkably like him. - Ugh... my ex-fiance. :(That idiot has tried to make such a fool of me, it honestly wouldn't surprise me, or I wouldn't put it past him. Mr. ex-cop for the city of Orlando (I'll fill you in on that story) Again, I only looked for but a mere couple seconds, but this kid, he stands out in a crowd, especially full of women - 6'4", Italian - dark hair, dark eyes. Easy to spot in a crowd. This guy even dressed exactly like

Read Thunders 20:12. The number 2012 is significant in itself, for I can't get it out of my head. I read every 20:12 in the Bible, and get strangely when I read this. Is it a sign? or just really?

13631

(Tuesday)

him, even down to the stupid American Eagle necklace. He still wears the ones I bought him a couple years ago when we were engaged. Seriously, I wish I would have looked longer to see if it really was him. I got so creeped out, I couldn't look back. Now it's going to plague me. Stupid Jesse. :) At one point in my life, I was so in love with him, there was no one else who could have held a candle to him, until he showed his true colors, and everything very quickly went sour. I'm not going to be tamed or told what to do, by any man, I don't care how much I love you. No sir. I may like a man who is a foot taller than me, and literally twice my size, but not because I'm afraid of him. Ha! Completely the opposite. Bigger guys 9 out of 10 times are far more gentle and cuddly than smaller guys. This one, was surely the exception. Remind me to tell you some stories. You will be both proud and horrified. Latah gatah! 8 ya!

I have to have a little suspense!
Do you think I should have
checked to see if that was really him???
Damn!

13633

Cookie, how are ya love? I'm still pretty out of it, even post-shower, but I feel better-warm. It's absolutely freezing in here this morning! No wonder I wanted to stay cuddled up under the covers all day. Thank God for thermals and thick socks. Did you get your tv time last night? I crashed right after I watched you beeline upstairs. Thanks for the laugh/entertainment. I'm glad our loud-mouth friend in 5 is behaving herself. I wonder who bribed her, or what they gave her to finally shut her up? Hmm... nevertheless, I'm grateful for the quiet, regardless of the reason behind it. I didn't end up ordering any commissary last night. I already feel like a lush because I have a full drawer, with a whole bag of Shabangs, Popcorn, BBQ Corn chips (yum!), fruit cups, ramon, crackers, plenty of juice mixes (8 or 10), and a few odds and end's. First week since the beginning of Nov. that I won't receive a big 'ole box of treats on Friday. I'm almost kind of proud of myself. Ugh. My hand is still cold, and I'm so sloppy today. Sorry. I haven't watched tv in almost a week... I wonder what I've missed on General Hospital? I can't believe I'm so hooked on stupid day-time soaps. During the summers, if I wasn't doing AA or

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training camps, I would lay out after breakfast, shower, and hunker down in bed for the Young and the Restless and Days of our Lives. It was far more entertaining as a young teen than it is now; but what else is there to watch on our limited station choices in the middle of the day? I can't complain. At least I get to watch tv by myself, without the knuckleheads upstairs drowning out the sound. Have you figured out the change in Rivera? She's still the same with me, but I've noticed her impatience with her job in general. I keep hearing more of the officers say how much they want to quit, and I believe some of them would if jobs were available. They keep mentioning numbers on the radio (10U.1) involving the layoffs and its practically in the hundreds of thousands in Orlando / Orange County. Scary stuff! In a lot of ways its a relief to sit here and watch/listen to what's happening instead of being caught in the middle of it. People like my Mom who is still milking her leave-of-absense, at least she still was last month, should be grateful to have a job. Neither of my parents are working - my Dad quit or got fired back in November, never mentioned it to my Mom, but kept disappearing day and night, never telling her where he was going, what he was doing, or who with. Too many questions unanswered. I feel like a bitter, old hag or a complete cynic as of late, and that's not the best feeling in the world. I need a sign

(1)

(I received this piece of info on Saturday morning)

Hey Cookie! Sorry I haven't been in touch. I'm dealing with a pretty big battle right now and with the last person I honestly expected - my Mom. Let me start by saying it's an incredibly long, but short story, and I've been holding off on complaining because I really didn't know where to start.

→ Thursday - She drops off clothes to Baez, for me to wear in court on Friday. (Let's just say, the only two things I was comfortable in was my black flats and favorite gray blazer. Navy blue pants, far too tight, and an almost sheer shirt, that was not long enough, and had a decorative neckline that almost showed a mile of cleavage. Lovely.) So this happens early in the day, and she promises to come back to the office later that afternoon/evening, to prep for Friday. After numerous phone calls, Baez can't get ahold of her, or better stated, she avoids all contact, including texts. Baez contacts her attorney, Brad Conway, and gets the runaround from him. More useless details, but what it boils down to is my Mom is going to be escorted to court on Friday, via a friend of hers directly connected to the Today Show.

Friday morning - I see what is brought for me to wear for my appearance; unfortunately, I didn't have a say because the judge ordered me to come dressed appropriately (his intention is to actually help my public image. Kudos to Judge Strickland), so my morning didn't start off great. I also didn't sleep more than an hour before leaving here at 7:00am, because I was so excited

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about Finally seeing my Mom. I walk into the courtroom completely shackled, which was against the judge's orders, so I get seated, and Baez relays the message, so I have to get reescorted outside to get uncuffed - only from the waist up. Joy. Well, I trip as I try to sit down the second time, klutz that I am. All in front of the camera. A few minutes pass, they start to let in the spectators, all media, and I ask if my Mom is there yet. Baez briefly tells me that she is "SICK" and isn't coming. Welcome the proverbial punch in the stomach. Court did go reasonably well, a few laughs, courtesy of the judge, and I was back here just before 10:30. I talked to 3 of my attorneys just before coming back and they're so upset that my Mom bailed on me and the fact that her attorney shows up, waving all conflict with my Mom's former attorney, who started working for the enemy the day he "resigned" from working with my folks, back on November 20, my brother's birthday. - Still follow? I hope so! 'Tis just the beginning...

I was pretty upset on Friday, but I didn't want anyone to worry, especially not my Cookie, so I put on my happy face and let it go.

Saturday, around noon - Baez and my attorney, who was down from New York for the weekend, came to fill me in on all of the drama. They still couldn't get in contact with my Mom, and are both still extremely frustrated about what went down the days previous. I'm right there with them. This is when I get all of the details from Thursday - Saturday.

②

Here's where it gets good! ☺ Boo.

My Mom has been battling us on the service details, religiously (and without any consideration of my ideas or feelings on the matter.) Her idiot attorney has been bashing Baez and my defense team for a couple weeks now, without reason, and my Mom has done nothing to stop it. We're the ones being made out to be careless, heartless and selfish, but we're the only ones playing by the rules and trying to avoid stepping on anyone's toes. Sadly, we're the true Schmucks in this for playing nicely. There are so many details I want to convey, but it almost seems tedius to keep on bitching. I'll stick to the main details, even though the one's temporarily withheld are some of the most important. ☺ I miss you sis!!!!

Anyway, we try to formulate a plan to cover out butts from any more slander and to at least keep on with our pattern of nice-playing. I find out that my brother was acting according to scripts, via law enforcement, when he came to visit me back in July & August, and he was reporting back to them with whatever I told them. I told you about everything my Dad said during his interviews with Le. So two down, one to go.

Sunday morning - Baez and Linda come back to reupdate me on the Super Fun weekend, and have even more fun details to share. My "SICK" Mommy hitches

out to Tampa on Saturday, turns why Baez still couldn't get ahold of her. Turns out, she meets with Meredith Vieira, formerly of the View, now associated with the media, the Today Show, I believe, or Good Morning America. She's not well enough to take advantage of seeing me in person on Friday, but can shmooze with the dirtbags the next day?! Seriously?! But wait, there's more! (I'm sweating while writing this. My emotions are obviously getting a workout.)

Come to find out that she put a Trademark on Caylee's name months back, never told me, and even talked about doing the same with mine. This is the same time she publicly states that she plans on writing a book about this!

B-E-T-R-A-Y-A-L!!! I'm so sick to my stomach even thinking about this.

I'm the only person who has tried to protect Caylee throughout all of this, and it kills me!

All my Mom talks about now is doing a public service for herself, because she needs to. I can't believe my own mother is capitalizing, or trying to, off of everything that has happened.

I had written her expressing my disgust, grief and hurt, after what happened on Friday, this is before finding out all of this. And what happens when she meets up with Baez yesterday to read my letter? She laughs at the idea of getting caught with her lunch on Saturday. Laughs!

(3)

I can't take it Robyn. I can't. I've done everything possible to hold my family together and I continue to get stomped on, thrown under the bus, and it doesn't surprise me anymore when it happens. I have too many other things to worry about and now all of this! I've officially lost my entire blood-related family in the blink of an eye, in the midst of mourning my daughter's death, trying to exhonorate myself, and figure out what steps to take in achieving these things, and I get Fucked over by my entire family. I talked to Chaplain Gonzalez about it briefly, Cliff Notes version, and she wanted to cry. She told me my feelings are completely valid, and that I have to start looking out for myself. Not that I have a choice in the matter. They chose for me.

I know I'm not alone; that God is with me, I have my newly adopted family, and I have my Cookie. It's just hard to now have to mourn the break-up of my family, and to move on. I'm doing everything that I can to forgive what's happened, but I can't. I can't. God is going to have to hold my hand on this one and hold me to that promise - to unconditionally love them all and to forgive their actions.

My heart is broken. :(

Other less depressing topic(s)

I didn't listen to more than 5 minutes of the Super Bowl on Sunday. (That was the Big Dance I had referred to.) I've been sleeping a lot, both at night and during the day. I'll admit I've had little to no motivation to do anything since Friday. I'll get over it. How are you? Thanks for the Count of Monte Cristo. My new all-time Favorite book! One of my Fave movies, hands down. I had never read the book. Good looking out, yo! :) You're always good for a pick-me-up. How's the cookie situation going? I ordered a pack myself last week, and I was kind of disappointed. Oh well!! And I'm sort of shabanged out. I'm in a funk! At least my hair is getting wayyy long, and I'm getting used to it, slowly but surely. My ghastly period is letting up, so I feel less icky. The shower water has been really ~~Hot the last~~ couple of days. Quite refreshing. I have a super cheezy question for you... Would you be my Valentine? :) I'm cheering up, so no worries! I hope we get to talk one of these days.

Know that I love ya and I miss ya, and I'm glad you're here! I promise to write daily, no matter what kind of mood I'm in. And when Shannon is here, we might as well play it safe and give her the book(s).

See ya! Wouldn't wanna' be ya! :)

(Just kidding!)

13640

-Wednesday-

Oh! I was going to ask you... what happened with Maya? What were the original charges and what the heck brought on the new ones? Poor girl! She's so young! I'm praying for her.

How's Clay? Have you heard from him yet? I hope he's hanging in there. Are your folks doing alright? Thank your Dad for me, for sending your letter to my parents. Speaking of, I guess my Dad went home Leita yesterday/earlier today. Let's hope he continues to seek help, especially from the Lord.

(1 Kor 2?) Ahh!

Something embarrassing about myself... besides me tripping on live tv, for the second time - ha. I'm extremely accident prone, in the most amazing ways. You've also heard about me falling in my cell after slipping while opening my law drawer. You and running into tables, dropping your shoe. I guess you can relate. ☺ We're two peas in a pod!

When I was 5 or 6, I was at Payless with my Mom, getting some shoes for school, and I see this lady walk by. She smiles, and you wouldn't believe what popped out of my mouth! "Mom, that lady has a moustache!" Was my Mom ever embarrassed! Whoops! Kids say the darndest things. There's a fun one.

And here's my question: When did the shaved head and pony tail come back in style? Not that it ever

was, but geez! And our banging old witch: yikes! Pean's laugh. KP and her too-baggy pants that fall when she walks - well, one night I'm sitting on the floor watching tv, and she goes running upstairs and all I catch is butt crack. It's like those idiots that drive by a car that's pulled over; you can't help but wonder and stare. My eyes! My eyes!

I still have my humor, if not much else.

Something to hold onto.

Baez told me last night that he's sorry that I never met a man deserving of me, whole would have taken care of Cayce and I, as we should have been. I cried. I told him "someday", and he quickly corrected. Actually, "maybe someday." was my answer, and he guaranteed me that it would happen someday soon. He's a great friend. And in many ways, looks out for me like a father. I appreciate my new-found friends and family, even if my family is a bunch of jerks. Sarcasism. One of my better qualities.

Did you ever have a Snoopy Snowcone maker?

I really want a smoothie or a Slurpy!

Favorite ice cream?

13642

Robyn Ann Adams
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"A longing fulfilled is sweet to the soul ..."

-Proverbs 13:19

February 23, 2009

Dear Tracy,

I miss you so much and would do next to anything to have a hug from you. Today the C.O. found a letter that I had written to Casey and I got into a lot of trouble so this will surely be the last of the letters that I receive from her, unless it is by mail when I move to the new place as I promised her that I would write. Now, I think that was a major run-on sentence! I've been listening to 98.9 FM - Soft rock, old & new - I like it! I heard "Poison Should've been delayed" yesterday and thought about you laughing at me. The girl that was with me during sentencing had charges for violating probation & she got sentenced to 2 years back in Fed's - She served her time before at Tallahassee so she'll probably go back there, right? I guess the Medical Center has more information than the C.O's have access to and she is scheduled to leave ~~next~~ this week, so I wonder if I will be leaving too. Maybe they will stop at Coleman also. Tonight I will just organize my stuff so it's easier to pack up in a rush just incase, it needed to be done anyways. I'm so upset that they took Casey away, she was indeed my only white friend and we kept eachother lifted up in spirits so often. I like listening to the afternoon traffick reports because I like to picture where the accidents are and the delays, strange I know, but I don't want to forget my surroundings, it keeps my mind busy too. My friend Dominique moved to a different dorm, she was the one next door to me and we talked through the vent. Well Saturday night a strung out Crack-Head moved in ☹. I call her "Crack-Zilla", she only has 3 or 4 teeth that I can see and she keeps asking me for a Jolly-Rancher but because she has no tongue thrust I can't tell if she's asking for a Jelly-Razor instead, I don't have either so oh well.

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I have to get rid of these notes from Casey so she doesn't get in trouble too. Do you think one day they'll be worth anything? Maybe a spot on the Today Show or Oprah if anything comes of it, who knows, I am her only friend here but that might be like betrayal and I don't want that! Sam is being a total ass to my parents and is keeping the kids from seeing them, so please pray for them to be safe and know right from wrong so they are not corrupted by his ways. So much is changing, Mady is becoming rebellious and Josh is so quiet and to himself it all makes me a bit worried and nervous of how they are handling me being away. I pray that it will be better when they can see me in person, maybe they will open up to me then. I just feel like my family is falling apart and scattered, I need God to bring us back together again and I hope it's sooner than expected. It seems as though Sam has constantly gotten away with everything, for as long as I've known him his schemes and tricks have succeeded and he has always hurt me in some way or another. I know that he's gotten away with so much but I trust that one day he will fall - adventually. God don't like ugly! The book of Proverbs has assured me that God will handle everything in due time, and I have to believe that. With David Badali too, he will adventually fall captive to his schemes too. It's hard to forgive both of them for the hurt that they've caused but I'm working on it every day. I know that one day I will be home again with my family, the thought alone is comforting and sweet to my soul. I suspect I will be leaving pretty soon, keep in touch with my dad if you don't hear from me soon but I will try to call you tonight (Tuesday) if I can, lately I haven't been allowed out longer than a shower, But I am always thinking of you.

Love Always,

Robyn ♡

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Story #1

Funny Story

Ha-Ha Funny

13647

Story #1 *Funny Story*

I've told you about all the mail I've gotten. I'm up to the thousands with positive letters and cards. Low 20's for negative. Good stuff

Well...

There are a couple of fellas who have either become infatuated with the celebrity or with the fair damesl (or spelled it horribly wrong!) in distress. One is more hooked than the other. I've received pictures from both - good-looking guys. One - Rob - from Melbourne - single dad of a 4 month old boy - 26 - not so obsessed, but spent many nights and letters trying to win me over by telling me how "Hot" I am and "Sexy", blah blah. Gag me. Ha! He even told me how he was caught by his neighbors with a picture of me as the background on his phone. I did you not. It's flattering, but I can't help but be weirded out. I've obviously never met the guy. Number Two takes the cake. His name is Al - 30's, from Mass. Nurse and bodybuilder, Italian, again very good-looking. He sends cards and letters proposing marriage, every card and every letter. I'm his princess. He wants to marry me now and he'll take care of me, yadda yadda.

Really?

Is this what "Celebrities" have to deal with?

Yikes!

I'll show you the cards. You'll laugh.

It is sweet in a strange sort of way...

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Story #2 - You & Me, Two Peas in A Pod
"De-ja-vu"

I had a dream not too long ago that I was pregnant. It was like having Cays all over again. I've thought about adopting, which even sounds weird to me saying it, but there are so many children that deserve to be loved, and part of me feels like that was a message from my Shmoobie. That's just the beginning of another of our many similarities. I was 6 months pregnant before I had anything confirmed via doctor. I had my period the whole time and barely was showing, nothing more than what looked like constant period bleeding. I go to the drs for a pap smear, I had never had one, and the dr. decides to do a pregnancy test, routine procedure. First test, negative. Second test, positive. This is June '05. I hadn't had sex since Jan. '05 (Jesse) so I start freaking out, but in a good way. I was stoked! Go to my Mom's office to tell her, and we sit in her car, crying and laughing. The timing isn't great, but it's a baby and a blessing and I've been playing Mommy my whole life. It fit. There were two possible guys in mind, both a few months apart - Caylee's Dad - Eric, and Jesse. I had seen Eric in Nov. '04 - old friend, one of "those" weekends, and he went back to Kentucky and work. Jesse and I started dating in Jan. '05. It didn't last long - ass. Anyway, when I told him I was pregnant, even after knowing I had that night a month before him (Happy Thanksgiving '04), Jess thought or claimed rather that he was the Dad. Drama

So yeah. I know exactly how you felt with Mady.

You + Me = Same person?
Might as well!

Only a couple of people know the truth behind that.
Not like Jesse has told the real truth, but whatev.
Stupid boy! I shouldn't expect any lels.

Hints why when I told you he was in love with the idea of being a dad, i.e. proposing, I don't think I was too off base.

C#

13650

Yo! Marshmallow Peeps

Peeps, those marshmallow things you see at easter?

They make 4 million peeps a day.

Thats 1.46 billion peeps a year.

There is only 32 calories per peep.

Chocolate peeps
bunny peeps
peeps of all colors.

the madness of it all!

13651

(1)

5/2/09

Mornin' Sis!

Well, it's almost afternoon seeing as how lunch just came. Ew. The only good thing about the occasional bologna sandwich (which I refuse to eat) is when we get a salad as a side. The lettuce goes nicely with the chicken, ~~[illegible]~~ nacho cheese and tortilla wrap. Yum. It makes a cold chicken taco. I noticed you said that you're not looking at the #s on the package. The only 2 #s I say you worry about is the amount of Sodium and Protein. You obviously need protein and lots of it, but Sodium, just make sure you're still drinking plenty of water to counteract the salt and other additives. Part of me wants to put together the "You Can Eat Anything diet book or cooking guide, with the underlying print "No matter your WEIGHT or SIZE". I've found a way to maintain a good weight, actually my norm while being here. Although my butt isn't getting any smaller I'm happy with the fact that I'm still confident enough in my body and my old eating habits. (Confirmed by a sneeze.) - I know, I'm nuts. I hope you get lots and lots of Go-o-d sleep today. I had some interesting dreams this morning, but I feel pretty refreshed considering. My hand is almost cramped into a pen holding position which is actually making it harder to write. Ha. Oh well! It was well worth it to write to my Cookie and to share some of my stories. I can't wait to see your take on the admirer situation/proposal. Just wait until you see the cards. I'm not trying to make fun, but who else can I share this with than my beshe? I haven't told the boys yet. Jose B will be over-protective and will probably want to

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tell them to back off (but wouldn't because of the media). Babe would laugh with me and I'm sure José G. would too. Babe = big brother; Baez = my other papa / super close friend; José G. = my school girl crush (still). I'm a loser! I feel like a major one for crushing on one of my attorneys. :) I'll blame it on lack of contact with (1) attractive males and (2) intelligent, attractive males. (etc.) Girl! Do we need a vacation! I keep laughing at myself whenever a new guy walks in here, like that night the one super HOTT co came in. Golly Gee, we're like hormone driven 15-year-old boys! Do you think they'd let you and Clay have a conjicle (did I spell that right?) visit if/when you go to see him? I know only steers and queers come from Texas, but he's not from Texas, so you should be in the clear. I know, playing off the same bad joke twice in 24 hours. You know, Easter isn't until the 12th this year? Wasn't it in March last year? I don't get the logic behind it being on different days every year. Christmas, ~~the~~ Halloween, the 4th of July, St. Patty's Day, V-Day, and many more holidays always have been on the 25th, 31st, you get my point. But Labor Day, Easter and some others vary from year to year. Strange! Thanksgiving on the 3rd Thursday, Labor Day on the 1st Monday ... my head hurts! Oh well. It keeps us guessing, I guess. I think I could still use that nap. Is there any use in trying to "make up for lost sleep"? Something I've always wondered. And I swear, I'm having issues! I keep getting these little raised bumps on my hands/fingers, and there's never anything in them, and they never appear in exactly the same place. Never happened before.

My face has been breaking out more too and I don't think it's all because of the water. It's so much dirtier up here that it is downstairs. Yuck. Hotter too. What I wouldn't give for a pair of mess basketball shorts and a comfy sports bra / sports bra tanktop! I still have the slightest bit of nail polish on my big toes. It's almost gone! Crap, I've been back here for almost 6 months now (can't believe we've known each other that long already! Still seems like way longer.) Soon I'll be showering and going into the classroom for some 1-on-1 tv time. At least I get to on this shift. They still won't let me on Ms. Baker's shift. No idea why (shrugs). I wonder how long they can hold #10 for? Does she have a lawyer / public defender? What the heck is she here for anyway? I honestly don't care to know, but I do feel bad for her sometimes, mainly on the days like yesterday and today when she hasn't made a peep. Do you think she's been wearing herself out whenever she has one of her 2-3 day long out bursts? Curious, very curious. Oh! Oh! Oh! (Jumping up and down, waving arms like 8-year-old in math class.) Have you seen the commercial for the hair removal pad? Dude! It's pink, with a grey sandpaperish pad on it, that's made of these crystals and you rub your skin, and the hair just comes off! And it's pain-free! I wish I would have written down the name of it. I'm fascinated! Lord help me! I feel so dumb in this place. Where's my predict-text and spell check? Boo. I can't wait to get my teeth whitened and to use my regular toothbrush / toothpaste / shampoo, conditioner...

13654

I swear, I won't become obsessively girly! I still have no desire to wear heels unless the occasion calls for it. But Converse, boots and REAL flip flops ... ah! And hats, regular ball caps. Sunglasses. Underwear, that fits! Is that vain? Should I not look forward to these things? No matter how little or how much money I have someday, all I want is to live comfortably, not worrying about bills, food or even a few clothes. Everything in moderation and modesty. I want to donate money to charities - Leukemia research, Breast Cancer, Cervical cancer (the former for yourself - in your honor) and the latter because of my family and my own physical health. I read that article about the British woman from Big Brother, who is only 27 and dying of Cervical Cancer. That sure makes me feel like crap! :(I still pray for you and the leukemia. Is there any way for you to get tested or retested while you're here? I've been thinking about getting tested for breast cancer and having them check the cell count on the pre-cervical cancer (crosses fingers that it's still inactive) but I have a feeling that will constitute a trip to the hospital. No thanks. Not right now. It sucks not having any health insurance - mine expired at the end of the year. What prompted my worry before even seeing that article was my extreme irregularity with my period: skipping a month, bleeding non-stop for weeks, then nothing for a couple weeks. No matter how much I pray against it, I'm still scared out of my whits that I'll make it through all of this and then have to jump into cancer treatments. Sorry. One of those days. :(Talk about rambling, I've done my fair share of it.

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(3)

And that last statement was confirmed yet again by another sneeze. On a serious note... Chaplain Gonzalez told me that you asked about going to the Christian dorm. I think that would be great! I won't be selfish and say that I need you here and that I'd miss you too much (that goes without saying.) I think if you could, you should. The girls there could use a strong role model and it would no doubt be a safe haven for you, both spiritually and emotionally. We'll pray about it and if it's what He wants, it will be done. You know you have my full support 100%, even if you wanted to shave your head. I would surely try to persuade you otherwise (at least on that one), but if you want to pull a G.I. Jane, so be it! You know me and my silly attempt at humor. ☺ If you smile or laugh, it was a successful endevor. Well, I should be showering soon... it's almost 1:00. I'll catch you later homes! ♡ ya sistah!

♡ Muffin

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(1)

4/1/09

C - is for Cookie... and I ♡ Cookies! ☺
Alright, so I officially need a siesta or some sleeping pills pronto. Too much noise lately, and the drama - Sheesh! I'm terribly glad to see your handwriting again and your smiling face! I still miss our late night chats, but I'll take one of your letters any day! I've missed you too love! More than you know! And yes, my happy butt will be going home by late summer, so I'll have to brave a few more months. I think I can handle that. Honestly, it's down-time and time with God. It's a battle zone out there and we have to be suited up to take on the enemy - scary stuff! Knowing that in the end we win the final battle, and our glorious Father is the victor makes all of this (no matter how BIG or SMALL) worth it. And you know darn well that I'll be visiting you... hell, I'll be there with the boys banging on the doors demanding that you be freed! I told you, I will personally see to your home-coming and that my friend is a promise!!! Alright, so the drama with my folks is getting worse, and I mean that in several ways (#1) - their attorney is a power-hungry jerk, who is only looking to make himself relevant in my case, and my Mom is aiding him in that (bar complaints against Jose, wanting to raise $ for my defense, but they don't want my defense team knowing...); that's just the tip of the iceberg. (#2) Both of my parents are not working, still, and yet, have the means to travel all over the country and don't feel that they have to explain where or why. Odd, right? (#3) They are further from God than I have ever seen and it's evident by their daily actions - avoiding Jose, bad mouthing my defense team, trying to manipulate me into saying and/or doing

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any number of things. Blah. They show their "support" for the sake of the cameras, but when it comes to the "real story", I'm alone, well, not alone. Bad choice of words. I have a non-existent relationship with two of the most important people in the world to me, and it's to the point where I don't even want to bother. Part of it is spiritual warfare, and I get that the best and only way to really get to my heart is through those in my heart. Bastard! Forgive my potty mouth, for I'm still trying to get that underwraps. I'm getting better. Yay! And let me just say, in case I haven't, thank you for not subjecting yourself to the nonsense of channel nueve. Yuck. Why settle for that when we have back-to-back episodes of Seinfeld? I'm sold. One of the good things about being the Day PC, I get to watch General Hospital (yes, I'm hooked!) and Friends at 5 & 5:30. I do have a Friends trivia game at home. :) Good times. Knock on wood, but it's really quiet, I almost don't know what to do with myself. Who's the bigger ass - #5 or #10? Toss up. And no! I missed the crazy and the confrontation, although I heard it! It was under the stair area, so I didn't catch the sight but I surely caught the sound. They brought in the SRT team to supervise her getting some heavy things this morning. Lord knows she does need to be treated for her mental illness, besides needing an exorcist. - Even Chaplain Gonzalez said that! OK... so #20, or the girl who was in 20... It was some short, stalky black chick with 4 or 5 stomachs because she was always begging for food. She targeted me one day and I told her to "mind her business", and she got all "black" about it. Excuse me, "ghetto" - whatever. :)

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Anyway, homegirl done got told, yes, I went there, and for a day or so she ran her mouth. I ended up laughing in her face, telling her to keep wasting her time saying false things because she wasn't going to hurt my feelings - she really didn't. I did piss her off more, whoops, but most of the COs are on my side. It pays to be quiet and patient and overly polite. It works for me. It's funny, but no one has bothered me since. Darn. I'd give the shirt off my back for anybody, and I know you would gladly do the same, but I will not be taken advantage of by some fake and immature woman. No thanks. I prayed about it and I have no remorse, nor should I. It's a sad day when Baez agrees with me for opening my trap to another inmate. Ha! That's that drama. I am glad that she left almost 2 weeks ago and I hope she can learn to open her heart to Jesus. I'm sorry Sam is giving you issues still. You're definitely right; bad things happen to good people and good things happen to bad people. The up side? God will reward us because even in our worst moments (coughs - now), He is still with us, He loves us just as much today as He did yesterday, and we will spend eternity with Him (and Claylee &). Don't fret over those feelings of mischief, I have them too, and yes, we are only human. The most important thing is to keep praying for them, and for the ability to forgive, but even more important to let our Daddy fight these kinds of battles for us. Definitely easier said than done, fo sho! As I've said before and I will continue to remind you whether or

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not I even have to, but, you are an amazing woman of God, my big sis, my bestest best friend, and I too admire you. Even in all of our many similarities, we have ~~our~~ our select differences and one of the reasons I know we were brought together is because we bring out the best in each other. You balance me out, and you are truly the big sister I always prayed for. There have been a number of people, especially during this period in my life, that I have disliked someone to the extent of me wanting to scream at them or vomit at the meer mention of their name. Know that Sam may be boasting, but deepdown, he is sorry for your situation, and he is well aware that his "power" is temporary. All of these "old friends" and especially those that have claimed to be my "friend" are insecure and are so obvious to the truth, I actually feel sorry for them. Strange, right? As much as I do take some things personally (sometimes there's no way of avoiding it), at the end of the day, I let it go. False things should never be allowed to harm your mind or penetrate your heart. I swear, I'll get better at taking my own advice. I avoid the news and almost all media outlets because I cringe when I hear or see my name. I'm just so sick of the make-believe and the "reality" that is being orchestrated that it does me no good to partake in it in the slightest. That's what they want - the attention, and I REFUSE to be drawn in. I need to be slapped when I feel tempted through. (sorry) Bad drawing 2° clock. Don't love focus on Mady & Josh and their love for you. You are not losing them and you never will. Continue to minister to them. You see the influence they're under and they need to hear your testimony and God's truth. I don't know Sam obviously,

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but I have a strong feeling that spiritually he isn't where he should be for the kids. Continue to be that positive influence in their lives and maybe even encourage Sam to keep that door open for them. Mady & Josh just may be the ones to help bring their dad closer to a relationship with God. I'll pray for him, and add another prayer for you, that you are able to put aside your differences and focus on helping Sammy boy. We can all use the advice that the meek will be rewarded. I remind myself daily and it's not an easy argument to win. Rule #1 of boxing - try not to swing and hit yourself. Something to consider, when you're asking Daddy when this trial will end, throw out a hint or two on when and where. Ask and you shall receive! I'm glad he is a mind reader, but it helps to verbalize those desires. Did your parents ever tell you to speak up or explain something to them and tell you that they weren't mind readers? Even with the amount that I talk, I heard that all the time! Silly. Thanks for your always comforting words when it comes to Cays. I had to grow up pretty quickly when I became a mom at 19 (I know you can relate), but going through this scary thought, but I actually feel like an adult now. Even with being told how to dress, whether here or in court, when/what to eat, shower, etc. I know that for once in my life, I am truly independent (well, not fully, but I think you get what I mean). What I wouldn't honestly give to have my little girl back, but (1) she's ALWAYS with me; and (2) I'll be spending all of eternity with my girl. There's that shiny silver lining. I hate that we've both lost so much since

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last summer, but we may have gained so much more than either of us could have expected. As cliché as it is, the Lord does work in mysterious ways. Here's my question... house down south or in the Carolinas? Carolinas = all 4 seasons - snow and sun and beaches and new adventures. Options - We've got plenty of options. I absolutely ♥ your RV idea. We could have the RV Ministry, coming to a city near you! We'll bank on the book, travel lots, set-up shop in a fine city in ye ole' US of A, maybe settle a sports bar and definitely a crafty, arts'y fartsy place. Sold! Talk about ~~stickers~~ and crafts, I've been making stuff 4EVER! I did have the American Greetings card smuggled in here, but like the bracelet there's many more to come! Of all of our combined ideas, yours take the cake. Kudos!!! The name change... I'm still playing around with that idea. What would you rename me? You know what's funny, but I see you as a Roxy! Yes, laugh, I'm nuts. Allergy infested and sleep deprived, yeah, that's a good enough excuse. Ha! You come up with one for me, and I'll do the same. Roxy may just have to be your new nickname, or additional. Speaking of changing stuff... going to the veggie trays never might not be a bad idea. No more cat patties and yellow death and black man's ding dongs. Yuck! (I sneezed! Not on the paper, but I tend to take that as my confirmation from Papa.) He's been speaking to me a lot lately especially in my dreams not just my sneezes. I keep having those dreams of home too, but I'm packing up and leaving in most of them. It is a major bummer to wake up to bunk beds and cinder blocks

but this transitional period will be over for us both very soon. Keep visualizing the things that you want. They're coming our way soon. I'm super glad that you enjoyed that book. Even though that took place roughly 50 years ago, it's nice to read something so powerful and I'm thankful to the lady that sent it to me. We are going to have a great book collection! I'm also happy and sad that you too can relate to what I underlined in that book. This is a growing period for us both and the loneliness that we are suffering is par for the course. Something especially encouraging that I read though is that God separates us completely from our old lives, including old friends and those not of our Christian family. The plus side is that we gain a new life, true unconditional love, and the biggest and best family known to man. All the more reason you and I will be diligent in our prayers for our loved ones so that we may be reunited. Silver lining. I'm full of analogies and semi-useful advice tonight. Now if I could only remember half of my own ramblings when faced with an issue! Grr. You know what I think? Touching back on what I said before about us balancing each other out, we are oddly enough great influences on one another. A blessing if I've ever seen one. The world needs more people like us - and yes all modesty is out the window! I still have one of my stories to tell you, but you'll have to wait and read on. ☺ It's funny that you mention Joseph, because he and I have a connection that I think I must have overlooked before, but it was kindla

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brought to my afternoon on my birthday. You speak of being in a funk and sista! You read my mind! I've been coloring myself with colored pencils just so I have some color. Sad! With the name change, should I go lighter brown with highlights (as I'm used to) or red - to my Irish roots? I need that change along with the long hair pronto! It's too bad hell would freeze over before they would put us together. That's 'K though. Little do they know that our sisterhood of the traveling RV will be ~~d~~driving circles around this place in no time at all. I know you're still dealing with bouts of semi-depression. I'm right there with ya. Keep cleansing mind, body and soul, and try my tacho in the shower. Let it all out during those 15 minutes and walk out a new chica. It sure does help! I was showering when the storm kicked up the other day and practically counted down to the power going out. It was relaxing to shower in the dark. I used to do that at home when Cays was napping. I'd leave my bathroom door open and shower basically in the dark so I could hear her if she woke up early. She was sneaky like that sometimes and she'd strip down to hop in with me. Memories. I can't help but laugh that you and I were saying the same things to Miss Baker and Chaplain Gonzalez about #5. Great minds think alike, and then there's us. We're special ... not short bus special but close enough! You woke up at breakfast yesterday, I did today. We both need to start sleeping more. I'm proud of ya for working out. I've been slacking, but I'm still stretching a lot and doing leg ~~exer~~ exercises. I like being upstairs because it's a decent leg workout. Buns of steel, here I come!

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Sorry that I'm all over the place but I'm trying to respond back to the letters. I don't want to miss anything and you did say you have nothing to read. You asked for it! No luck on the 3rd Twilight book yet? You have me itching for them all, and every time I see the trailer for the DVD I get a chill. I can't wait to see it. You'll be watching it with me, deal? I say we make a list of all the movies we want to see both old and new. Why not? Dude, jumping jacks and crazy 8's. You're awesome! Try not to let Clay's mom get under your skin. Pray for her as you do Sam. It has to be hard for her too, and I can't believe I just went there. Sorry. I hope you hear from Clay soon and that he adjusts. Someday soon, we'll go visit him. I know it will be good for you both. You bring up Thai food and I'm ready to cry! I was envisioning going to a take-out place and ordering things in bulk, especially egg rolls! FOOD!!! My favorite food, hands down, is Salmon patties - canned salmon, mixed with saltine crackers and fried in a skillet with <u>loads of butter</u>. Soooo good! You'll never go hungry with me cooking. I'll teach you how to cook, no problem! I just read the RV idea again and I'm stoked! Done deal!! I think it would be awesome for your folks to go to Scotland or Europe. If they stop in Ireland have them bring me back a present ☺ Israel would be an amazing place to see, but I agree. I don't think now is the time. War is on the horizon and it's a sad and scary thought. Prophecies are coming true right

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and left. All the more reason to keep on the armor of God.
I don't know if you've read the book Assasins. It's part of the Left Behind Series. It's the only one of the 6-7 books of the series that I've read (while I've been here, via bookcart), but it was awesome. It kind of opened my eyes to the things stated in Revelations, especially about the horsemen. If it's ever on the bookcart again I'll grab it for you. It's so sad how drastically things have changed since we were both in school. One thing I know for sure - the more "power" Satan obtains before the final showdown, the worse things are going to get. The Chaplain and I have talked about that a lot. We need to find a way to reach out to today's youth and to the youth of tomorrow because we need them in this fight. It's easier to convert a less corrupted mind (I almost feel guilty putting it like that, but it's true in many aspects) and I know we could positively influence these young minds before they become one of the many drowning in society and the devil's within. It's hard not to get worked up over these issues before us especially for those of us who knows what will happen in the coming years. (Enter the Sarge.) If I settle myself down, I think I hit each of the points from your letters. ☺ I still have some more to share so don't think you've gotten off this easy. It's only 5 pages so far. More to come!

♡ I love you sis!

13667

the info. for ya. It's good to be in the "Know". I like to have a variety of random facts stored in the head. Why not? You and Clay will make it through this if it's in His plan, and if you two are willing to work through the pending time and distance. It's definitely possible to overcome this. Time will surely tell! You know there is not a person on this planet that could keep me from my BFF! Should I break into song? "Ain't no mountain high, ain't no valley low, ain't no river wide enough baby..." What a great song! Pumpkin beer?! What is this you speak of?! Two years in a row I've missed out on Green Beer, so add that to the list. And Cookie... I too am mucho proud of you for keeping God your #1. You're right about needing this time and it being the alone time with Him. That's why we're both here. He's getting us ready for our RV Ministry and all of the work He's going to put us to. I'm not trying to worry you and I'm sorry I've been such a worry wart. The devil has been playing on my weakness lately and even the slightest fear of my health is being turned up full blast. The positive side is that soon enough I'll be getting my full work-up via a good doctor. All of my fears will be put to rest. The bumps are isolated, nothing major. I'm breaking out because of whatever they use, or lack there of, on our clothes. It's not all the water. The skin stuff is getting better, it comes and goes. I applaud you for baking

your buns to the masses. I'd rather not... not around
hese chickies. No thanks. I enjoy my private shower time
Jude!!! I saw the infomercial again last night... Crap!
forget the name of it. Watch for it on the WB. It's a
ink pad and it's 100% pain free hair removal. I want it!
art of me is tempted to have the boys order it for me. I ♥
nfomercials! My Mom and I are guilty of making a few
urchases too. Susan Summers never tempted me though.
hat money we spend on gimmicks. It seems so worth it
t the time. On the cancer subject, we will both pray
gainst it. We are both strong women of God and we
ave conquered so much. Hitting rock bottom sucks, but
e're on our way up. Hector-Connector... funniest
hing ever! Wowzers! I'm good with keeping my hair
lank and I've always wanted red highlights. Long or
hort... I don't know. I am looking forward to real hair
roducts, blowdryers and straighteners. You, black &
ink, Sola! I like doing different things too. Keep it
lassy, flashy and fun. Little Vietnam is calling and
nail-pedi's are around the corner. Color on my
oesies and acrylic nails - yes please. I want to embrace
the many joys of being a lady. Leopard pumps are on
my bucket list, ya heard?!

I ♥ you & I ♥ my pen!

☮ & ♥

Succah!

13669

I've got a dollar... I've got a dollar... I've got a dollar...
Hey-Hey-Hey-Hey!
Who was your favorite Little Rascal? I was partial to Alfalfa - the big ears and goofy hair. He was so dorky and adorable. (Mental picture: Alfalfa singing and hundreds of bubbles floating around his head.) I can't wait to take a bubble bath! Bologna tossing sounds lovely! Another creative idea my dear! I absolutely HATE J.Y.L. anyway so you know I'm down in a heartbeat. And afterwards, let's blow bubbles! I have some funny bubble fascination all of a sudden. I just got my own light bulb! How about WE write a cook book via different dishes savored while driving the nation. That would make eating like piggys SO worth it. Silverware, salt shaker and ice - Lord bless us! What a day that will be! I'll have the camera to document to occasion. Why not! I miss my regular tooth brush, having a squishy toilet seat, REAL toilet paper - Charmin and the Teddy Bears, a real mattress - California King - I'm going BIGGGGG and add to more than 3 channels, Movie nights! I am super duper excited, but I'm really trying not to take anything for granted. Knowing how easily and how quickly those luxuries can be taken away. Don't worry! You don't need to subject yourself to the madness downstairs. I'll be sure to keep my head up... up... UP and this silly smile on my face! :) You're to blame and thank ya!

13670

Mr. Italy has been professing his ♡ but it is completely one-sided. Some people have gotten discouraged because I haven't written them. I'm not going to welcome any evil doers - enough of them have already forced their way into this situation and I'd rather not be the cause of any of it. This girl is not going to get married while in the slammer, nor do I have any intentions of ever getting married to someone that I don't know. I am not desperate, no way, José. Speaking of... Stupid crush! It should have passed by now, but the fact that it's lingering isn't so bad. It's a healthy distraction but still very innocent. I can sit there and talk with him forever and it's not uncomfortable or weird or anything of the sort. A healthy crush. I can deal with that. Sorry you're stuck looking at shoes ☺ It's impossible not to take a gander and see if the man's got style. Hottie HOTT C.O. is still numero uno, hands down. OK... the sneezes... Sometimes when I talk to myself or when I'm thinking something random, I sneeze. At times I've taken that as God affirming or denying my thoughts/words. I'm not a random sneezer, even with my allergies. When He and I have our talks, same deal. I know I'm a kook but in my silly world, there are no coincidences. Speaking of Horn-ball... guilty. I'll make sure I google

So I'm the idiot that just cut my finger open on a piece of thread from my t-shirt. Really? Yeah. I'm that girl. I feel extremely gross courtesy of my ridiculous allergies. One of the reasons I avoid going outside, but... it doesn't matter how much I try to avoid it [sigh] I'm all snotty or all stuffed up. Oh well! How are you love? Besides feeling gross, I'm doing ok. Lots of tv time today. Same old. I'm bummed out that Miss Hampton is gone. We may have joked about her accent, but she is good people. When she told me early last night it didn't settle in. But this morning, I started bawling. I'm happy for her though. Do what you gotta' do. Can you believe that Easter is this Sunday? Isn't it usually in March? What a strange year! Are you a fan of peeps? Those silly marshmallow goodies. I can't remember if I really enjoy them or not but they are a token item for Easter. Reese's eggs... ☺ boy. Next Easter we'll have our own Easter egg hunt. Deal? I want a cool easter basket. And how appropriate that one of the pictures I have on my desk is from last Easter. Cute!, ears and all. I'm pretty sure I showed you the picture before. More memories. So many memories. I'm mopey and sleepy and sniffly and I'm going through major cravings! Chocolate... I'm already ashamed of what my commissary order is going to look like this week. Oh!!!

13679

Swiss cake rolls... chocolate... I feel my waistline expanding.
What should I order? What are Dunkin' sticks? I don't
think I've ever had them. I think I've been sheltered when
it comes to certain snack foods. Do you remember Star
Crunch? Little Debbie makes the best snacks ever! I
don't know why I'm talking about food. I'm not even
hungry. Somebody needs a vacation! I read one of
the coolest books, obviously in my opinion anyway.
I'm going to give it to you along with your letters. I was
11/12 when the scandal went down with Clinton and
reading about how it came about 11/12 years later - wow!
It's a change in reading format. The last book you gave
me is awesome. How many times did you cry? Me... I've
been overly emotional lately and I don't like it! !!
Me no likey cry cry. No ma'am. Part of the grieving
process? Maybe. Whoa! First glimpse at Miss Moss in a
few months - She's huge! Babies!!! Let's make a deal -
we get pregnant together - if it's really possible to plan it.
OK, I think I have finally lost it. No more rambling for
me, for the next few hours.

♡ you sistah!!!

#2

13673

I don't want to worry you, nor do I want to think the worst, but I know I shouldn't be taking chances with my health like this. Just in case I end up having to go to the hospital, you know what the potential reason would be. I'm sorry. I was trying to write to make you laugh and got to rambling and out comes my fears and the worst of things. I suck at life sometimes and I'm not afraid to admit it. Can I go home now? :(If there was one song that describes your life or how you feel right now, what would it be? Mine, hands down, that "I'm a bitch, I'm a ~~mother~~ lover, I'm a child, I'm a mother I'm a sinner, I'm a saint" song by Fiona Apple. Yep. That's how I feel right now, especially how the song starts "I hate the world today". I'm feeling a little Emo today. Oh! And I think Fiona is a pretty cool name! Laugh at me, go ahead, but that's a pretty Rockstar name for my bestie. You probably are shaking your head at me thinking "Case, you've lost your marbles". Yes, I just may have. Joy. #5 is at it again. Does she even know what a "Honcey" is? I always thought it was a nicename for someone from the south, like Yankee is a northerner. I could be wrong. In her book EVERYONE ~~#5~~ is a "Honcey". Silly. She is definitely ~~possed~~ possessed, not by a smart demon, but a demon nonetheless. At least #10 can distinguish between different ethnicities - not that her choice of words is less vulgar or in anyway politically correct, just the same. It just goes to show that the ignorant are not a product of God's work and love. Enlightening!

So that was part of Saturday's randomness. It's Monday. Yay! Hermie is here!!! :)

13674

Howdy!

It's Saturday and it's surprisingly quiet. How are ya? I'm feeling a little bit more well-rested, even though the shopping bags under my eyes are still hanging around. What is it that reduces under eye swelling? Hemroid cream? Honestly, I don't think I would or could subject myself to that kind of speculation / criticism. Yikes! Could you imagine? The joke would surely be on me. I'll deal with my latest and most dreaded new accessories. The "love bumps" on my face and back have their good and bad days. So gross! And the rainforest downstairs! Ah! I can't wait to look at myself in a full-length mirror and see how hilarious I look. Wtf? I don't know what they're doing on the Rec. Yard, but it looks / sounds like barrels of fun! I can't focus on anything today and I think that means I need more sleep. Sounds like a good excuse to me. I bit my tongue two nights in a row in my sleep ... and unfortunately that means something very unpleasant happened, again: Seizures. That's the best and easiest way for me to know. Add waking up soaking wet from sweat and somewhat disoriented - definitely a seizure. I don't walk or talk in my sleep, and even if I did, more than likely I wouldn't almost bite my tongue off. Whether or not I want to admit it, I'm stressed out. I guess all of my headaches make sense too - they aren't all associated with my allergy. I need to tell Jose and see what I need to do about this. I don't care how stressed out someone gets, headaches and seizures don't sound very normal to me. Am I making too much of this? I'm scared Robin. I really am.

My dear Coorie!

What a wild couple of days we've had! Now entering day number two of Crazy, Convicted Girls Gone Wild. Would people pay for this crap? Sadly, I think they would. Every time a guy walks in, unless I recognize the shoes or voice, I can't help but try to sneak a peek of the new man meat. You had me practically pressing my face to the window to watch the officer the other night. Wow! Next to a couple of the EMTs I've seen here, he was numero uno. I miss being around guys :(- talking sports, drinking beer, playing cards... the smell of cologne (boy did my mail smell *yummy* today [sigh] The poor guys that are in here today. I feel bad for every single person that has to walk in these walls. Trouble. I pray for the day(s) that this place is empty and all of our entertainment is gone. Wishful thinking. My ears are starting to hurt from forcing my stupid earbuds in my head. Owie! - I can't see this guy in front of 3. Grrr... He's wearing nice shoes. That's what got me. Coorie! I need a new hobby, new entertainment, something!!! I miss you. :(:(:(Oh! Oh! He turned! Goodness! Best looking guy for miles! I'm glad I can still appreciate a good-looking man. I wonder what he's doing here... I have a problem! Ha! Have you ever tried to picture what a guy looks like by the sound of his voice? I've been trying to do that a lot lately while listening to the radio. I used to always do that when I heard a new song by an artist I wasn't familiar with. (I'm such a stalker! I keep watching the reflection of

13676

at it first. I think you insisted and he dropped, shirley
floor!) And he left. :(But! Boy oh boy! What a good-
looking guy! He was really tall too! Brown, short
hair, blue eyes, nice build ... Is it vain that I can't
wait to have a guy like that look me in the eyes and
tell me how beautiful, great, ... I am? Something to
look forward to, for sure. I Love you Cookie! I'm so
grateful for your friendship! (Hi!!!) If I could have just
told you about the object of my affection, I gladly
would have. I need a nap! And a hug! A nice, big, warm
hug from a great, big, lovely boy. Soon enough. ♡ I
hope you have a great visit! I hope when I see my guy(s)
this week I get a letter back from my Mom. It's been
weeks and nothing - no word - nothing. Oh well. I'm a
big girl now, even when the tears are streaming down
my face. I'll let you read one of the letters I received today
and I can pretty much guarantee a tear or two will
escape your eyes. Nothing mushy-gushy, but obviously
heartfelt and encouraging. It brightens my day to hear
from a nice person and our brothers and sisters in Christ.
Well, since the book went missing, I'll try and write
you what I already had. We may have to rely on
Shannon and every couple of days. Whatever works.
I'm going to go for now. Happy visiting! ♡ I'll rewrite
more later.

- If you could get a tattoo of anything, what
would it be? -

13677

Well, no book :(That sucks! I wish we could talk again. It'd be so much easier to update you on every-thing if we could. Oh well. We'll up read/mail read and write when we can. How are ya love? I finally got to watch my stories today. I wish Mrs. Baker would let me watch TV. It brings a bit of normacy back into my life and it is a good distraction. I've read so many books, I'm pretty much booked out. Although, I am looking forward to reading the Twilight book. Miss Pat told me about it and highly recommends it. And please tell me if I made a mistake of loaning Pearl Stronger By the Day. I have a feeling I'm going to have to send someone after it. I gave her my last bag of Skittles the other night and a package of KOOL-AID. I hate feeling like I've been taken advantage of when I've tried to do something nice. She did say thank you and said that she appreciates it. We'll see if that lasts. I'd give the shirt off my back for someone if they asked. I know you're the same way. Doing the right thing isn't always easy, but it's well worth it in the end. I saw one of the press conferences today on the new missing child case - Haleigh. I started crying the moment her picture popped up :(Why does this happen? It's just not right. I wish people could and would stop being so heartless and evil. Satan continues to tempt and more and more individuals succomb to that damned temptation. It makes me so sad! I'm even starting to really feel sorry for Usa. Although she's a tremendous pain, I can't help

02-18-09

13678

but pray for her - that she'll be released from the prison that She's in and that the demons that plague her will leave her be. Is it bad that I really want to be mean Sometimes? That's just not me. I'm glad that you've been able to vent even if it is directly towards that evil woman. We are at war, and it's obvious that She's not on our side. All we can do is Show her compassion and pray, pray, pray. Have I told you lately that I love you? You know, you're my favoritest of favorite Valentines! I think I may have put that in your Valentine (the original one and the recreation). I will keep your Valentine forever! Oh! And I've kept my word... your letter is Still Sealed. I dread the day that I have to open it, but I know the only feelings I'll have while reading it is of love and joy! You're my bestest best friend and everything that you write is to be cherished. How is Mady Bear? Did She have a good birthday? I hope so! I thought about her the whole day. ☺ I can't wait until you're home with your babies! Soon enough!!! ♥ I'll try and update you on the fam, but right now, I just want to hold onto this moment of peace ☮ I'll See you tonight! *Read this book. Chaplain Gonzalez gave it to me. I ♥ her!

I Love you sis!

Flusha-Roonie ☺

13679

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ORLAN 32
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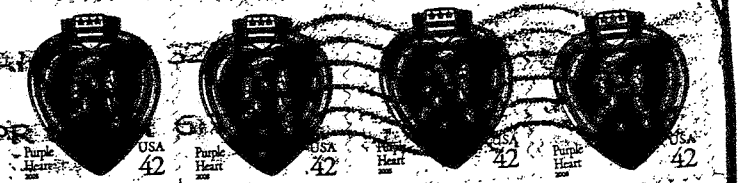

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13680

THIS DOCUMENT
ORIGINATED FROM
A CORRECTIONAL
FACILITY

13681

April 3, 2009
-Friday-

Dear Tracy,

First, I want to begin by apologizing for hurting your feelings and making you angry with my stupid words in my journal. I would never intentionally hurt you, I am so sorry and feel horrible for making you upset. You mean the world to me and I cherish our friendship as I do a sisterhood. The only reason Casey confides in me as much as she does is because she has no one to talk to and for some reason she feels comfortable opening up to me, I'm honestly not sure why that is. This may be my only way out of prison sooner than my expected term. I may have mentioned that I know something to Kat but I'm not exactly sure what I wrote, either way I am certain that specifics were not given. Tracy this is HUGE, I never really thought about how huge this case really is because I'm not on the outside but apparently outside of my very small world of 35 people her case is national. I hate to say it this way but I see no other way - I may be the only thing standing between her life in prison or her freedom. At first I never thought of our talks as anything more than conversation as a sense of having an outlet with one another. I never gave it much thought how they might be of value to solving a murder investigation or even playing a role in such investigation, I did think that they might hold some value in the future but that's as far as I thought. I only want to come home, but is there really valuable information in those notes? Without a doubt the D.A. will analyze the hell out of

13682

everything she writes. Her attorney Jose Baez would have a complete coniption if he even knew that she talked to anyone much less put anything in writing! Do you honestly feel like there is value in those notes? Am I the only thing standing between the largest investigation of Florida murder? If word gets out to the D.A. that I have knowledge of even what her voice sounds like I will be subpeonaed to turn over all information and my way out of bargaining would be gone. The only problem is, if there is no value in those letters then I've betrayed someone and that makes me no better than David Badali in ruining someones life. The only real question is:

"Is there any useful information in those letters that can be used to convict her with murder?"

Without such evidence or solid information she will walk free at the end of the summer (August). As you can read for yourself on one of the last notes she wrote, she admits who Caylee's father is Erik or Jesse. Erik is the one who died in the accident but Jesse is her ex fiancé and alive and well that started to play role in the baby's life as daddy. The only officer that allows us to talk or communicate is officer Hernandez but of course I will never admit that or even mention her name to anyone except you and my dad. Some people may know that Casey and I are friends and chat here and there but you & my dad are the only ones who know more than that, actually you know way more than he does. In so many ways I feel like deception is so wrong, but on the other hand I don't want to find myself facing more charges of conspiracy or with holding information like before. I will not talk to anyone about it unless I have an attorney present and seek legal council first.

On another note. How funny would it be to write a book on "Funny Stories from the big house"? Short stories. Can I send them to you for safe keeping too? I'm not sure if I should disperse them in e-mail journals or not, what do you think? I miss you so much and wish that we could atleast hug or have a conversation that's not recorded. Clay's mom stopped sending me magazines and stuff, she was probably only sending them because Clay asked her to but since he left OCJ they up and left back to Tallahassee and haven't received a letter from her since. I wrote Clay's grandmother a letter but when she wrote back to me it was very cold and insincere. I think that they blame me for all of this some how because I smoked pot. It makes me wonder why his parents didn't have a better attorney for Clay being that his dad is a Judge and knows plenty of attorneys. I wonder if they were ashamed of what happened and had too much pride to call upon contacts. The more I think about it the more convinced I am of that being the case. That would be an absolute shame if "pride" were the case of not calling in favors to save their son. I can't think of any other reason they chose to let him serve 17½ years without appealing. I did tell Sandra that my parents hired an attorney to appeal my case and she sort of "huffed" at that. Misery loves company and she is the perfect example of that. I need Clay's address so I can write to him directly instead of going through his mom. She has always tried and succeeded at controlling everything and I was sick of that a very very very

13684